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Race Cooperation

An account of the successful effort in two-thirds of the counties of thirteen southern states to promote justice and good-will between black and white

By George Madden Martin

The purposes of this movement for racial cooperation, the extent of its influence and its application to specific problems are described in the following article by George Madden Martin, a Southern woman and author of the Emmy Lou stories which delighted the readers of McCLURE'S *a score of years ago. Mrs. Martin has known the Negro in the "black belt" of Mississippi, in Louisiana and Florida, in the rice-country of Carolina and has lived "side by side with him in rural Kentucky." The black man, she holds, has two worst enemies: "the over-zealous advocate who claims too much for him, and the execrable creature wearing a white skin who says, 'I hate a nigger.'"*—THE EDITOR.

"I know of nothing that appeals so directly to the intellects and sensibilities of thoughtful men as the treatment the Negro has received among us, North and South, in the present and in the past . . . I look back . . . and I see him, not as a squalid serf, picturesque in his rags, or as we behold him on the minstrel stage, the clown in the pageant making merry with cap and bell, but as an image of impending sorrow crouched beneath the roof-tree, God's shadow upon the dial of American progress, whose cabalistic figures the wisest have not been able to read."—

HENRY WATTERSON.

THE words quoted above, written by Henry Watterson, appeared in *The Century Magazine*, April, 1882, forty years ago. He was then, and always, to the hour of his death, the sane friend and trusted counsellor of the Negro race. And throughout the South are innumerable other good friends of the Negro, many of these doubtless unknown to him, whose silent steady influence is of unsuspected benefit to him in many a locality, many a section of the country, where race breeds friction.

It is because these white friends do exist in unsuspected numbers throughout the South, and because they believe that through discussion and cooperation between the races better inter-racial relations may obtain, this article setting forth their ideas, is written.

Economic prosperity is essential to general progress. Economic justice is a primary condition to general peace and contentment. It is upon truisms such as these alone the white friends of the Negro in the South feel they can rest their case. Any program of economic betterment that excludes or ignores the Negro, merely retards the economic betterment of the South as a whole. On the other hand, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, Dr. Robert Moton, says:

"It is not too much to say that if the Negro could in every case receive economic justice, a large part of what we call the race problem would be solved. In many cases he would be in a position to solve his own problems."

Human misfortune beats more mercilessly upon those who are already unfortunate. The color line holds in industry. In the cities, the country over, the black man is the first laborer to be discharged, the first to have his wages cut, the last to be re-hired. Negro women and girls engaged in domestic service in cities and towns, the country over, too often are without adequate provision for their physical well-being and comfort, and without proper moral safeguards during the hours of their rest and recreation. In our larger centers of population the Negro must live and must labor in conditions that are unsafe and unsanitary. And it is the generally accepted practice in the South that Negroes are paid a lower wage than is paid the white employee for the same kind and character of work. What more baffling and discouraging to the industrious, self-respecting Negro than his knowledge of all this! The facts are ugly, and they are against us.

THE NEGRO'S HANDICAP IN FARMING

In the rural districts in the South fully eighty per cent of the Negro population is engaged in the different phases of agriculture. There are about a thousand counties in the South, and there are about nine hundred thousand Negro farmers in this section. Negro tenant farmers suffer from the disadvantages of makeshift methods of accounting, and irregular terms of settlement with their landlords. Many of these Negro tenant farmers are ignorant and unable to keep their own accounts at all, while their landlords do not always take the time and trouble to keep systematic accounts themselves. The result is that the disadvantage of the doubt in such cases falls on the Negro farmer. Housing conditions for these Negro tenants on many farms are deplorably bad. Many planters still provide their tenants with nothing better than a one-room log cabin, or one-room box house, which is conducive to neither comfort, vital energy, nor morality. In some places in the South it is still impossible for Negroes to buy land at any price. The effect of this

policy is bad. Without the responsibility that attaches to land ownership, the Negro farmer tends to become restless, indifferent, unreliable and unaspiring. It is short-sighted policy also that is based on the idea that the planter gains where he makes it necessary for his tenants to come to him for all of their food supplies. And the system of farming with such Negro labor as the planter may obtain from prisons and through the courts by payment of fines and fees for the offenders, the system of peonage, works injury to all around, to white and black.

It is consciousness of these economic disadvantages the country over, to go no further in the enumeration of the Negro's wrongs, that, as Mr. Watterson says, weighs upon the minds and sensibilities of his white friends. Says The University Race Commission, composed of representatives of all the leading state universities of the South:

"The South cannot realize its destiny if one-third of its population is undeveloped and inefficient."

Says Dr. George Stoves, of the Social Service Committee of the General Conference, M. E. Church, South:

"Treat the Negro half-right, and he is the best common laborer in the world. What would he be if we treat him wholly right?"

Paul Thompson

Two eminent Negro Leaders—Robert R. Moton (left) and James Weldon Johnson

The attempt is constantly made by the unthinking and uninformed white, to fasten upon the Negro of to-day as perforce a racial trait, the characteristics of the old-time, easy-going Negro as popularly conceived, the childlike, shiftless, irresponsible, Negro of fiction and the stage. The attempt is as short-sighted as the supposition is untrue.

The paragraph which follows appeared not long ago in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"The long period of serfage . . . brought out in him the best and the worst of his traits—patience in suffering, or with work in hard conditions, adroitness in catering to those above . . . fear of punishment from which there was no appeal, lazy enjoyment of any pleasure possible, waste without counting for the morrow, since one had no responsibility or obligation to do more than get through appointed tasks from which escape was impossible."

This is not a character sketch of the old-time Negro as revealed to us during and just after slavery, though it well could be. The paragraph occurs in an article upon Russia by Princess Cantacuzene, and describes the Russian peasant under and just after serfdom. A common condition will produce a like result regardless of the race or the color upon which it operates.

White Man Doesn't Know the Negro

A serious obstacle to a proper consideration of the Negro question lies in popular and mistaken notions of the Negro. There is no predominating Negro type. Alfred Holt Stone, one of the largest and most successful planters of the Mississippi Delta region, in an address at the University of Virginia, said on this question:

"There is no such concrete thing as the Southern Negro, just as there is no such definite and delimited individual as the Southern white man. The Negroes present a large variety of differences of complexion, native intelligence, education, inherited and acquired characteristics, temperament and disposition. In short they differ among themselves in all these respects which differentiate individuals and groups of any and every other race."

In other words, the white man in the United States will never see the Negro as he is, until he sees him as an individual, and sees his case as an individual case. The Negro tenant farmer cannot read, write or cipher. The Negro college student majors in economics. The Negro editor sits in the Pan-African Conference assembled in London, Brussels and Paris consecutively. The Negro child in the remote districts, ragged and barefooted, attends school three months out of the year. A Negro high school senior receives a first prize in a poetry contest held by the Empire Federation of Woman's Clubs. The Negro field-hand shuffles as he plays his mouth-organ. Henry Burleigh sets down the spirituals and songs of his race. Charles Gilpin plays "Emperor Jones" in an O'Neill play.

Dr. D. C. Barrow, Chancellor, University of Georgia, comments thus upon this lack of knowledge of the Negro on the part of the white man:

"It is not strange that a want of knowledge should exist on the part of white people as to the Negroes.

"With abolition of slavery the Negro was turned loose in a large measure to find his own way. The effort was necessarily a groping search. Sympathetic understanding between the two races was in a large measure destroyed by the experiences of reconstruction. It is not worth while, however, to thresh over this straw except in so far as to state these things as causes of the misunderstanding.

"The Negro, in making his independent effort to adjust himself to his new condition, did not always go as wisely as he would have gone if sympathy had been enlisted in his behalf. He did go, however, and he did grow.

"The changes which came about were more or less carefully hidden from his white associates. He thought this necessary.

"One effect of this was to have the Negro undergoing a change of which his white neighbors were not aware. He, on the contrary had the white man as an open book."

Dr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, author of "The Present South," and a Southern authority on racial conditions in general, says:

"The moment the Negro passes out of the servant class, lifts himself into the property owner class, becomes a business man or becomes a leader among his own people, by that very process of lifting himself up, he passes out of the knowledge of the white people, so that the strata of Negro life that offers the best of what the Negroes may become, is not known to the white people. There is among many white people the assumption that every Negro is an uneducated Negro."

The World War had its effect upon the Negro as it had upon all other peoples. It marks an epochal change in the consciousness of the race here in the United States. Says the Rev. Cary Montague, Editor of *The Southern Churchman,* of Richmond, Virginia, speaking through his own paper:

"It brought to him a great awakening. He awoke to find himself able to do, and do well, a great many things he had not known he could do, and no one else had known he could do. He stands to himself today in an equivocal place between the old and the new."

The Great War brought to him unforeseen opportunities. It thrust him into the draft and the army, bringing to him a consciousness as never before that he, too, was a citizen. The same editor through *The Southern Churchman* points out that he bore his full share in the struggle, that he put two hundred and twenty-five million dollars into Liberty bonds, gave his two million dollars for relief work, shared in the work of the Red Cross, went overseas, was cited for bravery, was awarded the croix de guerre, and that he made the discovery that he, too, was a thorough-going and feeling American.

The War also thrust him, a concededly valued factor as never before, into the industrial world. An unforeseen hand opened to him the door to economic equality and freedom. His unprecedented migration to the North at this time, and the awakening of the South to the dangers of labor shortage, revealed to him his economic value to the South as never before. Better jobs, better treatment, higher pay, the country over, taught him much that he has not forgotten.

Singularly enough the boll-weevil — of all agents — *since* the War, has done its unforeseen economic part for the Negro also in some sections of the South. It has reduced the value of cotton-producing land to a point where in some localities, it is being offered to, and purchased by, Negro farmers and laborers.

Now all these things, however vaguely known to the whites, are well known to the Negroes. They have an increasing number of newspapers and magazines that make a specialty of publishing such facts and spreading them among the race.

The reaction which everywhere followed the signing of the Armistice was seen first in the United States in the abruptly changed attitudes of the black and white races. Changed conditions called for too sudden a readjustment between the two. There was in some sections a movement to resurrect the Ku Klux in preparation for a rumored uprising of the Negroes. There was a general undertone of excitement and apprehension among the Negroes over rumored plans of whites to repress and oppress all Negroes, especially Negro soldiers. Unwise leaders and counsellors appeared in both races. Race riots became more and more frequent throughout the states.

"The Work of the Commission is Sane and Constructive."

Underwood and Underwood

Former Governor Brough of Arkansas

White Friends Seek to Dispel Prejudice

When these grave conditions of bitterness and violence began to be apparent, there came together in Atlanta a group of men and women representing all sections of the nation; some of them had been for years laboring for better race relations; others had in different phases of war work in America and overseas been brought into touch with the Negro soldier. These men and women, recognizing that this undeniable progress in the teeth of great odds had stimulated the hope and ambition of the Negro race, and reminding themselves that the aspirations of the human heart cannot be suppressed without disaster, agreed that some way must be discovered to dispel this race suspicion and hatred, and if possible make what threatened to be a national calamity, contribute to permanent improvement in the relations of white and black Americans.

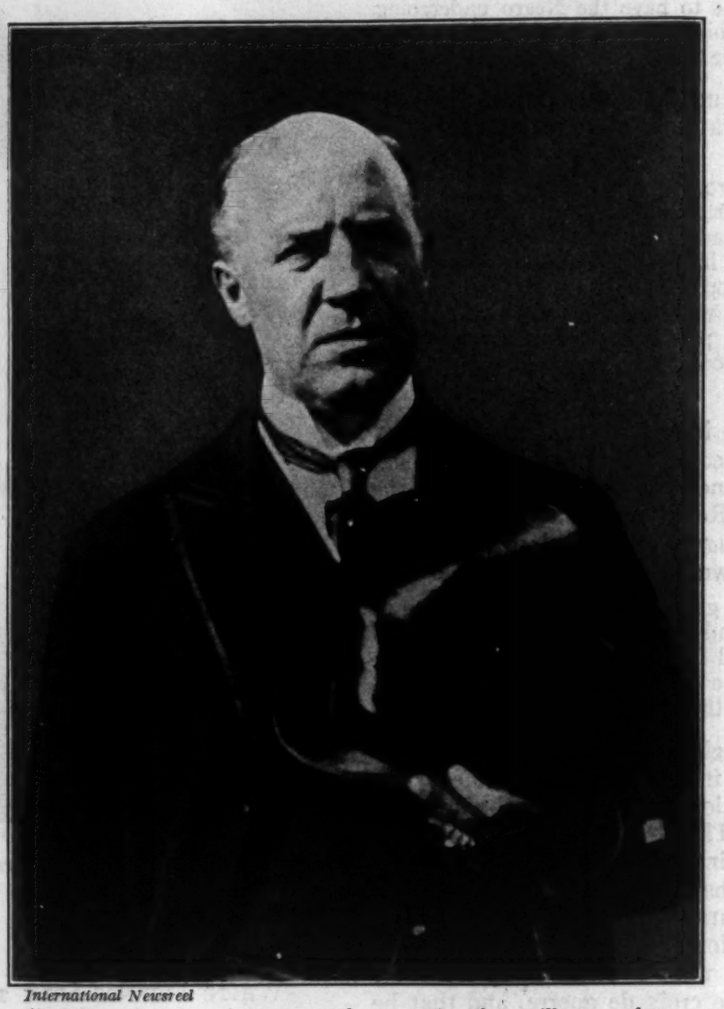
The following statement was given out to the people of Atlanta as an expression of the spirit animating the conference:

"We, a group of Christians, deeply interested in the welfare of our entire community, irrespective of race or

class distinction, and frankly facing the many evidences of racial unrest, which in some places have already culminated in terrible tragedies, would call the people of our own beloved community to *a calm consideration of our situation before extremists are allowed to create a condition where reason is impossible.* In no spirit of alarmists, but with the clear vision of earnest men, conscious of the responsibility which a Christian democracy imposes upon self-reasoning and self-governing citizens, let us strive to meet our obligations in the spirit of Jesus Christ. . . .

"We do not believe that there is any one statement which we may make, or any one act which we may perform which will solve all the supremely difficult and delicate problems that face us, but we are confident that by *conferences conducted by leaders of both races, coming together in the spirit of Jesus Christ, there will be an atmosphere of mutual confidence and wisdom* out of which shall come plans and enterprises for the righting of wrongs, and the creation of fair and just opportunities for even the least of our brethren."

The Negro himself, born into race consciousness and race pride overnight, as it were, looked askant at the movement. He welcomed friends, but scanned carefully and even suspiciously the gifts they bore. Yet never had he greater need than at this time of friends; wise friends; sane friends; honest friends; *real* friends; friends to help him to such an understanding of true conditions as would lead him to shun alignments that would compromise him, to denounce cajoleries that would flatter him, and to refute false hopes that falser counsellors held out to him. Friends who cared for him and believed in him, who never have in the past, and never will in the present abandon him, who recognize their need of him as his of them, and who see in a common frankness and cooperation, the road to common trust and common welfare.



International Newsreel

"I believe that through Inter-racial cooperation there will come a better understanding between the races; more helpfulness; more usefulness and in the end the great betterment of all citizens"
—Governor Edwin P. Morrow of Kentucky

After many conferences between these men and women gathered at Atlanta, it became apparent that as nearly as possible the facts should be secured and such work begun as these facts seemed to demand. Three things were clear at the start:

1. The white people of the South have a conviction that they understand the Negro best. Yet the white man of the black belt in Mississippi, or in Alabama, sees his racial problem as one thing, and the tidewater planter of South Carolina, and the farmer in Arkansas, sees his as something altogether different. Chicago in her turn considers that she alone grasps her own racial difficulties relating to the Negro. Omaha sees hers as peculiarly hers. And so with Ohio, or Maryland, or New York City, or Boston. So with the Pacific coast. Attempts on the part of any one section to settle the racial troubles of another, as a rule breed fresh bitterness and fresh misunderstandings.

2. On the other hand, common counsellings among wise leaders of both races in local troubles in whatever section, have led to better relations time upon time. After riots in Southern cities the representative whites have called in to conference representative Negroes.

3. And further, we American white people will discuss without self-consciousness, our duties born out of present conditions to every people under God's heaven except the one that, as things are now, we must stand or fall with.

The Need of Joint Discussions

With these three outstanding conclusions in mind, the men and women gathered in conference at Atlanta felt and declared that the time was come when the American people, white and black, must get together and discuss their differences.

The National War Work council of The Young Men's Christian association at this point appropriated a sum of money sufficient to make a beginning (later other appropriations were made) and the Inter-Racial commission was formed under the leadership of Southern men, with authority to do anything possible to find a way out of the tangled race situation which the war had left.

After much study by the commission of existing conditions, it was agreed that between the best white and the best Negro men and women of the South, there is little communication or understanding. That this gulf is due to race prejudices, the after effects of reconstruction, the agitation of designing politicians etc., etc. That as a result, white people in the South, in spite of frequent claims to the contrary, have been kept from a knowledge of the aspirations and capabilities of the best class of Negroes. And the best Negroes have grown farther and farther away from the best white people, and there is a tendency with the Negro people to a loss of faith, not only in the Southern whites, but in whites generally and their civilization.

It was apparent therefore, that the first task was to bridge the gulf between intelligent white and Negro men and women. This was attempted by the commission by building from the bottom. After making a survey of the counties of the South having an appreci-

able Negro population, an attempt was made to bring together in each of these counties, a small group of not over six to ten white and Negro leaders as a permanent committee of counsel and cooperation. These are known as Inter-Racial committees.

These county inter-racial committees in turn were asked to cooperate with the State Inter-Racial committee made up in each state of leading church men, business men, lawyers, and others interested, who would guide the work of the local committees. In most of the states the governor cooperated in creating the state commission.

Over all state committees and county committees is the Southern Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation, with headquarters in the Palmer Building, Atlanta.

On the general commission, including representatives from thirteen Southern states, are five Negroes out of a total membership of fifty-eight. The Negro members are: R. R. Moton, president of Tuskegee institute; Dr. John Hope, president of Morehouse college, Atlanta; Bishop R. E. Jones, of the Methodist Episcopal church North, New Orleans; Dr. Isaac Fisher, editor of the *Fisk University News*, Nashville, and Dr. John M. Gandy, president of the Petersburg Normal and Industrial Institute, Petersburg, Florida.

There are eight women on the commission of which Mrs. Luke Johnson of Atlanta is director of woman's work. Other women members are Mrs. J. D. Hammond of Islip, N. Y., director of the Southern Publicity bureau; Mrs. J. H. Cranford, Jasper, Alabama; Mrs. Archibald Davis, Atlanta; Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, Madison, Georgia; Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh, North Carolina; Mrs. W. D. Weatherford, Nashville, and Mrs. B. B. Mumford, Richmond, Virginia.

John J. Eagan, Atlanta manufacturer, heads the commission. Dr. Will W. Alexander, of Atlanta, and R. H. King, of Atlanta, member of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, are directors.

Heading the state organizations are ministers, attorneys, social workers, college presidents and a governor.

The list of chairmen of state committees follows:

ALABAMA—John D. Rather, attorney, Tuscumbia.

ARKANSAS—Dr. J. H. Reynolds, president of Hendrix college, Conway.

FLORIDA—Dr. J. G. Venable, pastor Riverside Presbyterian church, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA—Dr. M. Ashby Jones, pastor Ponce de Leon Baptist church, Atlanta.

KENTUCKY—Governor Edwin P. Morrow, Frankfort (honorary chairman). P. C. Dix, state secretary Y. M. C. A., Louisville (active chairman).

LOUISIANA—L. M. Favrot, department of education, Baton Rouge.

MISSISSIPPI—Dr. C. W. Crisler, Galloway Memorial Methodist church, Jackson.

NORTH CAROLINA—Dr. William L. Poteat, president of Wake Forest college, Wake Forest.

OKLAHOMA—Judge J. R. Keaton, attorney, Oklahoma City.

SOUTH CAROLINA—G. Croft Williams, Secretary of the state board of charities, Columbia.

TENNESSEE — Dr. W. D. Weatherford, president of Southern College of the Y. M. C. A., Nashville.

TEXAS—Dr. R. E. Vinson, University of Texas, Austin.

VIRGINIA—Dr. R. E. Blackwell, president of Randolph-Macon college, Ashland.

At this moment the commission is functioning in these thirteen states. Its work thus far has met with approval and encouragement from the press, the bench, the bar, the church, the faculties of schools and colleges, the medical profession and the business men. Eight hundred county inter-racial committees have already shown their value in their communities.

A few counties hesitated to cooperate at first, but in almost every case substantial citizens were found who were ready to lead.

Underwood and Underwood

"If the conditions indicated by these charges should continue both God and man would justly condemn Georgia more severely than God and man have condemned Belgium and Leopold for the Congo atrocities."—Former Governor Dorsey of Georgia

This commission on inter-racial cooperation now functioning at Atlanta, states its own case:

"All the members of the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation live in the South, and have been throughout their lives intimately related to Southern institutions and Southern communities. They are leaders in various phases of Southern life, legal, educational, industrial, agricultural, church and civic. The service of these men and women to the commission has been voluntary. They have been actuated solely by a desire to serve in relation to a national problem, recognizing that in the adjustment of race relations in America, the South must bear the major responsibility.

"The commission believes that race hatred and force will only complicate race relations in America more seriously, and that the only alternative to these is to be found

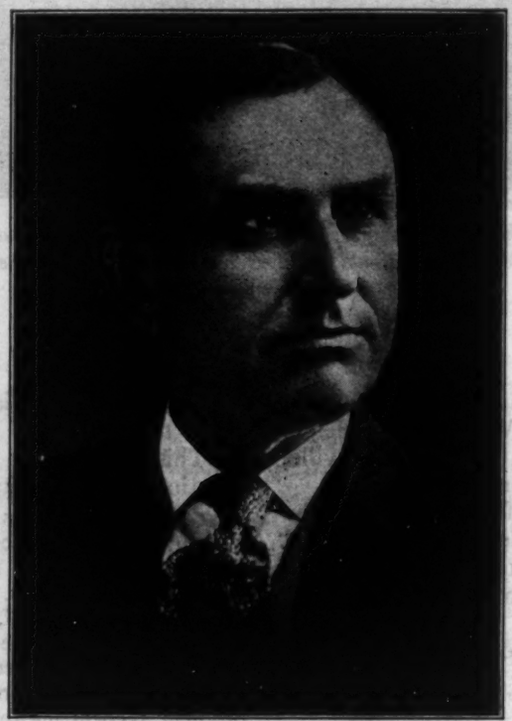
Mrs. T. W. Bickett, member of the women's continuation committee of the Inter-racial movement

in the counsel and cooperation of men of character, intelligence and good-will. To that end the commission has sought to bring together in every locality in the South, the strongest white and colored leaders of this type. Wherever this habit of conference between the leaders of the races has been practiced, racial peace has been easy to maintain, and many community improvements beneficial to both white and colored have been made.

"The commission is convinced that the local community is the place in which permanent improvement in race relations must be made, and that the problem of race relations in its larger aspects is but the sum total of numerous local situations, and that these can be satisfactorily adjusted only by conference and cooperation between the white and colored leaders. None of these within themselves are race problems, they are national problems which affect all races, but which are often found in a more aggravated form in communities which are composed of two different races.

"The Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation will do whatever it can do to cooperate with the local inter-racial committees. However, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the success of this effort to secure inter-racial good will and justice depends upon the sincere and intelligent effort on the part of *local* inter-racial committees.

"The activities are not new. *Persons and agencies already in the communities* may be set to work for the welfare of the whole community, and not merely for the white community."



Paul Thompson

"I can bear testimony to the increasing good-will between the two races and to their cooperation in many things for the public welfare."—Former Governor A. H. Roberts of Tennessee

Southern Leaders Called Together

Immediately following the permanent organization of the commission at Atlanta in 1919, three members of the commission, Rt. Rev. Theodore D. Bratton, Episcopal Bishop of Mississippi, Dr. Wm. L. Poteat, president Wake Forest College, N. C., and Dr. R. E. Blackwell, president, Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, sent invitations in the name of the commission to a hundred leaders of these state and county committees over the South, to attend a conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., August 18-21, 1920. The findings of this conference are embodied in a report entitled, "An Appeal to the Christian People of the South." This report opens as follows:

"We, a group of white Christian men and women of the South, absolutely loyal to the best traditions and convictions of the South, and especially to the principle of racial integrity, voluntarily assembled upon the invitation of the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation, and after prayerful and careful consideration of prevailing inter-racial relations and conditions, do deliberately declare it to be our profound conviction that the real responsibilities for the solution of inter-racial problems in the South rest directly upon the hearts and consciences of the Christian forces of our land.

"We are also persuaded that the best method by which to approach the consideration and solution of such problems is through local organizations composed of the recognized Christian leaders of both races, organizations similar to the Christian Council formed and functioning so effectively under the Inter-Racial Christian leadership of Atlanta, Georgia.

"It is a matter of common knowledge that grave injustices are often suffered by the members of the Negro race in matters of legal procedure, travelling facilities, educational facilities, and public press, domestic service, child welfare, and in other relations of life. Therefore we venture to make the following observations and suggestions."

Whereupon follow declared and definite stands upon the subjects of lynching, legal justice, travelling facilities, sanitation and housing, education, and an appeal to fellow Christians of both races to unite in a sincere and immediate effort to solve inter-racial problems according to the principles of the Gospel, and for the highest interest and benefit of all concerned.

As stated already, there are now eight hundred committees in eight hundred counties of the South. Of these forty per cent are functioning with fair efficiency. This means that in eight hundred of the thousand counties of the South, have been found a little handful of white men and colored men who desire to cooperate and work out together this and that concrete trouble; that in eight hundred counties there is a group willing to sit down and *talk things over.*

Many of these county committees have already shown their value in bettering their communities. Their activity has not sprung from any *outside* pres-

sure. It has been planned in frank open counsel of white and colored leaders, *the home folks*. The work of these cooperative committees is not work *for* colored people, but work *with* colored people for community betterment. Since the committees are without authority they must rely upon the various organizations already functioning, and which are, or should be, concerned with race relations, such as city or county boards administering health, education, recreation, streets, sewers, and lights; private organizations such as churches, associated charities, child-caring agencies; civic agencies such as the press and public service corporations.

Work Commands Enlightened Consciences

All of the colored people do not have confidence in the movement, nor do all the white people subscribe to its aims. But it represents the most enlightened conscience, and the mutual good will of the South. It sprang out of the desire on the part of Christian white people to meet the demands of social justice. And it has been made possible by a small group of colored people who are not too much embittered by the past to give their white friends this opportunity to prove that they are sincere in their desire to find the basis of lasting racial peace, and to safeguard to the Negro a fair day of full opportunity.

The wisdom and necessity of cooperation between the two races have been frequently emphasized, not only by statesmen of national influence but by men of the South, both black and white.

William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, declared in 1920 in a letter to Dr. John R. Mott of the National War Work council:

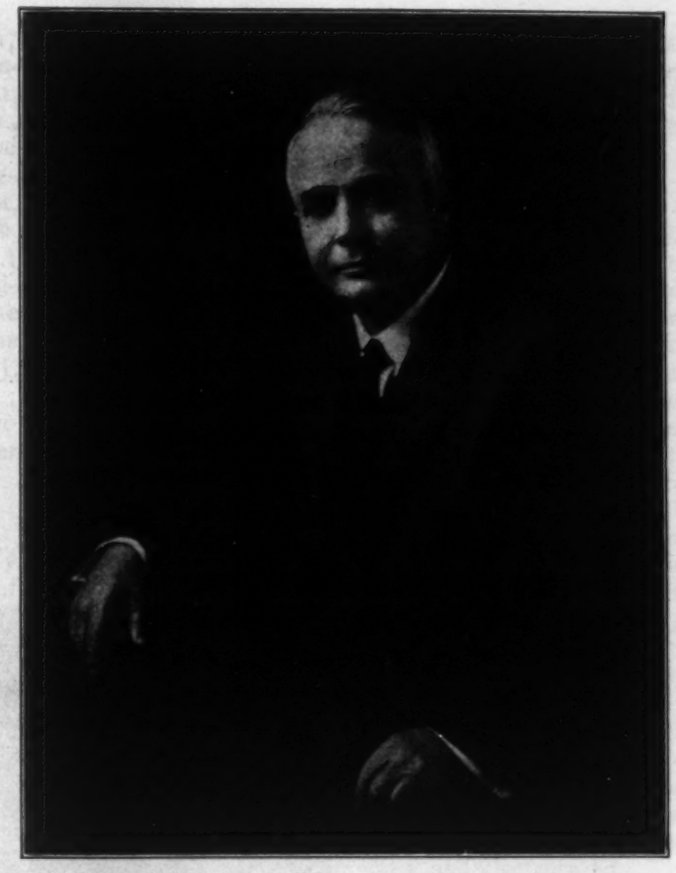
"The only hope of the Negroes of the South is through their own efforts and through the cooperation of the Southern whites with them. I earnestly urge you not to withhold further aid out of your war fund because of the imminence of the danger of race conflict due to the conditions produced by the war."

Governors of Southern states are giving material aid to the Inter-racial commission. Governor Edwin P. Morrow of Kentucky is not only an advocate of racial cooperation but is a member of the commission in his state.

Former Governor Charles H. Brough of Arkansas in a telegram urging the National War Work Council to make a part of its funds available for the inter-racial movement, said:

"Arkansas vitally interested in renewal inter-racial appropriation from War Work council for 1920 in order to take care of vital and important work being done by our splendid inter-racial commission. Quick and definite action is absolutely essential for the success of future progress which means the suppression of race disturbances in our state. The work of the commission, is sane and constructive."

Former Governor A. H. Roberts of Tennessee during his term of office said of the work of the commission:



"I am satisfied that the work done by the Inter-racial commission has greatly promoted a sense of justice and friendliness between the races."—T. W. Bickett, late Governor of North Carolina

"Will you permit me to express my appreciation of the fine work that has been done in Tennessee by the State and local inter-racial committees. I can bear testimony to the increasing good-will between the two races and to their cooperation in many things that make for the public welfare."

Mrs. Luke Johnson, director of women's work for the Inter-racial commission

The late Governor T. W. Bickett of North Carolina, who died recently, said of the movement:

"I have been deeply interested in the work done by the Inter-racial commission. I am satisfied that it has greatly promoted a sense of justice and friendliness between the races. In my opinion it would be a calamity for this work to be discontinued."

Former Governor Hugh M. Dorsey of Georgia in his pamphlet, "The Negro in Georgia," in which he considered charges that Negroes had been lynched, held in peonage and driven out of the state by organized lawlessness, said:

"In some counties the Negro is being driven out as though he were a wild beast. In others he is being held as a slave. To me it seems we stand indicted as a people before the world. If the conditions indicated by these charges should continue, both God and man would justly condemn Georgia more severely than God and man have

J. H. Reynolds, President of Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas

condemned Belgium and Leopold for the Congo atrocities."

Former President Wilson, during his second term declared in the course of a public address:

"I know myself, as a Southern man, how sincerely the heart of the South desires the good of the Negro and the advancement of his own race on all sound and sensible lines. Everything that can be done in that direction is of the highest value . . . Our object is to know the needs of the Negro and sympathetically help him in every way that is possible to his good and for our good."

Bishop Theodore Bratton of the Episcopal diocese of Mississippi says:

"The progress of proper racial relations must be faster than at present if the Christian forces are going to reach and overcome the un-Christian forces which are too busy and too blatant."

William J. Hutchins, President of Berea college, Berea, Kentucky, says:

"I heartily endorse the work and methods of the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation with which I have had some familiarity."

George Colvin, State Superintendent of Education for Kentucky says:

"The Inter-racial movement in the South was inspired by a desire to make a practical contribution to the solution of the race problem. The race problem cannot be solved by either race alone. The Inter-racial movement while recognizing rights, emphasizes duties on the part of each race. The only way to help the black man is to help him to help himself."

R. E. Jones, Negro, New Orleans; Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, says:

"The white people of America must actively, with a genuine, unselfish friendliness continue to help the Negroes industrially, intellectually and morally, not only for the sake of the Negro but for the whole nation. In order to obtain the best constructive results there must be real sympathetic cooperation between the leaders of the two races: there should be an earnest effort to understand the causes of bad feeling and open friction."

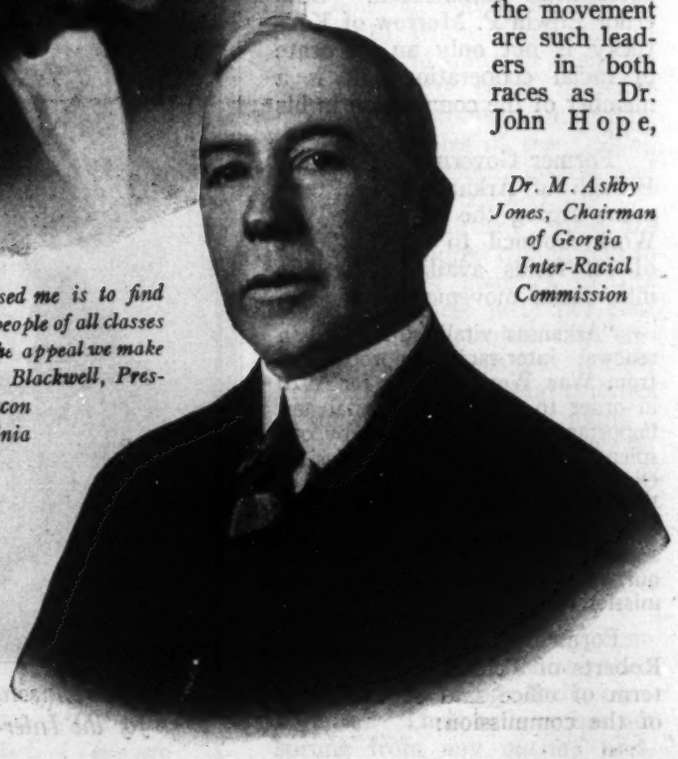
R. E. Blackwell, President of Randolph-Macon college, Ashland, Virginia:

"A movement that has the support of church women of all denominations and of social leaders as well will meet with no antagonism. Indeed what has surprised me is to find that the conscience of our people of all classes is so quick to respond to the appeal we make for cooperation with the Negro in his efforts for improvement."

Isaac Fisher, Negro, professor at Fisk University, Nashville:

"In the history of the South this was the first agency ever set up to give the Negroes and whites a chance to see into each other's hearts on a large scale."

Serving actively in the movement are such leaders in both races as Dr. John Hope,



Dr. M. Ashby Jones, Chairman of Georgia Inter-Racial Commission

"Indeed what has surprised me is to find that the conscience of our people of all classes is so quick to respond to the appeal we make for cooperation."—R. E. Blackwell, President of Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia

Negro, president of Morehouse college, Atlanta; John H. Little, Louisville, head of the Presbyterian Colored Missions; Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh, N. C.; Dr. James E. Gregg, Hampton, Va., principal of the Hampton Normal and Industrial institute; Dr. M. B. Adams, president of Georgetown college, Georgetown, Ky.; Bishop George Clement, Negro, Louisville; Bishop Benjamin Kaily, Savannah, Ga.; Bishop Thomas C. Darst, Wilmington, N. C.; Bishop Thomas Denby, Little Rock, and Bishop William Mercer Green, Meridian, Miss., bishops of the Episcopal church; Bishop E. G. Richardson of the Methodist Episcopal church, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. Wm. J. Martin, president of Davidson college, Davidson, N. C.; Dr. F. A. McKenzie, president of Fisk university, Nashville; R. F. Beasley, North Carolina state commissioner of public welfare.

Examples of Cooperation

The following colleges and universities in Kentucky are cooperating with the Inter-racial Commission of Kentucky:

Center College, Danville, (white)
Wesleyan College, Winchester, (white)
Berea College, Berea, (white)
Georgetown College, Georgetown, (white)
Eastern State Normal, Richmond, (white)
Simmons' University, Louisville, (colored)
Lincoln Institute, Lincoln Ridge, (colored)
Colored State Normal, Frankfort, (colored)

While none of the Southern colleges has officially endorsed the movement, many university men are on the inter-racial committees, and a number of these colleges actually are cooperating. Among these are:

Southern Baptist Theological seminary, Louisville, (white)

Fisk University, Nashville, (colored)

Southern College of the Young Men's Christian association, Nashville, (white)

As an example of how local inter-racial cooperation works, take the writer's own state of Kentucky. This state ranks high in illiteracy. Precarious and unhappy in many ways is the lot of the Negro child in the small town community. Nor is it fair to expect him to meet the competition in life without his quota of ordinary common schooling. The inter-racial committee for Breathitt county, long known as bloody Breathitt, a group of whites and blacks working together, secured three acres of land and erected an adequate school house for the Negroes of Jackson, the county seat, the building costing seven thousand dollars.

It is manifest that the Negro teachers should be better educated than those taught. It follows that in the absence of available high schools or normal schools for the colored people in the rural districts, the teacher, himself or herself, the product of the county grade schools, will be deficient in adequate standards. The inter-racial committee of Graves county, whites and blacks working together, assisted materially in creating sentiment making possible a high school for the colored people of Mayfield, Kentucky, the building costing twenty-five thousand dollars.

The committee in Fayette county, working together, aided in securing a bond issue in Lexington for a hundred thousand dollar high school for the colored people of that city. The building is about to be erected.

There is no more important work for local Inter-racial committees than preventive measures to be taken against the possibility of mob violence in their communities. In some sections the danger is always imminent, in others probable, and in all possible. The average man does not think so, and yet experience shows that in places where the danger seems least, such things have occurred. Mob violence is not simply a question that involves the Negro race, but the entire structure of our society and civilization.

How a Mob Was Dispersed

A depraved, drug-crazed Negro killed the sheriff of Hopkins county, Kentucky, when this officer went to arrest him, unarmed and fearing no violence. A mob immediately formed in Madisonville, and not only were there threats of lynching the murderer on every hand, but also to burn the colored section of the town. The colored members of the Inter-racial committee got together and called a conference with the white members. The colored members of the committee agreed to offer a reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. They immediately had struck off hundreds of hand-bills, signed by representative Negroes of the region, regretting the killing of Sheriff Hunter, who was known to be especially friendly to the colored people, and distributed these among the angry threatening mob. The effect was immediate, for when these white men saw the attitude of the colored citizens, and were convinced they had no sympathy for the lawless element among their race, the mob quitely dispersed, and Hopkins county and the State of Kentucky were saved the disgrace of a lynching, and possibly the lives and homes of innocent colored people. The Negro was subsequently arrested, tried at Madisonville without any disturbance whatever, convicted, and electrocuted. The Negroes of the community paid their proffered reward, refusing assistance from their white friends, who, moved by their upholding of law and order, wished to help them.

At Corbin, Kentucky, a colored man was accused of seriously cutting a white man. In this case the man later was found to be innocent, and the real offender, a white man, apprehended. At the moment, however, mob spirit ran high, and all the colored people of the town were herded together, put aboard trains, and sent out of the county. The Inter-racial committee for this county later secured the indictment of some thirty members of the mob, and the ringleader was sent to the penitentiary.

The instinct for recreation and play is natural in all races alike, and alike for all its wholesome gratification makes for better health, better morals, better efficiency, and greater contentment. Segregation in cities forces the Negro to live and play in unwholesome and unsanitary conditions.

Prejudice fades before knowledge. Let any one interested observe, for example, the expending of public funds in communities where any proportion of Negroes live. They are the last to be given paved streets, the last to get hospitals or playgrounds, the last to be considered in all respects that make for better living conditions. The most needy, as a rule, theirs are the needs last to be considered or met.

Commercial clubs in a number of cities of the South have undertaken the improvement of relations between the races. In Nashville, the club committee meets with a committee of Negro citizens for frank discussions of a program to improve the condition of the Negro. A similar plan was recently adopted by the Memphis Chamber of Commerce.

In the Memphis territory, the Chamber of Commerce at the request of the local Inter-racial committee working according to program through already existing agencies, appointed a committee to inquire into better living conditions for the colored people in Mem-

phis. As a result of the findings of this committee, the business men in Memphis agreed to give two dollars for every one dollar given by a Negro, for improving recreation conditions for colored people in that city.

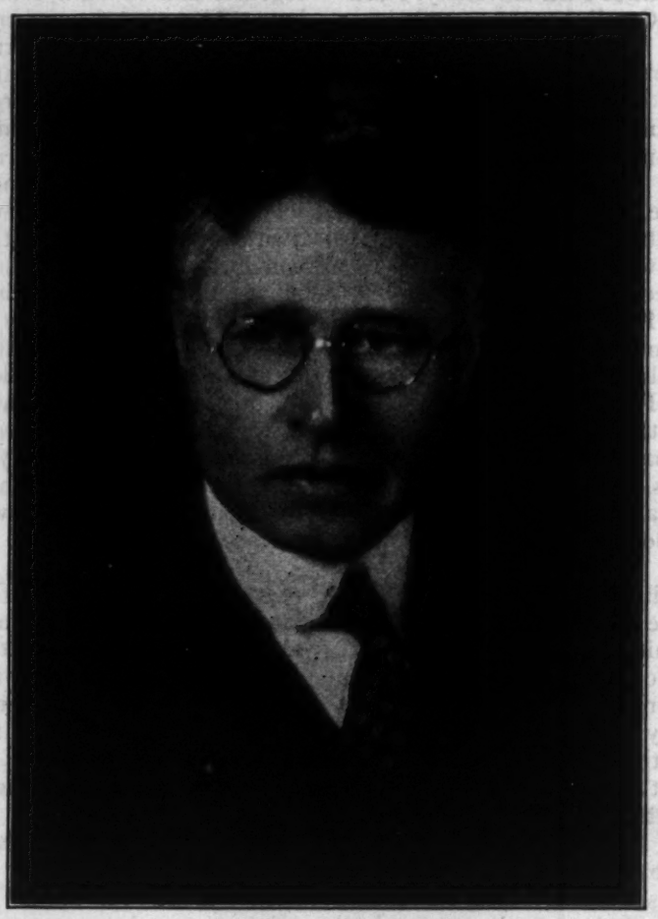
The Inter-racial committee for Jefferson county, Kentucky, moving through the park commission, has the promise of two play grounds and a swimming pool for colored people in the congested Negro district of Louisville.

The country Negro is often timid and backward in finding his best market. Yet the Negro farmer's prosperity is the country merchant's prosperity. An Inter-racial committee in Tennessee moving through the farm bureau for better markets for the Negro farmer, reports the case of a young colored man appearing at a local farm bureau:

"Can a man like me on the outside have a look in here?"

He was told that any farmer who had anything to sell was welcome. This colored man has since brought in one hundred thousand dollars in shipments of chickens from his county, starting with a small flock. This the Tennessee Inter-racial committee calls self-development in a local community.

Any man, white or colored, who knowingly through the medium of the franchise, creates prejudice between whites and colored here in America, is an enemy to both races. Intelligent whites and blacks rather will try to anticipate all grounds for such issues.



A leader of his race—Dr. John M. Hope, President of Morehouse College, Atlanta

How Race Prejudice Retarded Progress

The Negro vote in Louisville two years ago, defeated a bond issue for the betterment of the Louisville University, an institution from which colored students are excluded. Bad feeling between the races was engendered. Recently the Inter-racial committee for this territory helped to put over a million dollar bond issue for the public schools. Going to the Board of Education it secured a statement that 18 per cent of the issue would be devoted to the colored schools. The colored people considered this division just and generous and almost to an individual lined up in favor of the issue. The good will this time engendered by this cooperation between the Board of Education and the colored people, went a long ways in restoring former relations. The University bond issue is to be put to the public again in the near future. The Inter-racial committee is now seeking for some possible common ground that will insure its passage.

Cooperation between local committeees and the press of each community, has led many editors throughout the South to adopt a policy of handling Negro news which will not agitate the sensational features of race relations. Incalculable damage can be done by flaring headlines. The abandonment of a sensational policy in news and headlines both in the white and Negro press is desirable. Almost every editor who has been approached on this subject by inter-racial committees has gladly cooperated.

A complete list of the newspapers cooperating is difficult to furnish, the majority of the editors in the South proving themselves ready to cooperate. Among the representative newspapers now cooperating through editorials and news columns are *The Charlotte Observer, The Greensboro News, The Nashville Banner, The New Orleans Times-Picayune, The Dallas News, The Atlanta Georgian, The Memphis Commercial Appeal, The Louisville Post, The Herald,* and *The Courier Journal, The Lexington Leader, The Macon Telegraph, The Jackson News, The Record,* a Catholic weekly of Louisville, and *The Christian Observer,* Louisville.

In the face of a racial outbreak, *The Pensacola Journal* featured a communication from a leading white citizen of such standing as would command a general and respectful hearing, the effect of this appeal preventing a lynching. Under the caption, "Let the Law Rule," this appeal said:

"The ship that weathers a bad storm is the one that passengers select for future travel. So the community that retains its poise in socially stormy weather, is the one which wise people select as their permanent home. Such a storm we have now upon us, and I am pleading for community poise and calmness, so that we may find the proper solution.

"A homicide took place on Friday. Let us be calm. I am informed the facts are:"

After details of the crime the story proceeds as follows:

"Sheriff....., of Santa Rosa county, when notified ..., placed his deputies on the trail and succeeded in arresting the Negro..... He wisely eluded the excited neighborhood and like a veteran of experience, brought his prisoner to the Pensacola jail for safe keeping.

".....Now I wish to plead with my fellow-citizens of Santa Rosa county to follow the example of this excellent sheriff. Friends, let us be calm. Let the law reign supreme. This is not a case of heinous, wilful, premeditated homicide. No atrocious motive is laid bare by the act of this darkey. He was at his own home. He was on his own rented farm. He was asserting his right not to loan his cutter. He was assaulted by one man and held by another.

"Remember, I am not blaming any one. I am pleading with you not to momentarily forget the dignity of your

citizenship and resort to violence. We have courts of law dealing out justice. All the witnesses are living. ..... Let us not besmirch, soil, stain or defile the good record that Santa Rosa county has made in the last years of good citizenship. I am your fellow-citizen, etc., etc."

As stated, this appeal together with the editorials of the Pensacola press prevailed, and it appears that the Negro, who acted in self defense, will get a fair trial.

The Louisville newspapers recently featured the startling news of a school girl returning home here in the city, being dragged into an alley by a Negro, and her hair cut off. The local inter-racial committee investigated. Racial outbreaks have started on less provocation. Weakening under cross examination, the girl broke down and confessed that having had her hair bobbed against her parents' wishes, she was afraid to return home and tell the truth, and so made up the story. The facts proven, every newspaper in the city gave the correct version.

Knowledge Versus Preconceived Ideas

The second state Inter-racial Conference for Kentucky, Governor Edwin P. Morrow, honorary chairman of the state committee, was shortly held in Louisville at the Jefferson county courthouse. A portion of the report of the findings committee as adopted by the Conference follows:

"Resolved that we place on record our gratitude to Almighty God for his grace as shown in the improvement of the racial situation, and the advance of the Negro race in Kentucky.

"Resolved, that it is essential not only to inter-racial harmony but to the highest welfare and the best progress of each race, that there be equal justice and impartial enforcement of the law in the courts for both races. Only thus can common interest and the security of the commonwealth and our institutions be conserved.

"Resolved, that it is most earnestly recommended that students in the high schools, academies, colleges and normal schools, both white and colored, be given an opportunity to become familiar with the history, literature, songs, and aspirations each of the other race, with a view to banish prejudice from the minds of youth by substituting knowledge for preconceived ideas.

"Resolved, that the fiscal courts of Kentucky be urged to appoint Negro County Farm Agents, and to assist the Negro farmers in becoming up-to-date producers and citizens.

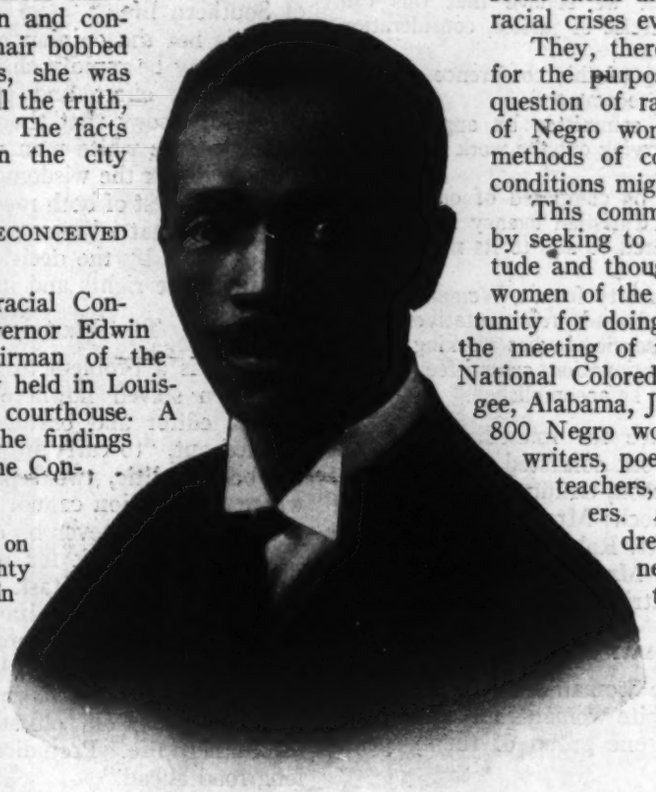
"Resolved, that appreciative attention be called to the fact that in Louisville colored taxpayers serve on both petit and grand juries apparently in just ratio to their respective numbers. What is safe in Louisville is certainly safe elsewhere in the state, and we express our earnest hope that the Negro will be given his share in this field of service.

"Whereas, mutual understanding is obviously the fairest basis for good will and agreement, and

"Whereas, the most direct avenue of approach to inter-racial understanding lies in community action, and

"Whereas, abstract discussions are, on the other hand, the cause of much racial misunderstanding, therefore be it

"Resolved, that we urge for adoption the principle that concrete cases and situations in local communities be made the basis of inter-racial adjustment."



"In the history of the South this was the first agency ever set up to give the Negroes and whites a chance to see into each other's hearts on a large scale."—Isaac Fisher, professor at Fisk University, Nashville

The women of the South, white and colored, can do much to aid in this inter-racial readjustment. The Southern white woman in fact has spoken for herself.

In the beginning of the year 1920 the women of the Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, Mrs. H. P. Winsbury, of Missouri, and Mrs. Archibald Davis, of Georgia, Chairmen, became convinced that the "existing racial situations in the South were a challenge to Christian faith," and also an opportunity "to show to the whole world the power of Christianity to settle racial differences and to meet inter-racial crises everywhere."

They, therefore, created a commission for the purpose of "Studying the whole question of race relationships, the needs of Negro women and children and the methods of cooperation by which better conditions might be brought about."

This commission began its operations by seeking to know something of the attitude and thought of the leaders of Negro women of the South. An unusual opportunity for doing this was afforded them in the meeting of the biennial session of the National Colored Women's Clubs in Tuskegee, Alabama, July, 1920. In that body of 800 Negro women, they found speakers, writers, poets, artists, business women, teachers, secretaries, lawyers, bankers. As they listened to the addresses and debates and witnessed the executive ability of these educated Negro women they realized that in that body was massed a potential power of which t had not dreamed.

Women of Two Races Go Into Conference

Before going to Tuskegee a group of these Negro women had been asked to remain after the close of their biennial session for a day's conference with the representatives of the white denominational commission.

When this conference, held by the women of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, was reported to the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation, this organization offered to finance a meeting which should be composed of the official leaders of *all* the denominations and Christian agencies of women in the South.

This conference was held in Memphis, Tennessee, October 6-7, 1920, and was attended by leaders of women's organizations from sixteen Southern states, to wit: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Texas, Virginia, Missouri, Maryland, and West Virginia.

Negro women were invited to speak to the conference. They spoke of "What it Means to Be a Negro," "The Negro in His Home," and "The Difficulties of the Daily Life of the Negro Peoples."

The Negro women whose advice had been sought at Tuskegee had been requested to prepare a paper setting forth the things which they considered respon-

sible for some of the unhappy conditions of the day. This they did in a statesmanlike paper of broad Christian spirit. With this and the addresses of the two days' conference as a basis, the committee on findings made a report which was unanimously adopted, as follows:

"We, a company of Southern white women, in conference assembled on the invitation of the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation, find ourselves with a deep sense of responsibility to the womanhood and childhood of the Negro race and also with a great desire for a Christian settlement of the problems that overshadow the homes of both races.

"We recognize and deplore the fact that there is friction between the races. But we believe that this can largely be removed by the exercise of justice, consideration and sympathetic cooperation.

"In order that the results of this conference may be perpetuated and enlarged, we recommend:

"a. That a continuation committee be appointed to devise ways and means for carrying out the work considered by this conference.

"b. That this committee be composed of one woman from each denomination and Christian agency here represented and that it be empowered to add to its membership as may seem necessary.

"c. That each local community form a Woman's Interracial Committee which may include representatives from all religious, civic and social service bodies working in the community, and that this continuation committee recommend plans by which this may be accomplished."

A continuation committee for immediate convention and beginning of the work consisted of the following women: Mrs. Luke Johnson, Griffin, Ga., chairman; Mrs. J. G. Jackson, Little Rock; Mrs. Archibald Davis, Atlanta; Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. J. H. Cranford, Jasper, Ala.; Mrs. W. D. Weatherford, Nashville; Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, Madison, Georgia.

The Negro Woman's Response

And what of the Negro woman's response to this evidence of the Southern white woman's interest in the racial problem? They, or one group of them, speak as follows:

"We, the members of the Southeastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs assembled in Atlanta, Ga., June 1921, desire to state our position on some matters relating to the welfare of colored people and to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of Southern white women in the interest of better understandings and better conditions, as these affect the relations between white and colored people.

"First of all we wish to express our sincere gratification in the fact that race relations in the South have advanced to the place where the white women of the South are conscious of the part which colored women must play in any successful effort to adjust the unhappy conditions about us which have distressed the hearts of all lovers of right and justice and dangerously threatened the common welfare and the safety of the Nation.

"We are also keenly alive to the growing tendency to give a larger place to the influence of womanhood in the affairs of the Nation and to the fact that there is an increasing number of Southern white women whose vision includes the welfare of women of every race and condition; who desire to secure equal opportunities for development to all womanhood and are determined to face the truth without flinching and to give themselves, at whatever cost, to creating an enlightened sentiment among their own people, and establishing a new and better foundation for relations between white and black women in the South."

The value of this step towards racial cooperation and understanding is not to be measured, since understanding is the basis of any sort of agreement. There is a realm which no laws can reach, "the realm of neighborly good will and interest, and it is in this realm the inter-racial movement would work, seeking to create so real a feeling of common interest that causes of bitterness and ill will are eliminated."

It is only in such a sphere of good will that constructive work can be done, just as the real spirit of cooperation can come only with cooperative activities. It is when peoples act together they come to see that they think alike, and act alike, and this demonstration is more valuable than protestations of friendship.

These conclusions as given are not only those of the writer individually. Gathered from many sources, and often in the actual phrase, they are the opinions of a number of thoughtful men, leaders in various phases of Southern life.

It is not the opinion of Southern people that conditions may be rapidly changed, or changed at all without patient effort and persistence. No one among them but knows that the future adjustment of the relations of the white man and the Negro in the United States will tax the wisdom, forbearance, and statesmanship of the best of both races. And no man among them but knows that adjustment now or for the future, cannot be made by the decision of the white man without regard to the rights and interests of the Negro.

The Problem of The South

Here is a problem to be solved by the South that has been solved nowhere else in history, as Henry Grady, editor and orator of the South, long since pointed out, "to carry in peace and with justice within the body politic, two separate races under conditions where assimilation cannot be, two races that in human probability will never be quit of each other."

It is not a task for limited sympathies and petty natures. It is not a task that can be done by the machinery of mere organization. It is a spiritual task, as leader after leader throughout the South reiterates, clerical and lay alike — "A task to be carried out in the spirit and according to the ethics of the Man of Galilee." "It is an old, old story, and touches every phase of Southern life. Prejudices are stubborn. It is a long, long road ahead."

Democracy, as that Southern authority on the racial question, the Rev. Cary Montague, of Richmond, quoted before, points out, is a building not made with hands. Faith in humanity has made it. The destiny and happiness of the human race are in it. Its foundations rest upon the character of the man at the bottom. The Negro is at the bottom of the Southern half of our American democracy. The superstructure cannot endure unless we recognize him as part of the whole.

As said at the start of this article, economic prosperity is essential to progress. Economic justice is a primary condition to general peace and contentment.

The Negro responds to justice, kindness and generosity. He makes surprising headway with his limited opportunities. This his friends everywhere admit. A larger measure of economic justice alone for him will add to the peace and prosperity of the South.

The purpose of this article is to bring the plan of the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation to the attention of the country and especially of the South at large. It appeals to the South to get behind the movement solidly, upholding the local committee in each community, that its every possibility for good be tried out. It repeats that the Commission as now functioning in thirteen states, represents the most enlightened conscience of the South, white and black, and holds that it is the most philosophic step yet taken to promote justice and good will between the races.

Drawing by R. Emmett Owen

OCTOBER

A Good Car for the Money

By L. H. Robbins

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

RETIRED from the Morritan Canal while still a hale and hearty youth of sixty, Captain William Sparr found inactivity irksome, domesticity deadening.

Surrounded by city pleasures, yes, dwelling within three minutes of six movie houses, he longed for the sight of sleepy canal-side villages, the breath of cool, damp woods, the murmur of streams. Drying the dishes for his daughter Roxane, he followed still in fancy the free and flowing towpath.

But now the canal had been de-hydrated to make a roadbed for a trolley line, his good barge *Belle of Ashland* lay stranded on the mud below Lock Seven, at rest from voyaging, and Cora, ablest-bodied mule that ever shipped before the mast, was no more.

After weeks of deliberating — no lightning thinker was Captain Sparr — he reached a conclusion. This he confided, hoping for sympathy, to his neighbor and crony, George Griggs, a small man of great candor, formerly identified with the transportation industry on Ashland Bay.

"What a man in my fix needs, George, is a nice little car."

A nice little car, he argued, would give him escape from the carking city, take him to visit remembered scenes, allay his restlessness.

"What a man in your fix needs when he gets a notion like that," Friend George declared, "is a guardeen."

Drying the dishes for his daughter Roxane

Such a car, nevertheless, the captain purchased, after long shopping. He bought also a galvanized iron garage that went together with bolts. He and George put it up in the side yard. Into its shelter they pushed the shiny new machine, Mr. Sparr afterward erasing with care the prints of George's palms on the back panel.

"She ain't got no name yet," George observed. A bit of a wag was George.

Her owner had considered that matter. "My mule," said he, "was Cora, my barge *Belle*. I'll call her Corabel."

Alas! Before the week was out he called her Jezebel in his heart.

She was a smart little boat, please understand. There wasn't a smarter little boat south of the North Pole. Everybody said she was a good car for the money. But what right had he — too late he saw the truth — to think of operating an impetuous young locomotive that went ten miles an hour at her very slowest, when his best time on the old canal was four miles a day?

Tutored by a tough and contemptuous lad from the sales agency, goaded by that expert's, "Aw, they's nawthin' to it; all you gotta do is do it," he mastered enough of the science of driving to win from the state government, upon examination, a card pronouncing him a competent motorist. He was convinced that the Motor Vehicles Department needed investigating. No wonder there were so many accidents.

Alone and unbefriended he managed to make home from the city hall without reducing the local population. In the fortnight of fair weather that ensued he felt not the slightest impulse to motor. No more his vagrant spirit yearned for green hills far away. He became passionately fond of the movies; took to frequenting auction rooms; discovered that it was pleasant to sit for hours in parks far distant from home and daughter.

Roxane's tongue was sharp. "When in the world," she queried one evening, as usual, "are you going to take your car out? To have a car and never drive it seems perfectly stupid."

He did not answer; he was reading a fascinating piece of news in the *Bee*. Automobile thieves, the paper said, were busy in the city. That night he neglected to snap the padlock on his garage door.

Vain his hopes. The crime wave passed him by. In the morning his car was still there, still waiting for him, patient as a panther at a water hole.

George Griggs found him looking disgust at it. Sly was George. "William, how come we never see you going out a-riding in her?"

The captain's red face turned redder in its setting of gray whisker. Taunt drew challenge. "If I've got the nerve to take her out, have you got the nerve to go along?"

Put little old George Griggs on board a sand scow, with the line parted, the tide sweeping him stern foremost through a draw, and he would not have paled as now. Yet gamely he answered, "When do we sail?"

"Right away," said the captain desperately. Once committed to folly, a proud man must go on, must dree his weird. The neighbors expect it.

Behold, then, Captain Sparr at the wheel, large, earnest, anxious; George Griggs, undersized, beside him, braced for any fate; Roxane on the front stoop, wishing them the best of luck.

"Over the top!" sang Roxane.

"Sure you can handle her?" asked George.

"Why, there's nothing to it," vaunted the near-bold skipper. "All you have to do —"

He rehearsed his initial lesson. "I tromp on the larboard pedal; I give her headway; I take my foot up."

These operations duly performed, she seemed to feel a thrill of life along her keel. She budged, she moved a dory's length, then shrieked and stopped. There was a smell of something burning.

"You're on fire," George ejaculated, struggling with the door catch.

"It's them after brakes," the blushing driver muttered. "I forgot to cast off, so to speak. Hold fast, we'll try her again."

"Perfectly stupid," remarked Roxane on the porch.

This time he remembered to throw the hand lever forward. Smoothly the car buzzed away, trailing a wake of dark blue cloud. A traffic officer, sighting the smudge, broke into agitated gesticulations, disconcerting cries. It is against the law of Ashland for an automobile to smoke in public.

Uncertain what to do in the crisis, Captain Sparr affected deafness. Gripping the wheel with knuckles tense and white, he sailed on.

He grazed a piano van, clipped a corner off a safety aisle, slid out from under the bows of a trolley car. At the busy crossing in front of the Third National Bank he stalled.

Voices vehement, horns horrendous assailed his ears. The uproar drowned out the sound of a gunshot in the bank.

II.

BEYOND the Ashland city line the sun shone its brightest, not to be outdone by the burnished new luminary that flashed across the landscape. The birds that had sung themselves out at daybreak heard Corabel's tuneful putter under their wayside boughs and burst forth in melody afresh.

Only a pessimist would have supposed that back in Ashland at that lovely hour three truculent young men were dashing out of the Third National Bank and leaping into a big gray racing car, one of them lugging a bulky leather bag, his pals shooting point-blank at a policeman.

A false sense of peace pervaded Captain Sparr's being, now that he had cleared the congestion, the cross streets and the cops of the city. He ventured to steer with one hand long enough to grope for the plug of Sandpiper tobacco in his hip pocket.

Scarcely had he raised the juicy confection to his expectant teeth when a woman trundled a wheelbarrow into the road dead ahead. "Look out!" he shouted. By the scant margin of ten or twelve feet he missed her. "A man dassn't be careless a second, George," he gasped, "not a second!"

Beads of perspiration stood out on his troubled face.

"It's a fierce responsibility, George. It's an awful power a man has in his hands."

"A close call like that," George commented, "kinda takes the tucker out of you, I expect."

"It does, George, it does. Nights I wake up yelling. In my dreams I ram store windows, I sink baby-carriages —"

A dazzling thought. What if Friend George could be inoculated with the motor fever! Here would be a chance to unload Corabel without great sacrifice. Already George was inquiring, "A little craft like this now, how much do you say she sets a man back?"

"Not enough to hurt him, George. And you soon forget the expense. I'll say for my little boat that just this run this morning is worth every cent she cost me. Do you see that bridge?"

Yes, George saw it plainly.

"Well, sir, if I was to lose her overboard off that bridge I could honestly say I'd had my money's worth out of her."

"You hadn't ought to feel satisfied and careless on bridges, William," the passenger admonished hastily. "These things get better and better, I hear, the longer you keep 'em. You want to remember that when you come to bridges."

"But I done wrong to buy her," the driver sighed. "You see, George, I sweat pretty free, handling the helm here."

George admitted having noticed that Mr. Sparr's pores seemed in excellent working order.

"And then the wind blows on me, and I catch cold."

"Sho!" George sympathized.

"Yes, sir, I've had a cold ever since I took my first driving lesson. I been all this time getting over it. That's why I ain't drove her out much."

"Oh, that was it!" said George.

"Probably, though," the captain continued quickly, "a wiry-built man like you could drive her clear to Kingdom Come and never even sneeze."

"You'd ought to bought one of them kind all glassed in like a hothouse, William. One of them kind the C. Dann people make."

"I may do it yet," replied Mr. Sparr sadly. "Only I'll hate to let go this engine. The lad I been taking lessons of says she's the best little engine in Ashland."

George examined the mileage meter with interest.

"Registers every turn of the propeller," the proud owner explained.

They passed a market garden. The people in the field rested from raising cabbages and raised a cheer for Corabel.

"The pop'lar car, George. You make friends wherever you go in a car like this. Now here's what I'll do. If I decide to get one of them C. Dann make of cars you mention, and if you'd kinda like a nice little boat of your own, I'll sell you Corabel for fifty dollars less than list price and throw in the spare tire and the shock exsorbers, which came extry. What's more," he added liberally, "I'll learn you to drive her."

George's attention was fixed upon a farm wagon preceding them in the turnpike. The horse was misbehaving.

"Better toot your fog horn, William. Let the feller know you want the channel."

"No," said the captain. "That's a mean critter, George. I don't want to scare him." He brought the car to a stop behind the wagon. There was a deep ditch at the side of that road. "Anyway, you don't often see a farmer driving a horse nowadays. I'd kinda like to watch him." Watching the cavortings

Have you got the nerve to go along?

of the fractious animal he grew reminiscent. "Did I ever tell you about the time my mule Cora —"

From behind came a rumble, a roar, a shriek. A big gray racing car whooped past, sideslipping into the ditch, bouncing out and booming away, flinging gravel to the roadside fences. At the same instant the farmer disappeared head-first over the dashboard.

Off galloped the horse in the track of the gray car, leaving the wagon behind, dragging the farmer on his face. The man might have saved himself by letting go the reins. It seemed he wasn't the letting-go kind. Now on knees and elbows, again flat and sprawling he hung on.

In the gray racer a man stood up, looked back. He saw the runaway, laughed, waved his arm. The gray car kept going.

The farmer had scrambled to his feet and pulled the horse down to a quivering stand. Corabel had overtaken him.

"Mate, are you hurt?" cried the travelers.

"Hurt!" the farmer spluttered. Couldn't they see that his arms were skinned, his face cut?

"Did you get their number?" George demanded.

"Number!" No words had the farmer to express his indignation at such questions.

"We'll get it for you," the captain vowed. "We'll fetch them juggernuts back. Where do you live?"

The man pointed to a house amid near-by fields. Corabel shot ahead with a jerk.

In the Ashland city hospital at that hour an emergency operation came to an end. On the table the paying-teller of the Third National lay very white and still.

"How big was the haul?" an interne asked.

"Fifty thousand," spoke a newspaper man who had come with the ambulance.

III.

CORABEL struck a culvert, leapt like a rabbit, landed on all fours and stayed in the road. Her driver, doubled over the wheel, steered strenuously. George, rigid beside him, hung on for his life. In sight a mile away the gray car held its lead.

"We'll trail 'em to wherever they're bound for, George, if it takes us all day."

"We'll learn 'em road manners, William."

"Only I wish we had more gas. I meant to get some in Ashland, but I kept running past the places."

George felt thankful they had no more than they had. They were going fast enough for him.

In the offing an interurban trolley car on a private right of way raced with them for a crossing where the tracks joined the road. Trolley and Corabel would have arrived at the goal simultaneously if the motorman had not been strong in the brake arm. His maledictions followed the victors.

Strange things awaited further on; a pig, supine in the highway, wigwagging to the sky; beyond the pig the gray racer leaning wearily against a sand bank, a front wheel dished.

Three hard-jowled young men emerged from the wreck as Corabel drew up. To them the captain addressed the penetrating reflection, "It takes a hog to stop a hog, don't it?" With "Birds of a feather get together," George supported him.

Relaying each other then, they spoke words of reproof to those young men. Perhaps certain carefree joyriders knew now how the poor farmer felt whose wagon they had smashed, whose bones they had likely broken, right in the growing season of the year. For frightening a working man's horse, for bringing discredit upon decent motorists who tried to drive in a Christian spirit, they had already paid in some measure, as witness their present discomfiture. And they should pay still more.

"Take their number, George."

"I got it, William."

Sullenly the culprits had drawn nigh. They wore good clothes. One of them carried a leather bag.

"Maybe you'd like for us to invite you in and drive you somewheres for help," said the captain severely. "Well, you can walk, darn you! And whilst you're walking you can be thinking —"

He broke off to stare into the black muzzles of two black guns held at his head by the comrades of the man with the bag.

"Climb down out of that," he heard.

One of the guns went off. His slouch hat flew from his head. He climbed down. George had done so just previously.

Left beside the abandoned wreck, the amazed avengers beheld their Corabel shrink to a mere spot on the summer landscape.

"It seems," George remarked, "like as if we were kinda what you might call marooned."

In time of disaster brave men disguise their feelings.

A woman trundled a wheelbarrow into the road dead ahead

"Climb down out of that"—one of the guns went off

"Maybe it's just as well," said the captain. "I'd ha' probably stove her up before the end of the day, anyhow! I had a hunch when we started."

"Same here," his friend confessed.

"The thing I mind most, George, is leaving my plug of Sandpiper in the seat. Almost a new plug, it was."

"Try some my Horsecollar fine-cut, William."

They laid their course toward Corabel's vanishing point and humbly trudged along. Mr. Sparr chuckled. "I can hear that daughter of mine. 'Perfectly stupid,' she'd say."

George philosophised. "I reckon there's a merciful providence in all this, William. Another mile and I'd ha' made you an offer, and you'd ha' took me up, and then the loss'd been mine. The way things are, it's yourn, and you can stand it easy; you've had your money's worth out of her." His eyes twinkled.

Serious was the captain. "You'd ha' got a great little engine, George; a good car for the mony, everybody'll tell you."

"I'm just as contented to preamble," George averred. "I reckon this here is a warning that a pair of relics of the horse age like you and me ain't got no more call to go skyhooting around in a gas buggy than an old woman has to bob her hair."

A singing wire warned of the approach of a trolley car from behind them, the car whose path they had crossed. The motorman, failing to recognize them as his recent speed rivals, took them on board. A cross-country car, it soon left the paved road and went a short cut of its own through fields and woods, to come out upon the turnpike again at a wayside garage.

From the garage pump a well-dressed young man was departing with a five-gallon can in his hand. He seemed in haste.

"One of 'em now!" cried George, gazing.

"They're out of gas and stranded somewheres back down the road," said Captain Sparr. "I knowed she wouldn't run much further."

"They're out of luck, too," George declared; "because we can beat 'em to the next town and have a warrant ready for 'em. They got to pay for that farmer's wagon."

"And my hat," Mr. Sparr added grimly.

IV.

IN the heart of elm-shaded Mendon the trolley car came to a public square surrounded by churches, banks, stores. The motorman pointed out the town hall. There our wayfarers found the chief of police, a brawny man of melancholy mien.

"We want to complain on a bunch of road hogs back here a piece on the Ashland pike," Captain Sparr told him. "They left a farmer in a runaway and never stopped."

"Besides which," testified George, "they shot this here hole in my friend's hat."

The melancholy chief came alert. "How many of 'em were there?"

"Three."

"Young? Sporty-looking?"

"Yes."

"In a big gray racer?"

"They was at first, but they ran her aground. Now they're on board of a brand-new little black car —"

The chief sprang for the door. With excited whoops he woke the town hall from its noonday slumbers. Officeholders of Mendon swarmed around him.

"Coming in Ashland Road. Bring your guns," he cried. "Mike, you and Joe and Harris hop in your bus. Beat it out Myrtle Street. Come around in back of 'em. Little black car —"

Orders multiplied; telephones buzzed; men scurried on divers errands; cycle cops leapt to the saddle and thundered away. The forgotten complainants in the action trailed the chief and a party of vigilantes across the town square. At the head of Ashland Road they saw the force go into ambush.

Thoughtfully Captain Sparr conned a pair of gate-like contrivances hinged to posts at either side of the way.

"George, this here is the famous Mendon speed trap I heard about from the lad that learned me to drive."

Far down the avenue a gleaming new car appeared. When it had come on past the last side street before reaching the park, the chief of police stepped out and swung the gates around, barring the way.

"What's that for?" barked the man at the wheel as the car slid to a tire-burning stop.

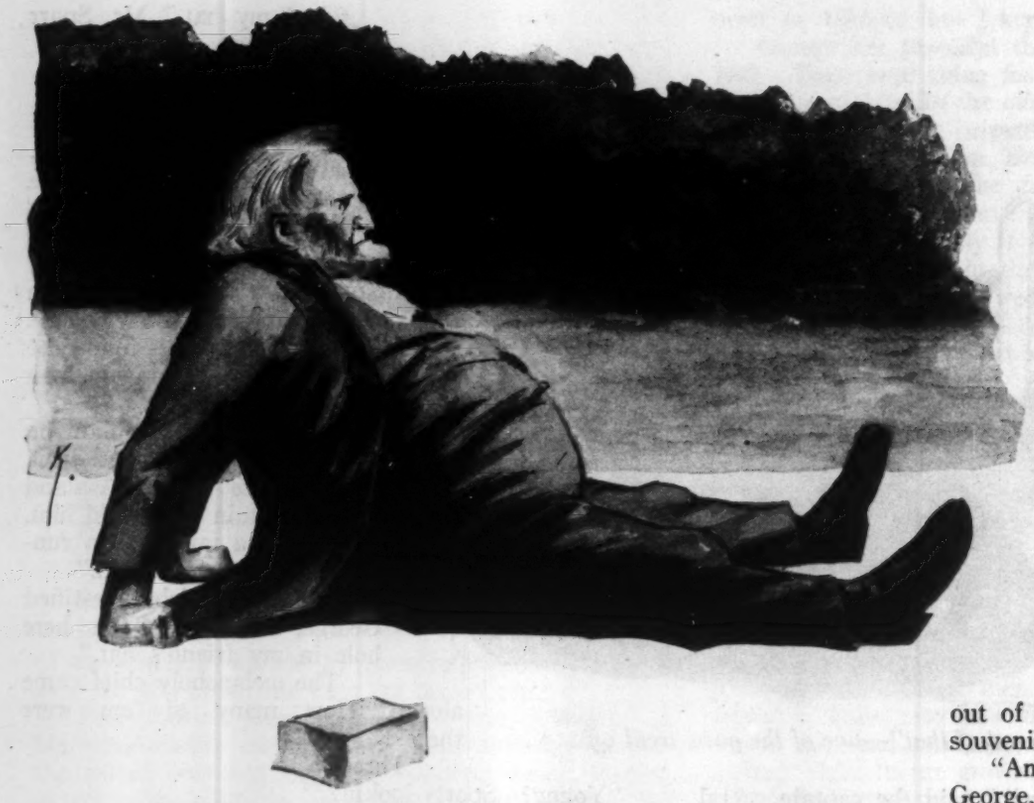
"Bust on through!" clamored his companions.

"Let's see your driving license," the chief suggested.

The three strangers tumbled into the street, ran for shelter, shooting as they fled. The posse poured in pursuit. Firing was heard in parts remote. Deserted was the thoroughfare by all save our two startled spectators and their lost car. Never an explosion had Corabel missed throughout the fracas.

"There's your boat back if you want her," said George.

"I may as well take her home," replied Mr. Sparr in a tone of resignation. "Hello!" he added more



—and sat down to study the comets, meteors and whirling nebulae

cheerily as he went on board, "here's my good old plug of Sandpiper."

He resumed the wheel. "I ain't much account yet at going astern," said he. "Could you open them gates?"

George could and did; then he mounted beside his friend.

The motorist mused. "Now let's see. I step on the port pedal —"

"Not forgetting to cast off, William."

Around the public square, past churches, banks, stores, Corabel puffed, and so came back into Ashland Road headed for home. It was a nice bit of navigation, George affirmed. The populace, out of doors now that the shooting was over, could tell the police which way the car had gone.

Said Captain Sparr as the town dropped behind, "I never supposed they treated road hogs as rough as all that, did you? They treated 'em too rough, George, even for road hogs."

"Considering the temper of the times," George reflected, "no motor car for me."

They came to the gray racer, still helpless on its shoulder in the sand bank. A pair of human crows had found it; youths whose bicycles lay at the roadside. Much plunder these birds had salvaged out of the derelict, including robes, tools, a pump, some tubes and spark plugs and a clock. One collected the treasures in a gunny sack while the other worked at the lamp lenses.

"You boys get away from there," George cautioned.

They replied with insolence and insult, advised him that he was basely born, staggered him with a flying monkeywrench as he jumped out. Captain Sparr, charging past him, collided with a hard-flung can of graphite and sat down to study the comets, meteors and whirling nebulæ that blazed before his eyes.

After an æon or two George's voice came to him faintly. George was calling somebody sea-going names. Raising a dizzy head, the captain saw Corabel disappearing down the road toward Ashland, behind a heavy blue smoke screen, traveling much faster than plucky George could run.

The chortling of the young pirates floated back on the summer air.

V.

TWO elderly pedestrians approached the midfield cottage of the inarticulate farmer. Each of them carried a lap robe, led a bicycle.

To the agriculturalist, convalescing on his doorstep, Captain Sparr made speech. "We hope you got a missus, because we want to offer her these here blankets out of that gray car as pleasant souvenirs of the occasion, like."

"And a coupla kids," said George, "so we can give 'em these bicycles."

He turned to watch a long red car streak past the farm. Uniformed men rode in it.

"You'd think there was a war," he complained, "the way all the police cars in the world are a-snorting up and down this turnpike."

A woman appeared from the house, two small boys from the garden. The presentations made and shyly acknowledged, the travelers inquired how they might best make Ashland. The interurban, they were told, passed close behind the farm.

Homeward bound in the trolley, Captain Sparr sat down at an open window.

"Won't you take cold there?" George hinted.

"Me? I never take cold," replied his friend healthily. Having filled his cheek with Sandpiper, he spoke of many things.

"And yet, George, there's a satisfaction in a nice little car of your own that you don't get when you're carried along idle like this. If a man's a man he wants to be his own motorman. That's what automobile means: from *auto*, go, and *mobile*, by yourself."

His look became wistful.

"George, if I had little old Corabel back, I bet you I could get the hang of her yet, if I kept on feeling the way I do this minute. We came that stretch from Mendon pretty slick, George."

Where the country line ended in the suburb of Rosedale they got out to wait for the city trolley. Across the street loomed the Rosedale police station. At the door a brand-new flivver glistened in the rays of the afternoon sun.

George shaded his eyes. "William, don't that machine look kinda familiar like?"

The captain glanced; shook his head. "Too short and stubby for mine, George."

"What's your license number?"

The bereft motorist consulted his card. "Twenty-three, ninety-three, ninety-seven. Why?"

"Twenty-three, ninety-three, ninety-seven," echoed his friend, reading the license plate on the car.

"Well, I'll be sunk!" said Captain Sparr.

The key was in the switch. No one said them nay. Presently a faint blue smell and nothing more was left to remind Rosedale of Corabel.

Roxane, at her window, saw her father and his playmate drive into the yard. "They got home alive, after all," said she. In the garage George Griggs expressed the same gratifying thought in words almost identical. With subtle meaning Mr. Sparr replied:

"What our women folk don't know, George, won't hurt 'em."

"Betcher life," George agreed.

At the office of the Motor Vehicles Department a clerk was answering a 'phone call. The voice on the wire said:

"I want to know who drives a flivver with license Twenty-three, ninety-three, ninety-seven. The lobster ran over my dog. Can you help me out?"

The voice was helped out with the name and address of Captain William Sparr.

A curious 'phone call that, for the captain had run over no dog whatsoever.

VI.

EVENING had come. Roxane entertained a young man in the parlor. Their chatter drifted out through open windows to Mr. Sparr on the front porch. The young man was a reporter on the *Bee*.

"I saw their big gray car leave the bank and go tearing out Center Street," said he. "Then this afternoon I rode out with Lieutenant West and saw it in a sand pit this side of Mendon. They ran over a pig."

"The poor pig!" said Roxane, who loved animals.

"About noon," the *Bee* man continued, "a couple of old rubes came into Mendon on the trolley from Rosedale and informed on three young chaps in a big gray car. Said they'd seen 'em shooting up a farmer. Well, Murphy, the police chief there, had just had a call from Ashland on the bank bandits, so he got right on the job."

With excited whoops the chief woke the town hall from its noon-day slumbers

"How thrilling!" cried Miss Sparr.

"Here came the three thieves in a new flivver they'd stolen somewhere. There was a gun fight, the crooks ran, the posse went after 'em and got two of 'em in a swamp. And in the meanwhile those two old rubes hopped into that flivver and beat it for Ashland with the loot."

"With the loot?"

"Yes, sir; fifty thousand in currency and Liberty Bonds. Both the captured thieves said it was still in the car. Well, Murphy wires Rosedale, and Rosedale sends cops to cover the river bridge. Here come two young roughnecks in a new flivver. They see the cops. They stop on the bridge and heave a bag into the river."

"The money, of course," Roxane commented. "But where were the old rubes?"

"The cops wondered, too. But they'd seen the bag go into the river, and that was enough for them. They nabbed flivver and passengers, rushed 'em to Rosedale headquarters and took the boys indoors to sweat 'em. Young beggars wouldn't say where they'd got the car, but swore the stuff in the bag in the river was parts they'd taken off a wrecked gray racer out Mendon way. And Mendon, see, was 'phoning that the bank loot was still in the flivver."

"And so," remarked Miss Sparr brightly, "they found it at last."

"Not so, my child; for when those Rosedale cops ran out to the street to search the flivver, believe me the car was gone! Somebody had lifted it right in front of the station house. And nobody in Mendon or Rosedale knew the license number. There the case rests. Whoever stole that flivver last stole fifty thousand berries along with it."

"Mercy me!" Roxane exclaimed. "Won't they be surprised!"

"There's a thousand-dollar reward if they bring it back," said the *Bee* man.

From the front porch Captain Sparr tiptoed softly to the second house down the street, where George Griggs was sitting out with the mosquitoes, nursing his bruises.

"Come," said Mr. Sparr in a strange voice.

They returned to the Sparr premises, gained the side yard. The garage door was closed. Yet had Mr. Sparr left the hasp off the staple, the padlock hanging at the end of its chain.

From inside came a faint clink. Gently he slipped the hasp over the staple, hooked the padlock in place.

"Run for Officer Moriarty," he said.

The *Bee* next evening contained an eye-witness account of an important event. We may quote:

> . . Not a sound had come from the garage all this while. But when Lieutenant West shouted again, "Tod Klutcher, will you surrender in the name of the law, or do we have to kill you to get you?" a pane of glass fell out of the small window in the garage door and an automatic pistol dropped to the ground.
>
> "There's my gat, old fox. I give up," said a voice within.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Lighting the Earth With A Cotton Thread

The Story of a One-man Battle Against the "Scientifically Impossible"

By Hugh Weir

A YOUNG man sat at an acid-spattered pine desk in an obscure New Jersey hamlet forty-four years ago, writing in a work-thumbed note-book the most amazing challenge of the century to the scientific world.

His principal asset was an idea — an idea that the leaders of science called absurd. Against the resources of the greatest institutions of research on the globe he was staking only a supreme confidence in himself, and the tools of a crudely furnished laboratory in the Jersey hills.

The young man was Thomas A. Edison. The challenge to the masters of science that was to call forth mockery, derision and ridicule made the bold statement that electricity could be harnessed to produce a new kind of illumination such as had never before been seen, a light as small and cheap as an ordinary gas jet, and much more brilliant, with a further assertion that thousands of such lights could be generated and operated from a central supply, and each capable of separate, independent control.

Underwood and Underwood

Edison during trips with Ford and Burroughs

The world, flooded now by tens of millions of button-operated electrics, may accept this statement with a shrug, much as the school-boy greets the assertion that anybody could ever have doubted that the earth is round. Yet previous to the year 1880 the public had never seen an incandescent light — and the leading scientists of Europe and America were vigorously proclaiming such a light to be mathematically impossible, and contrary to the laws of nature.

At the Royal Service Institution in London in February, 1879, Sir W. H. Preece, one of the most eminent electrical authorities in Europe, declared at the close of a sarcastic address:

"Therefore, I say to you that the so-called 'sub-division' of the electric current is an absolute *ignis fatuus*."

In the same year Dr. Paget Higgs, another eminent British scientist and government electrician, wrote:

"Much nonsense has been talked in relation to the incandescent electric light. A certain inventor has even claimed the power to divide the electric current indefinitely, not knowing or else forgetting that such a statement is incompatible with the well-proven laws of the conservation of energy."

Even John Tyndall, regarded as perhaps the greatest electrical savant of his generation, replied ironically to Edison's announcement:

"I believe that I am credited with knowing something of the intricacy of the practical problem involved, and the most that I can say in answer is that I should certainly prefer to have it in his hands to mine."

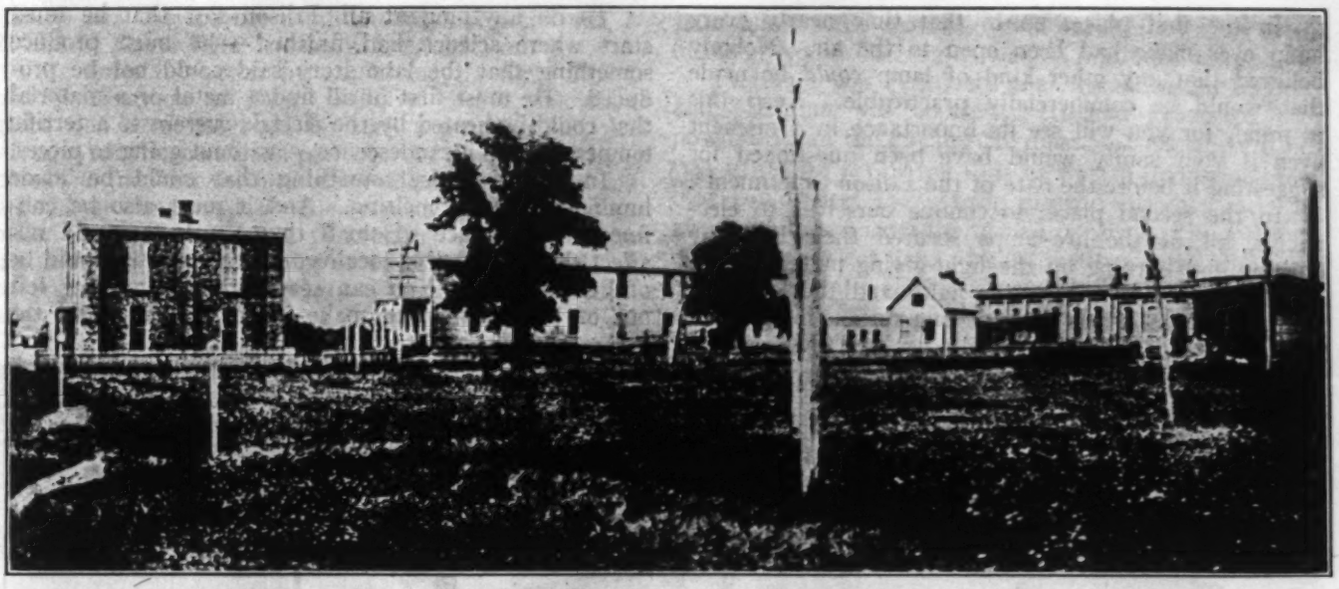
"Lights strung on wires — why the man is crazy!" declared the electrical experimentors in America. And while they were waxing increasingly sarcastic the young man down in New Jersey was pursuing one of the most discouraging researches into the realm of the unknown ever recorded in a laboratory.

Edison's Self-Imposed Task

In the series of private note-books of Thomas A. Edison, "Number 184," under the significant heading, "Electricity Versus Gas as General Illuminants," is the following entry: — "Object — Edison to accomplish exact imitation of all done by gas so as to replace gas lighting by electric lighting with a general system of distribution."

Upon this premise there began a one-man battle in the doing of the seemingly impossible, whose details from the old note-books, made in the heat of crucifying tension, are now supplemented by the personal reminiscences of Mr. Edison, himself, and his associates and supplied for these chronicles.

To understand properly the hugeness of the job of attempting to light the globe by electricity, it is neces-



Menlo Park laboratory, where Edison perfected the incandescent light

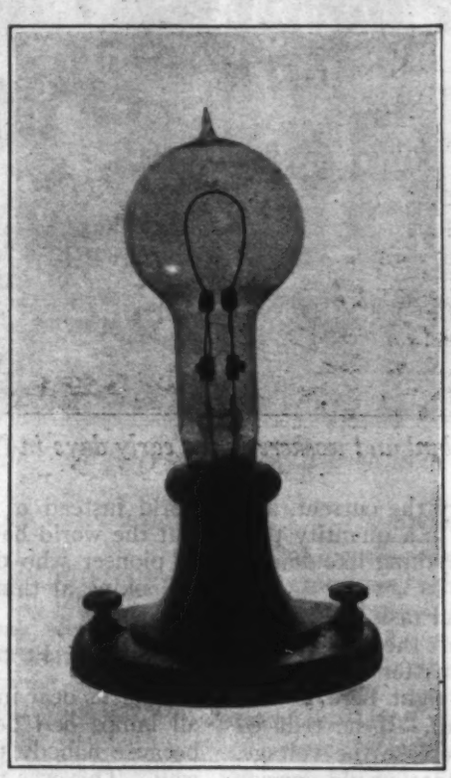
sary to carry the action back to the days when a glaring arc-lamp was so much of a novelty that it was used for advertising purposes. And this was only a scant forty-two years ago.

Although the public spends as much today for electricity as it does for bread, Edison was born into a world that had never known a public arc-light. The first telegraph patent was only seven years old, and the first telegraph wires, struggling westward, reached only as far as Pittsburgh. Amazing as the statement now seems, the lifetime of Thomas A. Edison, aged seventy-five years in this present year of grace, spans the entire history of applied electricity.

The Civil War was a full dozen years rearward when the first clumsily operated arc-lamps gave a new sensation to the metropolis of New York in the electric illumination of Madison and Union Squares. American industry was still occupied in the expansion of the discovery that water gas can be manufactured cheaper than coal gas, and artificial illumination was only just beginning to lose its strangle grip as the heaviest item of domestic expense.

The last of the whaling magnates, who had made New Bedford the richest city on the continent in proportion to population, were grudgingly accepting the fact that oil from the land could be produced more economically than oil from the sea. Kerosene was in the zenith of its boom as the poor man's light, and only the homes of wealth could afford the luxury of gas, whose first public illumination in the United States in the City of Baltimore had been the wonder of the nation hardly thirty years before the birth of Edison.

Making a practicable, commercial light by electricity was regarded much as the alchemist's dream of making gold. It is true that on a certain historic occasion at the Royal Institute in London as far back as 1809, Sir Humphrey Davy, a scientific gentleman ahead of his times, had made royalty gasp by shooting a flaring electric arc between the points of two consuming sticks of charcoal. But it was the kind of conjuring exhibition that only royalty could afford for entertainment, and it was not until fifty years later that the daring Faraday flashed the protecting beams of a Voltaic arc across the wind-churned waters of the Straits of Dover, and began the history of the electric lighthouse.



The first bulb light

But even then electricity as a public illumination belonged entirely to the province of philanthropy, and it was not until American ingenuity solved the problem of making electricity by a steam dynamo instead of by an expensive chemical battery, one of the star attractions at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, that arc-lighting was reduced at all to the range of a financial investment that a man would risk money on. Even then its cost of operation and the bulk of its apparatus confined it to the public square or the great amusement hall.

He Alone Had Faith In Himself

Electricity for home use by the pressing of a button or the pulling of a cord — the idea was too far away from the possibilities of fact to allow of any serious argument, according to the scientific investigators. And from their point of view they were quite right. But the young American inventor down in the New Jersey laboratory didn't figure from their point of view. That was the difference.

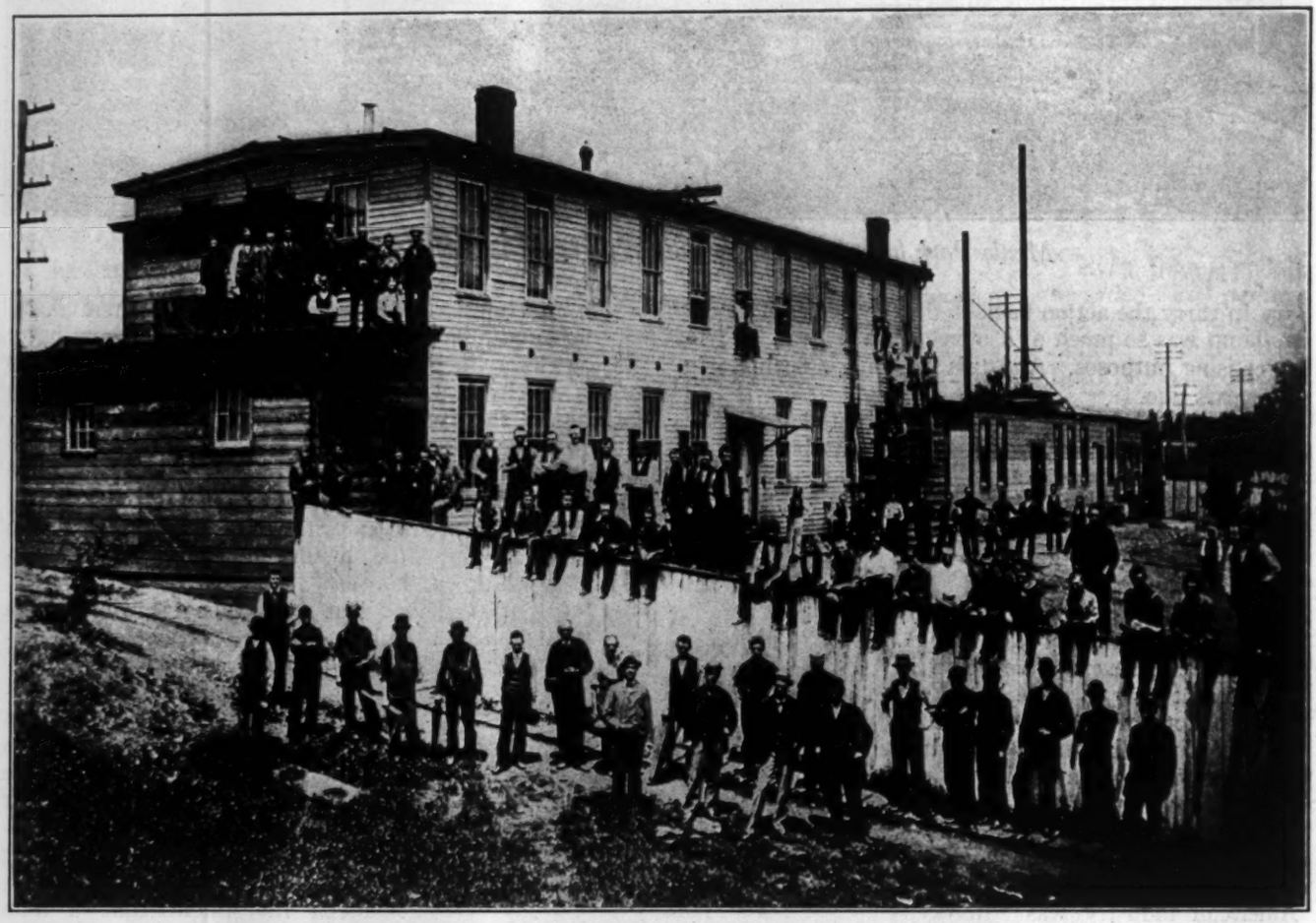
In brief, here is the technical problem, reduced to layman's English, that Edison set himself to face, and the solution he laboriously worked out for that problem, as presented in his laboratory note-books and in the elaboration he provides in the present-day interview. How did that problem stack up forty-four years ago?

In the first place, up to that time nearly every lamp ever made had been open to the air. Nobody believed that any other kind of lamp *could* be made that would be commercially practicable. Keep this in mind, for you will see its importance in a moment even if your sanity would have been questioned for suggesting it before the date of the Edison experiments.

In the second place, to confine ourselves to electricity, all of the arc-lamps secured their light by igniting and burning up the light-giving material such as carbon, and the larger the light, and the longer it burned the greater was the radiating surface it required.

To do anything at all, Edison saw that he must start where science had finished — he must produce something that the laboratory said could not be produced. He must first of all find a metal or a material that could be heated by the electric current to a terrific temperature — incandescence — without going to pieces.

In other words, something that could be made luminous without melting. And it must also be confined to a surface so small that the heat would not affect the surrounding locality, or otherwise it would be of little benefit. You can see there was nothing left out of the problem to make it any easier. And the



Edison plant and workers in the early days in New Jersey

This meant heavy conductors to carry the current, and heavy conductors meant copper wire in a quantity that was simply out of the question for anything like domestic use. Nobody could afford it.

Edison saw at once that his initial task must be to reduce the size and the weight of the conductors. Simple enough apparently — just a matter of technical mathematics you might say. But right here he ran plump up against his first stone wall. If he reduced the conductors he would have to increase the voltage, and science could find no material that would survive under an increase of voltage. If the problem was made financially possible, it was made scientifically impossible.

Finance insisted that certain things must be done if it was to become interested in commercial electric light. The laboratory said they could not be done.

And there you were. It began to look as though young Edison's idea of electric lighting the world was one of the kind that seems wonderful — in a glass case. But when you try to take it out of the glass case and put it to work, it's another story.

world instead of wishing him luck called him a fool. But the world has a habit of doing that to the prophet or pioneer who dares to differ with the accepted way of looking at things.

Putting a Vacuum to Work

Let us bear in mind now that up to this time nearly all lamps had been made open to the air, apparently because nobody thought they could be made any other way. This was where Edison really began to progress. In his experiments he had been using platinum wire as the metal offering the greatest resistance to the electric current. Under the most successful conditions, such a wire melted when it reached even a 4-candle power light. But why burn it in the open air?

What would happen, if, for instance, the air was pumped away from around the light, and it was left to burn in a vacuum? To answer the question a glass globe was obtained and the wire coiled inside. While the air was being exhausted from the globe and a vacuum created, the electric current was cautiously

turned on. Before the platinum inside burned out, a 25-candle power light had been obtained from it.

Six times the power by exhausting the air! Not a bad dividend on an idea! And, of course, the glass globe was never intended for such a purpose, and the vacuum was by no means perfect. As a matter of fact, no globe then on the market would serve for the use he had in mind, and no one seemed to know how to make one that would. A pioneer in the realm of the unknown, it was up to him to make his own tools of progress. Before he could go any further, it was necessary to invent a special kind of globe — one-piece, all glass, in which all of the joints were hermetically sealed during manufacture.

Laboratory staff at Menlo Park forty years ago; Edison is in center—Number 11

In this new globe, he managed finally to create a vacuum chamber first up to 1/100,000th part of an atmosphere, and then, amazing as it may seem, up to 1/1,000,000th part. The average person would be disposed to call that a perfect job. And having completed it to his satisfaction, Edison found that his work seemed thrown away.

The platinum wire simply couldn't be made to stand up under the awful heat even after he had succeeded in winding thirty feet of it on a specially constructed bobbin and inserting it in the new vacuum chamber without breaking the fragile glass. While the platinum would throw out a fair degree of light, the slightest increase in current would make it melt. At the best, its life was a matter of minutes. Having made his vacuum globe, he had nothing for it to do.

It was plain enough that platinum, on which he had pinned his hopes for an incandescent burner, would never hold up. How about some other kind of metal? It took him a few months to find out that no other kind of metal would do even as well as platinum would.

Platinum was positively the best he could secure, and platinum was hopeless. He had exhausted the possibilities of the metals. He must look elsewhere if he was to realize his dream — if he was to find something that could meet the searing electric current; meet it and hold it, and from the terrific imprisoned heat throw out a new kind of light without melting under the fiery blast. If metal would not survive under such a strain, what would? He set about patiently for a solution.

A Piece of Cotton Thread!

The answer was — *a piece of cotton thread!* Absurd, grotesque, fantastic! Just a moment! This is how it was done — how the young man by the name of Edison made the grotesque into the commonplace, and accomplished another of the miracles of human history. And it really seems simple — that is the astonishing part of it — after we know how it was done.

Before the experiments with the platinum wire, Edison had utilized the carbon points already associated with the arc-lamp. Carbon offers a peculiarly intense resistance to electricity, and because of this fact had been seized upon by all the experimentors since Faraday. But in the form in which it had been always employed, there were two fatal objections for Edison's purpose. The first was that it burned itself out too soon. Of course, this objection could now be overcome by the employment of his new vacuum globe — but the clumsy, heavy sticks of carbon, familiar to electricians, could never be made to fit into a delicate vacuum globe. If, for example, the carbon could be reduced to a

filament of the fineness of the thin platinum wire, then there might be another story to tell, for as far as its powers of resistance to the voltage were concerned, carbon was far superior even to platinum. The carbon rolled out to the delicacy of a platinum wire — reduced to the proportions of a hair or thread and the flimsy result substituted for the heaviest known metal — was expected to withstand a shock so tremendous that even the metal could not live long under it. The suggestion was rather startling, even absurd, at first glance. It was hardly an idea yet — just a vague, nebulous, random thought. And yet, it persisted in returning. The idea tantalized him with its possibilities and yet suggested no concrete method of making it work.

One night in the stillness of the barn-like laboratory the white flash of inspiration came. Edison had been diverted for the moment from the elusive problem of the incandescent burner to his telephone experiments. With his thoughts far away from his surroundings, he dropped into a chair by his work-bench, his eyes half closed, his fingers mechanically toying with a discarded strip of compressed lamp black and tar that he had picked up from the litter before him. Back and forth, he rolled and twisted and kneaded it between his fingers, quite unconscious of what he was doing. When he aroused himself from his reverie and glanced down, the strip of lamp black and tar had become little more than a thin black thread between his fingers.

Underwood and Underwood

The "wizard" on his seventy-third birthday, with his wife and daughter-in-law

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. The smudgy black thread in his hand was *carbon*. Thread *carbonized* and as small as a *platinum wire!*

Of course this result was crude and inadequate; just a hint of what might be accomplished under a proper set of conditions. Instinct rather than an actual accomplishment told him that he was on the right trail — that he was nearing the goal as yet unseen. What was to be the next step? On the table by his elbow a soiled spool of cotton thread met his musing gaze. His eyes glowed as he glanced from the humble spool to the charred remains of the lamp black. Why not carbonize the thread? Could it be done?

Snipping off a small piece, he laid it in a groove between two clamps of iron, and placed it in a furnace. After about an hour he gingerly drew the clamps out. Before him were the remains of the cotton thread, shrivelled, and blackened, and brittle, but *carbonized* after the fiery ordeal. Cautiously lifting the delicate filament, he tried to carry it across to one of the glass globes. But with the first step he made, the wisp of thread crumbled into black powder.

Sixty Hours Brought Success

Again and again he repeated the laborious experiment, only to watch the delicate result of his efforts shrivel into nothingness with the least false movement. For sixty hours, with hardly a pause for rest or food, he and his haggard assistants hung with trembling breath over the fate of countless threads of carbon, each of which like its predecessor was powdered into hopeless ash before it could be lifted into the mouth of the vacuum globe for that epoch-making test.

It was not until late in the night of the third day that the first fragile filament hung together long enough to be deposited in the bulb.

Does it seem absurd that all those nerve-racking hours should have been spent to accomplish a purpose so apparently senseless? The idea that a charred thread could light the globe with electricity! Yet, the neighbors called Watt a stupid lout as he studied the vapor from the kitchen kettle, and Newton a crazy dreamer as he watched the fall of the apples in the garden — but the stupid lout gave the world steam and the crazy dreamer bequeathed to posterity the theory of gravitation.

An instant of suspense for Edison and his little circle of associates as they watched, and then the globe before them was connected with the wires of a generating machine. Another breathless second and a trembling light began to glow from the charred, apparently worthless thread of carbon. Cautiously more current was turned on, the watchers hardly daring to move, expecting every instant to see the fragile wisp of light disappear.

But the thread, so delicate that the pressure of a finger could crush it, continued to hold the current that the strongest metal could not resist. For hour after hour it burned but did not melt — burned with a heat so intense that it threw out light, which became stronger and stronger as the current was increased, such a light as human eyes had never before gazed upon.

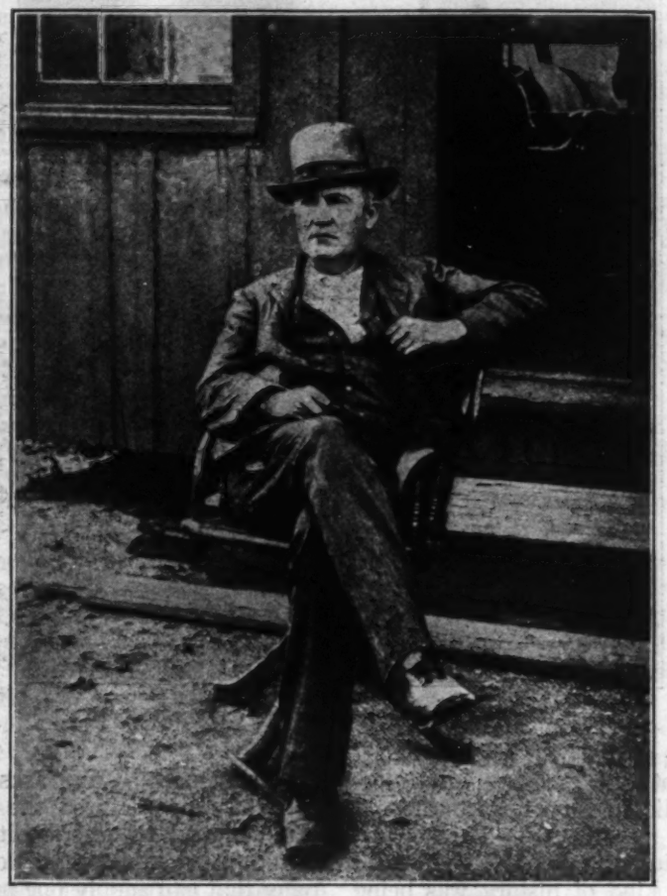
Then, suddenly, Edison turned on the voltage to its full power. For a moment, or more, the fragile thread seemed to struggle like a living thing against the blistering current — a current that would melt a diamond — then with a last sputter it fell to pieces into darkness. But the incandescent electric light had been born.

Eagerly the inventor examined with a microscope the remains of the strange hair-like filament which a zephyr of air could dissolve but an electric current could not melt. Under the glass, the remnants of the carbonized thread were found to be highly polished, with the parts interwoven into a remarkable degree of hardness in strange contrast to the delicacy of the fabric before it had gone through the electric bath. But how could it strengthened so that it could be handled before the current was turned on? Or could a better substitute be found?

For months the search continued for the material best adapted for the peculiar purposes of carbonization. Everything was tried from straw to cardboard.

On one occasion, a man with a huge, bushy red beard chanced to be in the laboratory, and a hair from his facial adornment was treated to the curious process.

But the best results, for a long time, were obtained from paper, preferably cardboard, although even thin paper cut into fine slivers was fairly satisfactory. The task was not only to reduce an ordinary carbon to the size of a hair, but to maintain a white heat in that hair — a heat of over two thousand degrees — for one thousand hours. Hardly an operation for a nervous man to undertake.



The inventor thirty years ago

Help Comes From the Jungles

In the midst of the experiments a discarded bamboo fan came under the search for possible carbonization materials, and a strip from its frame was tried first in the carbonating furnace, and then under the electric current with unusual success.

The result far exceeded all previous tests. Bamboo was the prize winner in the competition for incandescent honors. Within a month the globe was being scoured from Malay to South America for the best quality of bamboo.

It was a search that cost over one hundred thousand dollars and covered the testing of more than six thousand different kinds of fibrous plants to discover how far the bounty of nature could contribute to the ingenuity of man.

In the depths of the Amazon jungles, there was finally located the particular bamboo that for years was to serve as the incandescent burner for the electric lights of the metropolis. Curiously enough, instead of civilization lighting the wilderness, it proved to be exactly and literally the reverse.

But long before this — for the lighting experiments of Edison extended over eighteen years and covered one hundred and forty-nine different patents — the news of his discovery was given to the world.

It was on the morning of December 21, 1879, that the shivering crowds of downtown New Yorkers in the vicinity of Park Row, were startled by one of the most sensational "scoops" in newspaper history. This was the black-headlined announcement in *The Herald* of the birth of the incandescent electric light — that down in New Jersey an inventor had made glass globes strung on wires which actually gave forth illumination by means of electricity.

The excitement was so liberally mixed with ridicule and jeers that the managing editor of the newspaper, who had been absent when the article was received, sought frantically to cover it up in later editions, and for hours waited in trepidation for a cablegram of dismissal from the owner, James Gordon Bennett, who was in Europe.

And the situation wasn't improved by interviews from the learned dignitaries of science in America branding the announcement as a "preposterous hoax," followed by even more violent attacks in Europe. The world that was so soon to bow in homage to the newest marvel of electricity, welcomed the innovation with a storm of denunciation and mockery. Then, as always, men refused to accept that which they could not understand until it was reduced to elemental facts that they could see, feel, taste, hear or smell for themselves — and in this case most people seemed to insist that all five senses must be satisfied.

They were given the opportunity on the first day of January, 1880, in a public invitation to one of the most unique New Year's parties ever held, when Edison flung open the doors of his laboratory, and asked as much of the world as could make it convenient to come down and look him over. The world came, too, on foot, in carriages and on special trains, with much the same holiday spirit as it would throng to a circus, but the holiday spirit didn't last, for the wonders on display at Menlo Park were not of a kind to be found on any circus program. Gradually the conviction spread that these wonders were *real;* that the glass globes, strung on wires, which gave out electric light from a cotton thread, were not a conjuring trick; and that human progress had turned another corner.

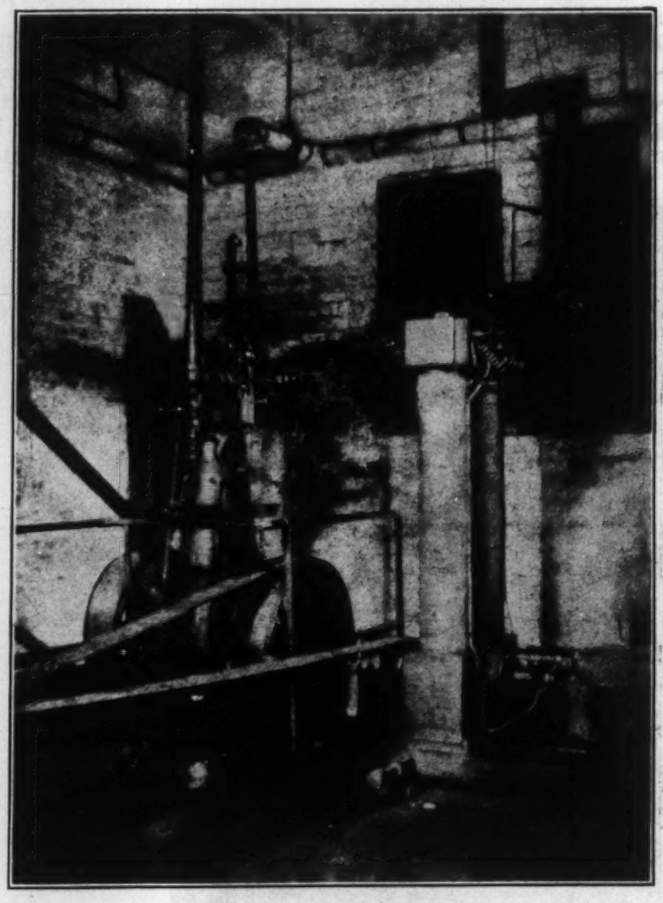
The Problem of Lighting the Globe

The problem of the laboratory had been solved, but there remained the problem of the market — and how to reach that market. The marvel light of the world had been produced, but how was that light to be carried over the globe? There were still problems ahead. There was a vast difference between the operation

of a few dozen lamps in a restricted area and the operation of millions, hundreds of millions, over land and sea, that would be necessary to make the invention a commercial success. Science had gasped at the spectacle of a hair of carbon that would give out the light of sixteen candles — now Big Business had to be shown how this hair could be multiplied by millions, if needs be; how these millions of hairs could be distributed over thousands of miles of space; and how each could be supplied individually with the power to transform it into instant incandescence.

There began now a battle, or more properly, a series of battles, for the establishment and development of the incandescent electric light that is without a parallel either in science or industry. Some day there will be told in detail the history of the new light-bringers of civilization, with all of its drama of struggle against the seemingly impossible, and the mighty thrill of the final victory which harnessed to the bidding of men the greatest illuminant the world has known.

One day early in 1881 a truck, loaded with machinery, backed up before an unpretentious, four-story frame building at 257 Pearl Street in New York City, and preparations began for the equipment of the most unique enterprise the metropolitan public had seen since the old days of Barnum's Museum.



Edison's first "Jumbo" dynamo

Crowds flocked to stare in awe. Reporters swarmed about the premises. A new kind of history was being made in this old building so badly in need of paint.

The young man from Jersey, who had been christened the "Wizard of Menlo Park" was bringing his cotton thread lights to New York, and was going to put them to work first in the great money district about Wall Street. The newspapers printed strange accounts of a marvelous machine, another invention of the young man from Jersey, which could be made to generate enough electricity to supply at one time as many as three hundred and fifty of his uncanny lights, that it was claimed were going to revolutionize illumination.

Somebody called the machine the "Jumbo Dynamo," and the name caught the public fancy.

While workmen were tearing out the floors of the old building and putting in new girders, and setting up strange kinds of apparatus, and other workmen were stringing long coils of feed wires down under the pavements of the neighborhood, and the young inventor, himself, was cutting his daily quota of sleep to three hours in order to supervise it all, salesmen were scouring the offices of brokers and lawyers, selling to the world for the first time incandescent electric light service.

Only One Hundred Buy Service

It was a hard proposition to sell in the beginning. People were ready enough to wonder but not to buy. When the current was officially turned on at the Pearl Street central station on September 4, 1882, less than one hundred customers and about four hundred lamps comprised the extent of the patronage.

To-day, after forty years, the world uses up four hundred millions of lamps annually — and asks for more. If the reporter of 1882 who pictured the original "Jumbo" Dynamo was assigned to describe its present-day successor, he would find a giant product of the General Electric Company that can supply one million lamps at a time without feeling the strain.

The first incandescent electric lamp of 1882 consumed about one hundred watts to give a sixteen-candle power. The Mazda incandescent electric lamp of 1922 from less than half as many watts produces a fifty-candle power. Put it another way.

The American electric light bill today is about five hundred million dollars each year. If the equipment of forty years ago were used to produce this same amount of illumination it would cost us somewhat over

At the end of five days and nights continued work on the phonograph in 1888

three billion dollars each year, or, if you care to go into dizzy figures, nearly six million dollars a day.

The extra coal alone needed to generate this power would cost more than five hundred million dollars each year. In 1882 the incandescent electric lamp retailed for one dollar each, and something like thirty thousand were sold. To-day a lamp six times as good can be bought for thirty-five cents — and yet there are those who feel that the cost of living is going up.

From all of which you may gather that the bright young man who conceived the idea of lighting the globe with a cotton thread was starting something, to say the least.

Of course, the cotton thread, and the paper sliver, and the bamboo fibre have long since been discarded as filaments. As a matter of fact, the cotton thread and the paper filament did not get very much farther than the laboratory. Their task was really completed when they brought the incandescent electric light into the world and through all of the agonies of its spectacular birth. They were far too fragile to survive long the wear and tear of commercial usage. Indeed, the normal life of the famous paper "horse-shoe" filament was only about three hundred hours.

The carbonized bamboo fibre became the standard filament in 1880 and remained in continual use for thirteen years. It was bamboo from the jungles of the Amazon which gave Broadway its first incandescent light. In 1888 another of the secrets of nature, divulged by the experiments of the laboratory, doubled the efficiency of the bamboo. This was the discovery that a thin coating of asphalt, applied to the bamboo, made over half again as efficient — the idea began to save millions from the first day it was put to work. The asphalt-coated bamboo continued as the incandescent filament until the Columbian World's Fair in 1893.

The Development of Filaments

In this year another discovery was added to the history of the incandescent light, and a new type of filament was given to the world. The experimental chemists, constantly on the look-out for processes or materials that would increase the service and economy in the illumination of the globe, found that a chemical compound, formed by dissolving absorbent cotton in a solution of zinc chloride, and then squirted through a die into an alcohol bath, produced a curious, strong thread. But this was just a beginning. After it emerged from its strange bath the thread was duly washed, dried, carbonized, and then was burned for a moment in hydrocarbon gas. The heat not only eliminated the gas but gave to the thread a coating of graphite carbon. This may not mean much to the layman — but the lamp factory found that it made the cheapest, hardest, and the very best filament that had yet been found. In the trade it was called the "squirted filament," and because of its rugged endurance it is still being used in some parts of the world to-day.

Up in Schenectady, New York, the General Electric Company — the modern expansion of the original Edison interests — maintains under the direction of Charles P. Steinmetz the largest and costliest electrical experimental laboratory in the world. It is an investment whose weekly expenses are more than the entire cost of equipment of the first central lighting power plant. Some remarkable achievements have been accomplished by this laboratory.

In 1907 there was announced the tungsten filament, the greatest forward step that had been made up to that date in incandescent lighting. Tungsten is a metallic element discovered in Sweden in 1781. It is not what is technically called a "native" mineral but an extraction from tin ores, and while it had been commercialized to a certain extent it was not until the experiments of the General Electric Company that its greatest use was found.

Up to this time tungsten had been classed as one of the most brittle metallic elements in existence. In fact it was used principally to increase the hardness of steel. Dr. Coolige perfected a process, in 1910, by which tungsten could be converted into a ductile metal, so pliable that it could be drawn out into a hair-like wire, not only demonstrating again that man can improve on the handiwork of nature, but producing the first one-piece continuous filament. Since its introduction in electric lamp manufacture in 1910 tungsten has saved the public more money than was spent for the whole electric light service of the world up to that date.

Another of the greatest modern improvements in the incandescent light has been the perfection by Dr. Langmuir of the General Electric laboratories of a gas-filled globe. By the use of nitrogen and argon gas, replacing the vacuum about the tungsten filament, the sixteen-candle power of the original incandescent light of forty years ago has been increased to 120 candle power for the same current, making the almost incredible saving of over ninety per cent in the electric light bill of the world!

Yet the multiplied incandescent electric light of 1922, with its product of nearly two hundred million lamps annually in the United States alone, remains the same in its basic principles of operation as the lamp described in the first patent of the young man from Jersey, granted at Washington January 27, 1880, and signed "Thomas A. Edison."

The light that illuminated the globe by a carbonized cotton thread has expanded as perhaps no other single invention in history, but the world has yet to find that the underlying idea behind it can be improved.

In an early issue of McClure's *will appear an interview with Mr. Edison on "The Story of the Motion Picture," in which Mr. Weir gives the inventor's account of the development of the first cinema studio in America. The beginning was in 1890. Now the film industry ranks as the fourth greatest commercial enterprise in the world, and employs more men than were enrolled with both armies in the Civil War!*

At the Birth of Oklahoma

By Byron L. Bargar

Illustrated by Ross Santee

"The other trail was plumb full of people going in . . . "

THERE will never be another land opening like the one we had on the twenty-second day of April, eighteen eighty-nine. It hit the middle of the Indian Territory like a V. B. grenade and after the dust settled the place was called Oklahoma.

That day at noon had been set as the time when the surveyed quarter sections would be opened for homesteads. So about thirty thousand men and a few women lined up on the four sides of the promised land — about a hundred and sixty miles of line. They fed up their ponies for a race, and greased up their weapons for trouble, and got both. After that rush Uncle Sam said: "Never again like that. Next time we'll have a keno game and the men who get rough will lose their cards."

I was a foolish kind of a cow puncher in those days and liked a little action. I chucked my job on the north fork of the Cimmarron and saddled my Bob horse, packed old Nig and joined the rush. I figured that taking the trail to Wild Horse creek and crossing the Cimmarron into the Iowa nation would put me on the east line about twelve miles from Guthrie. That proposed town was doped to be the capital of the new state.

I rode the old trail sort of lazily, because Bob was the best horse in the territory at the Indian racing distance, and I wanted to keep him strong and ready. Late in the afternoon of the first day an outfit came pounding up after me with "Tenderfeet" written all over it: new light wagon, new harness, high class pair of horses with shoulders already sore, a young man in new sport clothes on the seat and a cook stove, a regular kitchen cook stove, under the new canopy top. Behind the wagon rode another young man on a new saddle and a hot horse. The rider was hot, too, and rode as if he was galled. The man in the wagon called to me: "Hey! wait a minute, please, do you know this country?"

The sore shoulders peeved me some, so I said: "See that plum bush?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, right there is where I tickled a cinnamon bear's foot when I was two years old; and up that draw among the big black walnut trees is the place where my dad and his father used to cache the horses they stole up in Kansas."

"Does this road go to Ponca?"

"No, it never travels; we keep it here to travel on. You turned out of the Ponca trail twelve miles back and you're not going a foot farther till you raise the collars off those withers. Why didn't you buy collars that fit?"

Then the mounted man took a look at the harness horses and seemed surprised to find what two days bad driving would do. He called his pardner down and they soon got over being haughty and fixed the collars the way I told them. By that time I was chairman of the meeting. I asked the man with the saddle horse if he was from Kansas.

"No! Why?"

"Well," I replied, "those fellows from Kansas always carry yellow slickers behind their saddles and it hasn't rained up there since the war. Throw it in the wagon; it's lathering your horse's flanks."

I soon learned that they were going to Guthrie to build the Palace Hotel — had the lumber on the cars, en route. After they found out where they were they wanted a guide. I told them that the other trail was plumb full of people going in and if they went back to it they wouldn't get lost; but — no luck — they said they would go on with me. I've always been an easy mark.

We camped that night at the old horse thieves' cache and next day at noon hit the line where old Colonel Turpin and a dozen of his punchers were hold-

ing about a thousand head of dogies. Every man looked happy and toted two Colts and a Winchester and a double belt of cartridges. I knew them all and the camp looked like home to me. I asked the old Colonel if he wasn't afraid he'd run out of meat.

"No suh. These heah hellions of mine went loco about this run, an' ah said: 'Gentlemen, ah'll see yuh through yoah spree. You all ah good boys, but a trifle wild, suhs, and yuh need my guidin' han'. Jes pehmit me to make a bizness proposition out of this *paseo a caballo*. Mah foahman will remain heah in chahge an' we all will drive a small hehd through the country of ouah fren's, the Iowa's, an' seize, as is ouah legal right, a cehten block of quarteh sections ah have in mind. Bein' prop'ly ohganized, we'll ride the outside lines of this block, fatten ouah hefehs an' steehs, sell 'em as accasion arises, file on ouah quarteh sections an' quit claim 'em to otheh men, of moah ploddin' nachuahs than ouahs, foah suitable considerations;' — but who ah yoah Kansas fren's?"

I introduced my brace of capitalists and promised the boys that we would give them a real party as soon as the hotel had a roof. Then we all looked after our stock and got ready for the big run that started at noon next day.

Along in the evening the Colonel asked me what I was going to do in Oklahoma. I told him I didn't know and didn't care, and he added me to his organization right then and there.

"But, Colonel," I explained, "I've got to get my capitalists to Guthrie, and on the way in I'm going to drive my stakes on a quarter of land."

"Of cose, son, yuh have leave of absence to do those things. Take a week, an' on yoah retu'n tell me who's who in Guthrie. But don't huht that Bob hawse none. I hope to amuse myse'f backin' him foah small amounts. Wheah is yoah quarteh?"

I told him.

"That's fine, suh; that veahy quarteh is the south west corneh of ouah block. It's yoah's, suh. Set yoah stakes an' ride on and feah no evil."

The next day at noon we lined up according to law. A Fifth U. S. Cavalry trooper was guard at our place and exactly at high meridian he let his pistol bark to the breeze and we jumped our horses over the line. I had only six cross-country miles to ride and made it in less than half an hour, drove my north east corner stake and rode on to the south. I looked toward my spring — and saw a canvas wagon top among the trees! I rode down there with my eyes popping, for there was an old man cooking dinner beside an old wagon! Two skinny old yoke steers were cropping grass near by: the old man stopped work and grabbed his rifle.

But I held a better hand, so I said: "When did you leave the line?"

"Don't you git gay, feller! I left the line on legal time at noon and drove right here!"

"Well my watch says it's twelve thirty-five right now."

" . . . *and we jumped our horses over the line*"

"I don't give a — what your watch says! I beat you here and you better move! Them oxen of mine are travelers and I only got bogged once! Now you git! I kin prove when I left the line!"

"Oh, you don't need to get heated up. I've driven one stake and as soon as I put in the others I'll move on."

"You kin put in the stakes and I'll pull 'em out!"

"Please, uncle, don't do that. I'm one of Colonel Turpin's men and he'd be really vexed. Where's your old woman?"

"Is old Turpin comin' in?"

"He is so. Don't you see that grey stallion on the divide back there?"

"Hell's bells, yes suh! Now listen, sonny: I left my old woman about three miles south to hold another claim. Does Turpin go that fur?"

"No."

"Now, sonny, please don't tell on this pore old man fer bein' a sooner? I'll hitch right up and go down to the old woman's claim. You ain't seen me here! No?"

"How fast can your ox team travel?"

"If I keep proddin' 'em they kin do two miles in a hour."

"You run along, Pap. I don't know your name."

"Thank 'e, suh. So long."

I drove my stakes and rode across to where little Cherokee Jack was guiding my millionaires, and sent him back to the Colonel. A little later we drove our stakes and made camp on some nice residence lots about four blocks from the center of the city of

Guthrie. A Santa Fé train had beaten us in and the lots for several blocks around the government acre were all taken in all sorts of shapes. We concluded not to dicker for a hotel site until next day. While the millionaires put up the tent and tinkered with the cook stove I took the horses to water at Cottonwood creek and dragged home a few sticks of dead wood. While I was staking out the stock and doctoring the harness horses a little black-haired man came prowling toward me. He looked like some kind of a foreign dago, but his English was good and he grinned when he talked. He was a practical talker. The first little thing he said was:

"Good evening, Captain. That horse looks like he could run. I'm broke and have no blanket and it's going to be cold to-night. Could I work for my supper and sit by your fire till morning?"

"Sure," said I. "Take those two new buckets and bring water from the creek. Then rustle all the wood there is."

One of the millionaires was a real cook. We had prune pie for supper. After the four of us had filled up, the new man washed up the tin dishes and cleaned the stove, and the millionaires loaned him a blanket. His name wasn't John Miller but I'll say it was.

During the evening I pesticated 'round some and found the business center of the town in a regular mess. All the lots were staked off at different angles and in different sizes. There were no streets and everybody was falling over tent ropes and milling 'round like a cow hunting a lost calf in the brush. After snagging my spurs in tent guys a few times I stopped to take them off and saw a shadow on a tent wall that looked like a woman with a shot gun in her lap. She was taking a drink out of a quart bottle — water maybe — and she reminded me of Big Liz, who used to run the eating joint at Raton. I tripped over her corner tent rope just to hear her sweet voice. I heard it:

"Git out o' that, you common drunk, this ain't no street."

I tripped over another rope.

"You — sot! Lay still till I fill ye full o' shot!"

I tripped over the third rope.

"Go on now! You dizzy fool, there's only one more rope."

"Hello, Liz," I said.

"That you, Field? Com'on in."

I went in and sat on a box. "What are you planning to do, Liz?"

"Me? I'm gonna pick a man out of this bunch and marry him. Don't git scared. You won't do. You'd be so far away in a month that it'd take nine dollars to sent ye a post card."

"How long have you been here?"

"I jist come in this ev'nin' on that Santa Fé train."

"How did you get your lot?"

"I jumped it, by grab, and if that feller comes back it'll be 'cause he's huntin' trouble. He was a sooner and I kin git a hundred witnesses to it. He's some kind of an artist feller that was sent here to make photos of the run."

"What kind of a town is this one going to be, Liz?"

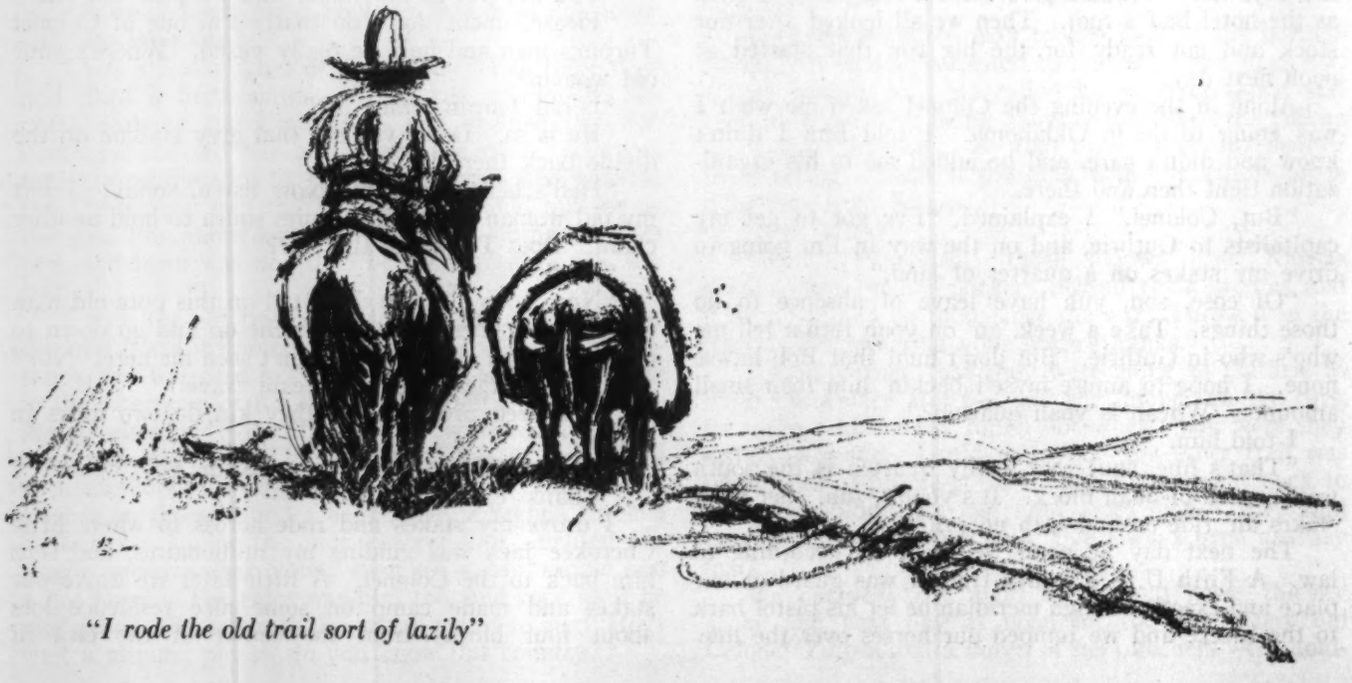
"'Tain't goin' to be nothin' but a can of sardines if we don't git no streets. I told old Colonel Ross and Cap Dyer they'd better have election day in the mornin', early, and find out which one of 'em is mayor. They say they has bizness and don't want to be mayor, but one of 'em's got to be. They're callin' a mast meetin' on the gov'ment acre at seven A. M. and we'll fix a provishnel gov'ment. Congress forgot to fix us a gov'ment. I s'pose we'll have to pass city ordinances makin' it unlawful or illegal, or sunthin', to shoot anybody 'cept claim jumpers and sooners and thieves."

"Have you picked your husband yet?"

"Course not. I may take a week doin' that. I want to see 'em workin' and lots of these boomers don't work."

"So long, Liz."

"So long, Field. Burns has got some of his games



"I rode the old trail sort of lazily"

"The place where my dad and his father used to cache the horses they stole up in Kansas"

started over there by that red lantern. Don't be a darned fool and ask me how I know it. I was told. And a man named Ragsdale has opened the Commercial Bank in a freight car down on the Santa Fé switch. You can leave your money at either place."

"Thanks, I'm broke. So long!"

"Lola Smith will be here next week. She's as cute as a spotted pup. Learned to use a writin' machine and goin' to work for a big red-headed feller that's startin' a hardware store."

"I haven't seen her since she was little and got the prize for something or other — guess she was in a baby show; so long."

"Wait a minute, ye poor bluff. She was Queen of the May and you remember it better'n anybody. What ye blushin' fur?"

But I didn't wait. It's no use arguing with a woman who's hunting a husband. She's in the mating business. Besides, Lola was too darned pretty. Everybody had been buying boiled shirts and getting his hair cut and shipping in clothes from Chicago and calling on her and I figured I was only a ninety to one shot, so I stayed away from her. I did plan once to give her a pony, but that little cross-eyed crook that dealt the conditional prize game let me double on him till he got my roll. No sir, I didn't want to court her and play little Fido as some men did. Anyway, I had to go back and ride herd for the Colonel.

It was very dark in places where lantern lights didn't reach, and pretty soon I bumped into my tenth or eleventh man, and he was Mr. John Miller.

"What you doing, Miller?"

"Why, good evening, Captain. I've just been to the post-office, mailing your friend's letters, and don't know the way home."

"Where's the post-office?"

"It's in a little tent on a corner of the government acre. There's a line three or four hundred feet long, all men, waiting for their mail. Two poor tired devils inside are running through piles of letters that would fill a prairie schooner."

"What you going to do about it?"

"I haven't a cent and can't help much; but that line will be twice as long to-morrow, and the sun will make them awful dry. You had lemonade for supper and there are fourteen halves of lemons in the bucket — some juice in 'em. Will you give me those halves and lend me that bucket to-morrow, after I've carried water and wood and cooked breakfast and washed the dishes?"

"Sure; but I don't see the point."

"I'll show you to-morrow, Captain."

Next morning I looked over the prospects for a horse race; but everybody was too busy. We had the mass meeting and elected Dyer as mayor. Straightest election ever held. Charlie Constantine got up on a wagon and told us we'd have to have a city government and especially some streets. Every place one traveled in the town, except on the government acre, was inside someone's lot. And if you tried to scratch your back everyone in sight would duck or bend a gun on you.

"Therefore," continued Charlie, "it behoves us, as representatives of the restless civilization of thirty-nine sovereign states, here assembled," and so on for about ten minutes, and by that time we had planted Ross on one wagon and Dyer on another and had fallen into the column of fours that formed behind the man we chose. Dyer won and then we elected a city council and a survey committee and a board of arbitration and the usual city officers. Someone wanted to know who was going to pay their salaries and Constantine replied that the city council would take care of that — whereupon the councilmen wanted to resign; but we wouldn't let 'em.

The election was over by nine o'clock. An hour later Constantine told me that he had canvassed the council and advised each member as to the details of his plans for a water works and a street railway. The council would receive sealed bids for franchises at one o'clock and if he was a lucky bidder he would start for Boston that evening to interest capital. I hardly had time to listen as I was helping the millionaires buy a hotel site and trying to find the new register of deeds to get the quit claims recorded.

During the day I got occasional glimpses of Mr. Miller as he walked up and down the line of men waiting for their turn at the post-office tent. It was a two-hour wait and Miller was mighty busy selling lemonade—"All you can drink for a nickel." He soon bought some real lemons, the Lord knows where, and another bucket.

I went by Liz's place. She had two alleged carpenters building a shack and was dealing hot egg sandwiches on a pile of boards at two bits. She called to me: "Eh, Field! Come and shoot up these bums!"

"All right, what for?"

"That artist feller died last night and they're hintin' that I got him!"

"Oh, they're joking. He had heart disease. They're starting the new cemetery with him and the other two."

A few days later, Lola rolled into town and boarded with Liz. She was prettier than ever and kept a steady stream of men coming to the hardware store for everything from fish hooks to dynamite. One young man bought his nails a pound at a time and used a keg. Lola didn't wait on the customers. Her boss was too smart for that. He let her be the cashier.

One evening Liz hailed me and I stopped at the shack. Lola was laid out on a cot, pretty tired but effective as usual, with her curly brown hair down and a soft navajo covering her legs and feet. She had been a cashier for nearly two days, so she said, and her old friend Field had not been near her.

"No," I answered solemnly.

"Why?" She said that one word, smiling in a half mischievous way, with little hollows above the dimples in her cheeks and a dewy sort of mist over her big brown eyes. She looked little and white and helpless. She looked like the most precious of all the treasures of the world — and she knew I thought so.

"I'm going — "

"Good evening, Mr. Lilly. I thought maybe you and your friends would like some lemonade."

It was Mr. Miller. If he hadn't interrupted I would have picked her up and kissed her and then dropped her and fled. His arrival saved me from making a fool play and I pulled myself together and introduced him. We drank his lemonade and he trotted off, busy as ever. Then Liz said:

"I've found the man, Field."

"The designing devil! Where is he?"

"He's got no designs yet. He don't know it. I've picked that little shoemaker next to Burns' roulette lay-out. I've watched him and he never wastes a minute; mendin' boots and shoes all day long and don't work on credit — gits his money. He puts six to eight dollars in Ragsdale's bank every evenin' even Sundays. Then he trots across to the Cottonwood and takes a wash and goes home to bed."

"He's old. Maybe he's married!"

"By grab, that's so! You go and find out, Field!"

"No trouble at all. Back in ten minutes," said I, and then went over and took a look at the shoemaker.

I didn't see very much; but it was all working. He was a bald, hatchet-faced, ewe-necked runt; the rest of him being somewhat misshaped. However, he had mild blue eyes and seemed to be serviceably sound and house broke.

"Are you married?" I asked him gently.

He looked up at me, sort of scared, and said: "No, sir."

"Do you want to be?"

"NO!!" — he was getting excited.

"Well, a man who never changes his mind is a fool. She's a fine cook, too."

"Who is?" he squealed, getting up on his little hind legs.

Just then Liz came up: "Quit pesterin' him, Field; you got him scared. Is he married?" I said he wasn't.

The poor little cuss tried to get away but Liz pinned him with one swing of her right arm. I left.

The new city hall was one of those sectional houses that grow, partly made, on a freight car. It had a fine glass door. I was in a hurry to see the mayor and forgot to shut the door and the wind did it for me.

"Isn't he the previous lad," caustically remarked Guy Farwell, the city treasurer, "the first glass door in Oklahoma lasted just seven minutes under his tender care."

That sort of talk sounded expensive and it was up to me to start something to divert their minds. So I said:

"We're going to have a wedding in a few minutes. Has the mayor the authority to perform the ceremony?"

"Certainly," promptly sounded the police judge. He always gave legal opinions right off the bat, in order to show that he knew the law and didn't have to look in a book to find out what it was.

"Come on, Dyer. I'm best man; we can use the other boys as witnesses."

"Maybe the register of deeds better make a record."

"All right. Let's go."

When we found the groom he had lost all hope of reprieve. He was it and every other man in camp was satisfied. We gave him half an hour to doll up and I assisted him. Lola fixed up Liz while the mayor and the other boys swept out the city hall and made ready.

The occasion was replete with affecting incidents. A dust storm was doing its best to bury the town and had the job well under way. It was so thick one could hardly see farther than a few feet. I hadn't wiped the groom very dry and he soon looked quite muddy. Once he bolted; but he bumped into Mr.

" . . . *good boys, but a trifle wild*"

Miller, who was bringing the millionaires to the wedding. I yelled: "Catch him!"

"I've got him," Miller called to me, "shall I shoot him, Cap?"

"No! It's the groom! Do *you* want to marry Liz?"

"I'll hold him. Give me the lariat off that saddle."

During the ceremony Mr. Miller brought a keg of lemonade, and some unknown person put two or three cans of Kansas City paint in it and made it quite a success. This paint was a popular drink at that time. It came from Kentucky in barrels and was canned at Kansas City and properly labeled; because it was a felony to bring whiskey into the Indian Territory. Oklahoma, in those days, was surrounded by Indian nations.

The groom felt all the better for a little paint and the wedding guests all hoped he would remain true and loyal to Liz. She was a strong-willed woman and had friends who would see her through any marital troubles — or desires.

At daylight I rode east. At the cow camp the cook was kicking: "Colonel, the boys are bringing in so much venison I have to bury it."

"Well, John, the deah have been chased to ouah side because ouah country is betteh and they have the big timbeh fo' covah. Ah saw sixty togethah th' otheh day. Ah'll request the young gentlemen to desist fohm slaughteh and do the killin' myse'f. Did yuh say, Field, that Buhns had all the games?"

"He hasn't got 'em all yet but he soon will. It's this way — Guy Farwell made up a lot of figures that he called a budget. He showed just what the city government cost each week. Then the council passed an occupation tax, payable monthly in advance, and made a fatal mistake by taxing the one hundred and ninety-eight lawyers of the camp a dollar and a half a month each. The lawyers got help and filed two hundred and forty-one legal opinions with the city treasurer. Every opinion says the tax is unconstitutional or illegal in some other way and now nobody will pay it. The salaried officials were holding a post mortem, or something that looked like one, when in came Burns. He said to Farwell:

" 'How much does this whole outfit of a government cost each week?'

"Guy told him to a cent.

" 'Well, gentlemen,' said Burns, 'here's a list of all the gamblers in town. Just have the police judge fine 'em every Saturday morning. Fine each man the amount that Farwell and I will set opposite his name. The total of the fines will amount to the aggregate of your city expenses. I'll pay this amount every Saturday morning and we'll all be happy.' "

"Good foah Buhns. My compliments to yuh, suh. Tell me if this lickeh is betteh than yoah paint?"

Just then little Cherokee Jack, the Colonel's darky boy, came riding up, hitting only the high places.

"Cunnel, Ah didn't match the Captain's hoss but done lost all mah money an' a little ov yo' money. Got framed."

"Framed! Field, tell ev'rybody to be ready to ride in half an houah, suh. Now boy, spin youah yahn!"

"Dat little cross-eyed crook dat run de condishnal prize game, please sah, Colonel, he got all mah one hunned dollahs bah me dobblin! Sayed dar was no limit and fo' me to dobble ev'y time Ah los'. Mah one hunned dollahs goes an' Ah says:

"Ah keeps on dobblin? an' he says: 'Sure, de milky way's de limit.'

"So Ah pulls out dat five hunned dollahs yo' dun giv' me to bet on de Bob hoss, an' Ah bets a hunned an' fifty an' loses. De dealah don't know Ah'm yo' man. Mebby-so he t'inks Ah took dat money frum a tendehfoot. Den Ah was two hunned and fifty out wiv nine straight loses. Ah knows it come mah way next time! an' Ah bets yo' three hunned an' fifty: an' Ah wins! an' the dealah grabs off the seben hunned dollahs like he gonna giv' it to me an 'en he jumps behin' a canvas an' runs off wif mah mon'."

"And did yuh speak to Mr. Buhns?"

"No, sah, Colonel, Ah rides right heah."

We all got chow and rode into Guthrie. Didn't leave anybody at home except the herd guard, because the cook said he'd quit if we didn't take him. We rode our best horses and the outfit looked so wild and good that every devil in it would have been yipping and every pony would have been in the air but for the old Colonel. His presence meant discipline and, while our blood ran like fire, we moved along like a bunch of strung bows, still and ready.

The old man's eyes sparked red as he swung the grey stallion and looked us over. He stiffened in the saddle, two inches taller than his usual easy posture. The grey horse caught the change as a signal: threw his ears forward and sniffed the air tentatively as he led the band down the trail.

That ride to town was a joy 'though it ended tamely. We halted in front of Burns' main place. The roll of many hoof beats, the jingle and clink of rowels and bit chains, brought out the boss. His men stayed put, at their games.

"Buhns, wheh is that thief?"

"I apologize, Colonel. He isn't caught yet. Your boy didn't wait for me to give 'im 'is money. I learned about the matter after he left. Here's the seven hundred."

"Correct, Buhns; now tell me which way to look foh the culprit."

"He come outa the brush up at the passin' track an' tried to flip a stock train; but he saw Daniels on top the cars an' slipped back into the brush."

"Adios, Buhns. Gentlemen, we all will ride no'th."

But the little weasel was too cunning for us. While we were combing the brush, he slipped out of it next to the U. S. Infantry camp and ran into Captain Cavanaugh's tent and gave himself up. The Captain and the old Colonel met with much cordiality and Cavanaugh voiced his deep regret that duty required him to turn the crook over to the civil authorities. But it didn't take much conversation for those two old sports to project a horse race, and little Cherokee rode my Bob horse to some easy money. Old Black Coyote and a few other Cheyennes watched the race and took some of my winnings in exchange for a pinto pony that was plumb gentle.

"Field, you've got a gal heah?"

"She's not my girl, Colonel, but I once half promised to give her a pony."

"*Mulier radix malorum,*" said the Colonel, "the's no reason why I should give advice. You've moneh enough lef' to buy a pair of wuk mules an' a plow."

"I'm not going to plow for years yet. I've got to go to Yale this fall. You know my dad is a lawyer and it's up to me to help him. He's getting old. I've got the *dinero* cached for the law school. Some day, when dad don't need me, I'll be a farmer — if I have enough money to live on."

"This li'l gal? Pahdon mah seemin' discourtesy, Field, but you've a fine quarteh section and with the gal — Ah'll stake yuh foah a staht at easy intrust."

"Some day, when dad don't need me, I'll be a farmer—"

"That's the trouble, Colonel; she isn't that kind of a girl. Come by the hardware store and let me show you."

The Colonel breezed into the hardware store with me and bought a wagon load of supplies. He paid Lola a few courtly, old-fashioned compliments — but did not speak of her on the way home.

Next day was Sunday and just before noon Lola rode her new pinto into camp. I had had a swim and was shaving when I heard a "Hello, Field!" behind me and almost knocked the mirror off the wagon tire. The wild rapturous glow I first felt, however, slowly faded into some strange sensation, one that hurt, as I looked at the gay beauty. To some of the boys, she doubtless was a picture from a fairy story. I had no logical reason, at that time and place, for feeling anything but admiration; nevertheless, to me, she looked — oh, well — circusy. She would have been charming in a costumed musical ride at a horse show. Lola caught my look and began to droop in disappointment. Fearing to hurt her feelings by revealing my real thoughts, I scolded the girl for taking that ten-mile ride without an escort. She looked relieved and flared up:

"My boss wanted to come. So did your millionaires, as you call them. That road is perfectly safe because they call it 'Colonel Turpin's road.' If you're going to be a granny I'll talk to the Colonel. He's a precious old dear. I came to see him anyway."

The Colonel wasn't a bit girl shy and had a line of talk that certainly interested Lola. She presided at the head of the board table and had about a dozen more admirers before the wild turkey and fixin's were consumed. She raved about her pony and could have had a dozen more but wasn't fixed to keep stock. Then she squealed with delight at the beauty of the camp site and the luxury of the rustic chairs, the cool shade of the big trees and the spring, the new corrals and every little thing she saw. She plumb pleased little Cherokee and the cook, who kept everything spick and clean under the guiding hand of the Colonel.

I had ridden herd from three to eleven that morning and so was free for the day. Lola helped me catch and saddle Mr. Pickett, a horse from my share of the remuda, and we rode to town before dark. She prattled off her budget of gossip, riding as naturally as she walked or danced. And she was strikingly pretty and mighty easy to look at. Color! — her divided skirt was of alternate wide stripes of white and wine color, with a billowy blouse of white and a Spanish jacket of wine-color velvet, matching a low-crowned hat with wide brim that curved gracefully and bore a big white ostrich feather nestled part way down the brim with its tip touching her right shoulder. White gauntlets and wine color leggings. I knew now why she had wanted a pinto.

It slowly dawned on me, from her random references to different men and from past experiences with the cute little rascal, that she was having the time of her young life. The one pretty girl among hundreds of men good enough for any woman. Men whom she knew she could trust for courtesy and protection. Men of the open, who look on a woman with more reverence and respect than do men who are constantly in close personal relations with many women of many kinds.

"She is still Queen of the May," I thought, finally, "and only wants me as an equerry."

We rode to the millionaires' camp for supper and then looked over the new hotel. About fifty men were still at work — Sunday evening — but that was the rule everywhere. The big raw looking structure was pretty well started. From there Mr. Miller proudly conducted us to his new shack on the principal street, where we had some fancy drinks and looked at his stock of fruit. He had started a commission business on a leased lot and the bank had loaned him money for a shack. The front was built so that parts of it were removable and the tempting fruit was arranged within easy reach of the passers by. The old man in charge of this fruit-stand was kept busy by the pedestrians, although the stand did not encroach upon the sidewalk.

While we sipped our dessert, Miller was subtracted from the group by a New Orleans fruit importer who had just arrived in town. After a short talk Miller directed his visitor to Liz's place for supper — but he was delayed in getting there and couldn't eat when he did.

When the visitor started for the front door of Miller's place, it happened that Three-Fingered Jack was approaching that door from the west and old One Ear was doing likewise from the east. Recently one of them, when improperly painted, had casually remarked that the other was "Yaller." The yallered man had heard of it. So, when they saw one another, each being Sunday sober, they jumped behind the front corners of Miller's place. It was almost dark as Miller's visitor started out the door and old Jack mistook him for One Ear and shot in a hurry. The bullet only went through the visitor's coat; but he flattened up against the side of the building until he looked like a splash of mud. One Ear answered Jack's

shot along the front of the building and got a button from the visitor's vest. My! that man could yell! He amused One Ear, who kept on shooting, being careful not to hurt him; but nearly killing him with fright.

The incident filled only a few seconds, for Miller reached across the fruit-stand, grabbed his man by the collar and dragged him over a tray of very ripe bananas to the sanctuary of the inside.

The diversion ended the duel. The old timers adjourned to buy their victim a pair of trousers, and Lola loosened her grasp of my arm, to which she had hung during the fusillade.

Miller had to put his scared man to bed and had no further amusement to offer. A church was about the only open place where a girl could go, for a walk with three beaus didn't sound attractive. We therefore went to a corner lot where a man who said he was a preacher was telling the congregation that he wanted money to build a church right there. One of Burns' dealers slid up to me and whispered:

"Cap, do you know that easy talker?"

"No."

"He used to run a shell game at Leadville — all-round crook. This lot ain't his. He jumped it and put up this wire fence to-day and tried to pay the survey tax on it. The register of deeds wouldn't record his receipt 'cause old Funnybone, the freighter, owns the lot and is freightin' to Kingfisher. Funnybone 'll be back to-morrow."

"All right. Bring Peck and Farwell and Colonel Ross right here. We'll listen to his heavenly talk till you get back." Before they reached me the preacher appointed deacons and they had already collected a few dollars.

Old Ross took in the show with one look and walked up to the wagon with Peck.

"Stop!" he said to the exhauster. "Peck, you're a professional policeman?"

"U. S. Deputy Marshal, sir."

"Do you know this preacher?"

"He's no preacher. He's a shell man!"

The shell man protested that it was a case of mistaken identity and a few people thought so too. It looked fussy and I asked Lola to go home with a millionaire as guard. She started to say something but, instead, she looked at me rather doubtfully for an instant, then went slowly from the crowd.

The deacons paid back the money and we kicked the preacher off the lot and tore up his fence and burned it, for he had nerve and might put it back. After the *baile* we stopped for a minute at a paint store. The police judge joined us, dry as a covered bridge. I hailed him:

"Well, Judge, how's tricks?"

He blushed and replied brazenly: "Oh, she's all right. She paid her fine."

"Who paid a fine?"

"Trixie."

The crowd roared and put me wise. The judge blushed again and bought the paint.

I swung to my saddle and turned Mr. Pickett toward the cow camp. A few seconds later he stopped. I woke up and looked to see where we were. There was the corral gate. Bob whinnied. I had two hours yet before going on herd so I changed my saddle to Nig and took another sleep with the old buffalo hunter's neck rope under me. It's a good thing to be real tired. One don't think.

On the following Saturday afternoon a new surrey rolled into camp, drawn by the millionaire's bays. And the black walnut trees, for the first time in a life of several hundred years, saw two real Anglo-Saxon girls. One was Lola and the other a Miss Ross from Arkansas, visiting old Colonel Ross, who had completed a very decent bungalow and, meanwhile, sent for his grand-niece to do the honors.

The semi-military discipline maintained by our chief kept the camp always ready for visitors. The cook was a crank and a genius. Lola took great pride in showing the millionaires over camp while I took Miss Ross to see a wild turkey's nest. The big hen scuttled away; but we had never disturbed her before and she had evidently been on the job, for the eggs were hatching when we reached the nest. We piled the egg shells and some corn neatly outside the nest and ran away to a conveniently shaded bank, where we sat and watched the mother hen come cautiously back. A fox squirrel lay flat on a limb above and scolded us for not going away and letting him come down. We walked farther from the nest and watched the squirrel slip down the tree trunk and scamper over to the hazel brush to look at his fall crop. A coyote slid from his form in the tall grass and trotted away into the brush. The Ross girl enjoyed everything. We came hand in hand back to camp — because the ground was rough and there might have been snakes.

"Where's the horse that's going to run against uncle's sorrel to-morrow?"

"That's Bob." I whistled for him; but he had found a patch of grass to his liking and only raised his head, gave a short whinney and went on with his interminable meal. We had to walk some distance to reach him.

We passed Lola and her cohort. She was chattering in a strained key and seemed a little pale. Evidently disturbed about something, I thought. It can't be Miss Ross? All the men in camp are at her feet — all but one — so why worry about Miss Ross?

At supper our colonel had a girl on either side. He seated me next to Miss Ross and we had a nice little confab. Lola kept up a steady stream of town news that seemed to interest the host.

While our guests were making their adieus that evening, Lola said to me:

"You never made good after I accepted your offer to take me to church!"

"Has your town a church?"

"Two real ones."

"Well, I haven't overprayed myself lately. When do we go?"

"To-morrow, at ten o'clock."

"How's Liz?"

"Fine; thinks her husband is the best man in camp. He don't hang around the restaurant except for meals. Has a shop on the rear of the lot, facing the side street. He may get used to it and he may run away. The betting is about even."

Next morning, after church, Lola proposed that we ride up the Cottonwood a few miles for a picnic lunch. We rode some distance before finding a good spring of water.

Cherokee had led Bob to town during the morning, saving him for a race. I was riding Nig. I hobbled the pinto, turned Nig loose and had filled the canteen with good water by the time Lola's dainty luncheon was ready. The grass was velvety smooth and a little breeze stirred the leaves of the old pecan trees. The little wandering waves of air, laden with the scent of many blossoms, affected me like a series of dry Martinis. Lola's rather gorgeous riding costume looked singularly appropriate to the occasion.

"Field! Are you thinking of Miss Ross?"

"Miss Ross? Who is Miss Ross? Oh, the girl with whom you kindly provided me yesterday in order that you could bestow your queenly favors entirely on the rest of your court?"

"I did not."

"You did. You break my heart in a new place every day. Listen: 'The man who gives his heart unto a woman is a chameleon and doth feed on air. Grows fat, or lean, rosy with hope, or green with jealousy, or pallid with despair. Oh woman, woman! Thou shouldst have few sins of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author of such a book of follies in a man that it would take the tears of all the angels to blot the record out.'"

Lola came to where I stood declaiming — put her arms around my neck and clung to me, with soft little sobs and half smothered reproaches.

Our mutual confessions and explanations were interrupted by Nig who ate the cake unobserved, but made too much noise while stealing the butter.

Colonel Ross' sorrel mare was pretty heavily backed to win over Bob. But the mare was a quarter horse and the distance was Bob's — three hundred and fifty yards. He was never run at any other distance and nothing could beat him at his particular stunt. I bet my pile against Kelly Morrison's diamond. When Kelly turned it over he said:

"Some girl will get that stone from you, Field. You're easy."

"Quite true," I answered.

On the next day I started into town right after an early supper. Mr. Pickett felt like travelling, although the air was humid and everything was as still as death. I wondered why the birds were so quiet and had left the trees. Occasionally one could be seen hopping anxiously about in a thicket. Even the baby cottontails, usually so numerous and stupid, were all underground.

Finally Mr. Pickett began to show signs of nervous fright. Something in the air scared him. It suddenly turned dark, although the sun was still high. Pickett abruptly stopped. Tiny electric sparks shone on the points of his ears! One tipped my quirt as I swung it. Lightning sheeted noiselessly over the rocky ledge west of us. I forced Pickett, staggering, onward, and could feel the pricking of an electric current running through my body from the spurs.

I was within two miles of town: "Look at that!" I whispered to Pickett — he bounded from the trail into the little draw to the right and crouched against the low bank.

"That — " was an inky funnel of cloud racing past us. It had come from my left rear and was headed straight for the town. Instantly it struck it. Suddenly it was gone. The sky in front of me was momentarily filled with unnatural things: roofs? Yes. What else? I was too far away and could not tell.

What had happened? I swung Pickett into a run, heading for Guthrie. The good horse leaped obstructions that made me weak with dread.

Pickett galloped swiftly to the center of the town. The big hotel was gone! Its roof lay imbedded in the rickety hardware store.

But I found Lola all right: Liz had got her herded down cellar in time, and she thought — Lola is the one I mean — that my diamond was some comfort for all she'd been through.

The following January I was sitting out a preliminary lesson session with K. Senta, a gentleman of Japan, to whom I was trying to explain the legal principles discussed in the text lessons for the day. Senta was eating candy and I never could tell, by watching his facial lack of expression, whether or not he understood me.

Into the study came Roll, my roommate, with a New York paper:

"Field, did you send your warranty certificates to Cimarron City to be recorded?"

"Yep."

"Do you remember the numbers of your lots?"

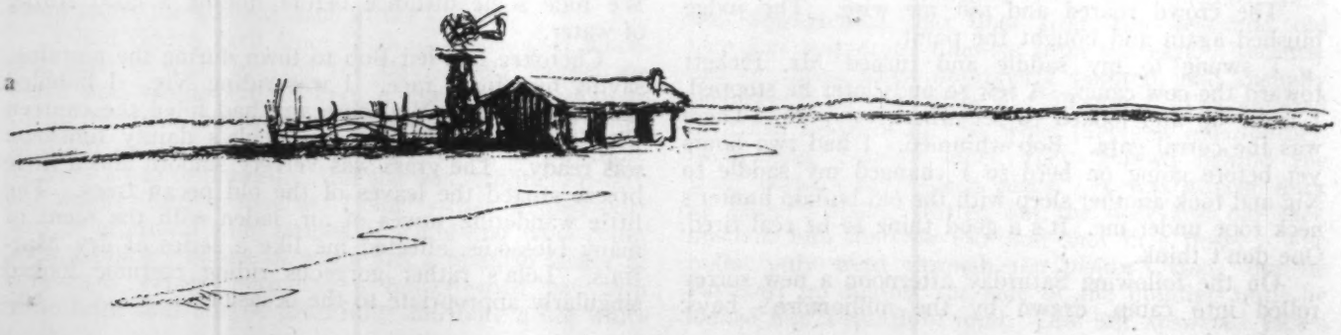
"I forgot to copy 'em."

"Well, a prairie fire has just wiped out the town and the city hall."

"Those lots were no 'count anyway. I don't think that town will ever grow. Guthrie is slipping, too. Got a letter from Miller saying he was moving his business to Oklahoma City and leaving a branch house at Guthrie. When Miller does that, it settles the question of the metropolis."

"Did Miller say what your millionaires were doing?"

"Yes. Both broke. One works for Miller and the other has disappeared."



The Cocaine Smugglers

A story of the American Secret Service in France During the War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of the Secret Service stories now appearing in McClure's

"The Fire Bugs," "The Murder of Private Hand," "The Women in Room 27," "The False Alibi" and "The Wine Swindlers" have already been published. The following stories are to come: "The Algerian Murderer," "The Underground Railroad," "The Woman Spy of Biarritz," and "The Train Robbers"

"GENERAL, were you ever homesick? Did you ever feel that if something did not happen soon you would go crazy? Did you ever see rugged men break down under this malady and cry like babies or go crazy and jump over the barricades? If you have ever suffered such pangs of homesickness you know the answer as to why so many of our men are turning to cocaine. To them a whiff of cocaine is a great relief." . . .

Homesickness was first recognized as an official disease in the army during the Philippine campaigns in the years 1900-1902. The Surgeon-General of the army devoted to this malady several pages of his official report covering that period. There, one may read how strong men suddenly went crazy and, running amuck, jumped over the barricades and were lost for weeks in the wilderness; how others broke down and cried and cried and cried, until it was necessary to dull the ache with drugs; while still others took to drink and would stay drunk for days at a time. It is one of the most insidious of all diseases. Through the aid of the various welfare organizations, an attempt was made in the last war to counteract homesickness; but outside of those wonderful mothers of the Salvation Army, it was not a marked success. Many a soldier, if he would but tell the truth, would admit that night after night he has suffered and sometimes has even cried himself to sleep over the intense longing for home. . . .

"No doubt," replied the General, "all that you say is true, but I don't believe that it is quite as black as it is painted. Anyway, get after it and show me!"

This conversation with the General occurred as the result of a report made to us by Colonel Donnelly of the Medical Department of the Base.

"Major, we must have your coöperation at once," pleaded the Colonel. "There is an alarming increase in the number of 'dope cases' we are called upon to treat! Every day new victims are brought to the hospital for cure; while at Bassens there is one stevedore battalion so thoroughly under the influence of this baneful drug that over ten per cent. of the men are classed 'ineffective' and that means that they are slowed up just that same amount in getting their shipments off for the front on time. If we do not want our Base to have a bad record, we must put a stop to the selling of this drug, cocaine, which seems to be the only one being used to any extent."

Of course we had known for some time that there were drug addicts among our troops, but we did not realize the seriousness of the situation until the daily medical reports began to be filled with cases of cocaine poisoning. It was these reports that brought Colonel Donnelly to our office asking for help. If the Colonel was right, and his daily reports were evidence enough that he was, it was time for quick action.

France has some very drastic narcotic laws, but her men in the drug-enforcement department had been called to the colors and her force thus depleted. Consequently four years of the war had sadly lowered the standard of enforcement of these laws in France, and if a continuous war is not carried on against drug pedlers they soon become very bold.

A Scheme to Get a Clue

Our quickest way, although to an outsider it might well be considered the most cruel, was to take one of the well-known users of the drug whom we had arrested while under its influence and, by confining him in the hospital under the direct charge of a doctor, shut off his drugs until he would talk. (I will admit that it was a hard-hearted procedure, but it was also the most direct way to reach the evil's source.)

One of the worst cases was selected; and this soldier we confined in a room especially fitted up for him, with Lieutenant Murphy, our medical officer, in constant attendance. Anyone who has had the gruesome experience of listening to the ravings of a drug fiend will know something of what we went through with before we succeeded in breaking down the resistance of this drug-crazed man.

He was a pale, anemic chap and when we took him to the room in the hospital, was so weak that he had to be supported by two men. But when the craving for the drug took possession of him, it was necessary to hold him in bed by main force, and it took three men to do it; yelling at the top of his voice one second, babbling like a child the next, he continually begged for just one dose of the drug.

"Please! Oh, please! Please, doctor, give me some cocaine! I shall die if you don't!" was his plaint for a few minutes. Then, suddenly seized with a maniacal frenzy, he would curse us at the top of his voice, until, from sheer exhaustion, he would quiet down. Watching this man's sufferings made me realize why it is that some drug fiends will commit even murder to secure possession of the drug. . . . To every demand for cocaine he was met with:

"Yes, you may have some when you tell us where you have been getting the 'snow'."

Then a sly, crafty look would come into his eyes and he would laugh at us and curse us some more, telling us we would never find out through him.

It was a terrible strain upon us all and a question in my mind as to who was suffering the more: the addict, crying and cursing for his drug, or the few of us gathered around that bed who, with pity in our hearts, yet

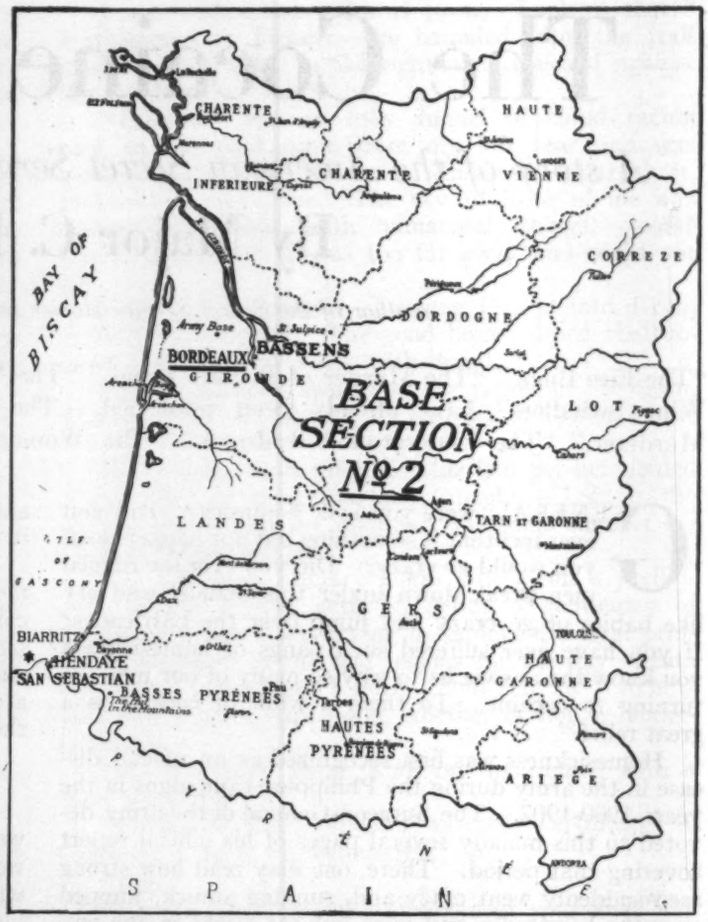
had to steel ourselves to his cries, holding to the thought that it was only through the suffering of this poor boy that hundreds of others of our boys might be saved from a like fate. We fought him for three days before he gave up the unequal struggle. Then, exhausted from his last spasm, he cried out:

"Damn you for hard-hearted wretches! Give me some cocaine and I will put you wise as to where I have been getting it."

Lieutenant Murphy, with all the kindness of a woman, eased his cravings. After the cocaine had time to get in its work, the sufferer told us what we had been struggling for three days to find out:

"I have been a user of cocaine for three years," he said, "and have had treatment for the habit twice. But a short time ago the old craving came over me and I tried several drug stores for a supply. Not one would sell me any. So I next resorted to an old trick of mine, and when in front of a doctor's office I pretended to have a fit and staggered up the steps. By playing on this doctor's sympathy I succeeded in persuading him to give me a prescription and to tell me where I could have it filled. This I at once took to the drug store named by the doctor and had no trouble in securing a small supply.

"When that was gone I tried to get more at the same place; but the druggist refused to sell me any more unless I got another prescription. While I was pleading with the man I noticed that a Frenchman seemed to be listening, and when I went out he followed me. In English he asked me if he could help me in any way; and, knowing that he had heard me talking with the druggist, I told him the truth.



This map shows the region over which Major Russell had charge and in which all the Secret Service stories are laid. "The False Alibi" is laid in the training area west of Bordeaux, "The Fire Bugs" and "The Women in Room 27" at Arcachon, and "The Murder of Private Hand" at Bassens

He is Led to a Drug Source

"He offered to show me a place where I could obtain all the cocaine I wanted if I had enough money. I told him I had plenty. Then he took me down to 'Spanish Town' and introduced me to a man by the name of Manuel Ferez, who claimed to be a Spaniard. Short and thick-set, with a swarthy skin, he appeared more like an East Indian. Deep-set black eyes peered forth from under bushy eyebrows and, with a scar across his left cheek, he looked exactly what he was, a white-slaver.

"Ferez demanded to see my money, and when I displayed it he seized the 50-franc note with all the greed of a Shylock, giving me in exchange the 'snow' I craved. Ever since that day I have been a good customer of this man's and have been sending my buddies to the same source of supply."

As soon as possible this soldier was placed in a motor car and, with one of our men driving, the two of them went to "Spanish Town" and found where Ferez lived.

Realizing that a case of this nature required very cautious men to handle it, Rich and Reilly were detailed to run down the source of supply and arrest the sellers. It has been said that success in the detection of crime depends not upon the big things, but rather upon the minute attention to detail. It would not do to send two men on a case of this kind until they were thoroughly posted on what might be called *local atmosphere*. So Rich and Reilly were placed in the hospital among the users of the drug. Here they were to thoroughly familiarize themselves with the lingo of the cocaine addicts and also to study the mannerisms of these poor unfortunates.

Those who are familiar with cocaine drug-users know the telltale pallor of a confirmed user. So after these two mastered the lingo of the addicts, Lieutenant Murphy came to the rescue and changed the healthy glow of our men's skins to the pallor of the drug-user. Murphy was quite equal to the task and soon announced that if he didn't know otherwise he would condemn them both as drug-users by their looks alone. An artful job with grease-paint and wax defied the closest scrutiny.

In the detection of crime one must avail himself of the instruments at hand. In the underworld of Bordeaux was a man (for his own safety he must go unnamed) who, although engaged in a business that decent men condemn, was nevertheless a very great help to us in numerous instances. Always willing to use all his people for the collecting of information for us, he was in certain ways invaluable, for through him I was always kept in touch with the underworld and knew many things that were supposed to be buried deep. Asking him for help he readily agreed to put Rich and Reilly in touch with Ferez and vouch for them, which he soon did.

Rich and Reilly were to pose as both users and peddlers. They were to represent themselves as having plenty of money, and as soldiers they could sell the dope to the troops. Two interviews with Ferez convinced them that in him they had found only a retailer, and that Ferez himself paid tribute to some one higher up. It was this one higher up that we wanted. It was most necessary, too, if we were to be successful, that we shut off the source of supply at the fountain-head. Putting this little piker in jail would by no means stop the sale of cocaine.

The Hunt for the Higher-up

To reach this one higher up, Rich casually remarked to Ferez: "Ferez, you and I can make some money on the side! Reilly has a man in tow who has loads of money! This man has been convinced that there is money in this business and he is ready to purchase 'snow' in large amounts. If we can put this man of Reilly's in touch with the wholesalers we can get a 'rake off' both ways! He will pay, and so should your man!"

"Before I would make a move," said Ferez, "I should want to meet this man! Tell Reilly to bring him down and I will talk with him. I must be sure of what I do, for if I make a slip my life would pay the forfeit!"

"All right!" replied Rich. "I know you can depend absolutely upon this man. I will bring him down tomorrow night."

On the next night, dressed in civilian clothes, I accompanied Rich and Reilly to Ferez's house. I explained to him that I had connections where I could dispose of large amounts of the drug and I showed him a large roll of bills. I was to purchase the first order to the amount of 15,000 francs; and if the first lot was satisfactory I would then take 30,000 francs' worth the next shipment. Ferez, without doubt, figured on getting a good slice out of this money and, in consequence, his cupidity overcame his native caution and he agreed to try and put me in touch with his "Chief."

They were a suspicious lot — these cocaine smugglers. It required a great deal of letter-writing and telegraphing before the *inner circle* would agree even to meet me. Finally their desire for the money carried the day and they sent a man down to Bordeaux to investigate.

We met at Ferez's house, and almost his first words were: "I want to see the color of your money."

I laughed. "Do you think," I demanded, "that I would be fool enough to carry around 15,000 francs with me? I should say not! I also wanted to see you first! But now I will go and get the money and be back here in an hour, and then we can talk business."

Going to my office I took the money out of the safe and returned with it. I had Rich and Reilly with me and I felt safe in taking the money there. Fifteen thousand francs is a large sum of money to the average French crook, so we were on the watch for trouble. It was evident, however, that they were playing square with us and did not intend, at this time, to kill the goose that was to lay the golden eggs.

And once again their cupidity carried the day for me: the man from Paris agreed to meet me in that city and introduce me to the "Chief."

Not to take any chances I had Rich and Reilly accompany me to Paris. As an added precaution I also had Lieutenant Greene and Sergeant Graham, in civilian clothes, go along. They were to keep a continual shadow on us and "tip us off" if things looked dangerous. I believed that the smugglers would play square with me as long as that suited their purpose, but I didn't know just how long that would be. It would not be at all difficult for them to try and knock me over the head and clear out with the money — and I never believed in taking unnecessary chances.

With Ferez as a guide we all went to Paris, where we stopped at one of the second-rate hotels. We had to await the pleasure of the head crook; and Ferez informed us after he had gone to see the "Chief" that it might be two or three days before he would see us. So, in the meantime, we could see Paris.

The "Chief" Was a Clever Man

This "Chief" was a very clever and a very cautious man as well. During the time we were supposed to be *seeing Paris*, we were, in reality, being *seen* by the ring, and the "Chief" was studying us at his leisure. As we learned afterward, when we went for a walk with Ferez, he would manage to take us to a café where, while sipping our wine, the "Chief," within two or three tables of us, would have the opportunity to calmly look us over. Several times I was conscious of the scrutiny of a pair of eyes as if trying to bore into my innermost consciousness, but I never quite located those eyes. In many ways we were tested; our rooms were entered while we were out and our baggage searched, although they were careful to replace the various articles; strangers would accost us on the street and try to lead the conversation around into personal channels; day and night we were followed, our shadows, in turn, shadowed by Greene and Graham. In fact, we were subjected to a most exhaustive examination before they allowed us to meet the "Chief."

We were well aware of all that was going on, for Greene managed to keep us advised, and we played our hand accordingly — and then Ferez suddenly announced that at last we were to be presented to the "Chief."

At length our waiting was over. Preparing for any emergency we carefully inspected our guns, and Greene was instructed to call on the French Chief of Police and explain the circumstances to him and secure his assistance.

Soon Ferez came for us and we entered a cab and were driven to the other side of the city from our hotel. Stopping before a house in a most forbidding neighborhood, we left the cab and started on the last stage of the journey afoot. Walking down a short flight of stone steps, Ferez opened a door and we were ushered into one of the worst dives in Paris. Lighted as it was by swinging kerosene lamps, and with the windows closed, the fumes that met us as we entered were almost overpowering: the odor of stale wine, mingled with the smell of the lamps and the visitors, was nearly enough to turn the strongest stomach. Dirty was no name for either the place or the denizens who were there that night. But it was a place where, without fuss or feathers, a knife could be quietly slipped between a man's ribs or the cord of the garroter could effectively do its work with no fear of interference — such was the rendezvous where we met the "Chief" who, while claiming to be French, looked to me too much like a boche.

Tense Moments That Followed

When introduced by Ferez, in the desire to appear friendly with this man, I offered him my hand, when, to my astonishment, a gun flashed out in his hand, and I was covered. That gun was pointing directly at my heart and as wicked a pair of eyes as I ever saw glowed behind the sights.

"I know you for just what you are!" said Solvinsky (the name by which he had been introduced). "You are a member of that damned American Secret Service! In just two minutes I am going to send a bullet crashing through your cowardly heart. You think you are smart, don't you? But now I guess you know that there are smarter people in this world. If you ever prayed, pray now, for the time flies, and in two minutes I am going to send you on a long, long journey — and there are no return tickets sold."

If this man was aiming at my heart and intended to hit it when he fired, he was aiming far too low just then; for that necessary organ was at this time away up in my throat.

It was a tense moment—tense in the extreme. If this man meant what he said, there was no chance for me to resist. He could fire before I could make a move, so there was no use for me to make a try for my gun.

And, unfortunately, I was standing in such a position that neither Rich nor Reilly could fire without hitting me, and Greene and Graham had not yet shown up.

What was I to do? What could I do? For me it was a desperate situation! Taking a rapid side glance around the room, I saw everyone watching, but no one making a move, either to pull a gun or to interfere. Then, like a flash, it suddenly dawned upon me that if this man really believed what he had just uttered, he never would have taken the trouble to have had me brought to this place just to kill me. There had been plenty of opportunities for a quiet shot since our arrival in Paris. Now realizing that my only hope lay in bluffing it out, I slowly advanced toward this man. Never taking my eyes from his face and gradually moving nearer and nearer until I finally stood where I could grasp the barrel of his revolver, I reached out with deliberation and as slowly as I had advanced toward him, I as slowly turned the barrel toward the floor.

"You better look out," I remarked, in what I hoped seemed a steady voice, "or that thing might go off and some one might get hurt! You wouldn't kill the man who is trying to help you make some money, would you? Besides I did not bring the 15,000 francs with me. Better wait until you can get that!!"

"I was only trying you out," chuckled Solvinsky. "If you had made a move to pull your gun, I would have fired; for then, in that case, I would have known you were just what I had accused you of being—a damned American spy!"

When I had recovered control of my nerves and, after several attempts, had finally induced my heart to return to its normal place and resume functioning, I sat down beside this affable gentleman.

That evening spent in the company of Solvinsky was one never to be forgotten. Surrounded as we were by some of the worst cut-throats of Paris, and adventurers from every clime, the stunts which they performed for our entertainment that night were almost beyond belief. The air was growing heavy with tobacco smoke; the oil-lamp fumes mingled with the odor of cheap wine seemed to strangle us; it was a continuous effort, and even a struggle, to supply the oxygen which our lungs were crying for and at the same time retain control of all our faculties — so vitally necessary. A slip on our part would mean sudden death.

At last Solvinsky, tired with the performance, condescended to talk business and after a while admitted that his stock of drugs was too small to supply my needs.

"You see, my dear friend, we do not keep a large stock of the drug here in Paris; so if the police should stumble on it, we do not lose very much. Our supply comes from Spain. I will arrange with our agent there and you can meet us in Henday in a few days and buy direct from my man there. You return to Bordeaux and as soon as I am ready I will notify Ferez and he will arrange for the meeting at Henday."

What a great relief it was when we could once more breathe the fresh air! We stood still on the sidewalk and filled our lungs again and again to clear away the poison gathered from that foul air!

We were, indeed, glad to return to Bordeaux. There, at least, we would not be required to spend another evening in such company and under such conditions as we had the last one.

The Trap is Arranged

Arriving at Bordeaux and going to my office, I cleared up those things that had accumulated while I had been away. I was ready for Ferez when he notified Rich that Solvinsky had made the necessary arrangements and was ready for us at Henday. Accompanied by Rich and Reilly and still trailed by those two faithful men, Greene and Graham, we arrived at Henday. Greene's first work was to get in touch with the French and arrange for the necessary help to make the arrests when the time came.

Nearly the first word Solvinsky said when I met him was to suggest that I turn the money over to him and then he would cross over into Spain and get the cocaine. I had rather expected some such move from this man and was ready with a reply:

"Nothing doing! I must have the drugs before I turn over the money. It is not that I don't trust you, Solvinsky, but between good business men it is not done."

"All right!" laughed Solvinsky. "I merely wanted to save you a trip up into the mountains. I don't hold it against you that you are so cautious. I will arrange for the transfer to-morrow night at a hut in the mountains."

Rushing over into Spain and as quickly returning, Solvinsky announced that final plans had been made and we all would soon be back in Paris. With everything ready to close in on the gang, and anxious to return to other cases in Bordeaux, we impatiently waited for night to come.

Then, while with us, Solvinsky received a telegram, read it, and without telling us the reason why, he calmly announced that for the present the trip was off; and he at once hurried Ferez across the border to tell the man in Spain to hold up until further orders.

What was the matter? What was in that telegram that had, in the twinkling of an eye, changed all the plans? Was all our work gone for naught? These and other questions immediately flashed through our minds as we considered this sudden and ominous postponement of our plans. It was vitally necessary to our future success that we see that telegram, and see it right away! But how?

It seemed the quickest way to get Solvinsky drunk and then, at our leisure, go through his pockets. We didn't know his capacity for wine and it might well be that he could stand quantities; so it was arranged that I should start it; and if he could put me under the table, then Rich was to take up the task; and, in any event, Reilly was to stay sober so that, if we won out he could read the telegram. With this in mind I suggested to Solvinsky that, inasmuch as we had to wait and Henday was a dull town, we have a good dinner with plenty of wine, so that the time would pass more agreeably. Since I proposed it, it would be up to me to pay the bills. Solvinsky was always ready to enjoy the other fellow's hospitality; and, as long as this party did not cost him anything, he was quite ready to accept.

At the dinner Solvinsky was soon started on the road to stupefaction. Before it was over he was drunk; a few more bottles finished what had been so well begun, and soon we had to carry him to his room. After being undressed and put to bed, he at once dropped off into a deep sleep, and Reilly was able to go through the criminal's pockets at his leisure, and soon had a copy of the message. Later on, in my room, he handed the copy to me — and Solvinsky was none the wiser!

All Plans Seem Doomed

Consternation seized us when we found out what that message contained, for in it we could read the end to all our carefully laid plans. The telegram was signed by a man whose name I at once recognized as the sergeant at the hospital at Bassens. It read:

"Have learned you are in Henday. Need more

medicine, so will be in Henday in two days for some." ...And it was signed:..."Marshall."

If this Marshall was the man I supposed, he came from the Bassens camp and the chances were that he might know me by sight. If he did, and found me in such close personal touch with Ferez and Solvinsky, he soon would spoil it all. Then again if I suddenly left Henday, Solvinsky would himself smell a mouse. I could not leave, and I surely could not stay and meet Marshall. What under the sun could I do? It certainly had me puzzled, when, to my great relief, Reilly solved the difficulty for me:

"Say, Major," volunteered Reilly, "I have it! You have suddenly been taken sick with the 'flu'! I will get a French Secret Service man to act as your doctor. He can put you in quarantine, and I will be your nurse and the go-between for you and Solvinsky. Thus you will be on the spot and yet secluded, so that neither Solvinsky nor Marshall will see you."

I agreed to this clever scheme. Reilly hurried away to arrange for the doctor, while I took to my bed, prepared to have a high fever, if necessary, to fool them. The ruse worked like a charm. Solvinsky, learning that my sickness was contagious and afraid of his worthless life, steered clear of my room; while Marshall, intent only upon getting his supply of cocaine and returning to his duties, learned nothing about my presence.

We had hoped that Marshall would get his drugs and return to Bassens, but no such luck! They decided that he, too, should go up into the mountains for his supply. As Marshall had been the cause of the delay and now further delay was no longer necessary, Solvinsky was anxious to get the deal over with and hurry back to his beloved Paris; so he arranged for the transfer to be on the very next night after Marshall arrived. Still afraid of being recognized I had to remain in my room, delegating Rich to complete the transaction in my stead, with Reilly along as company. Lieutenant Greene was "tipped off" as to when the start was to be made. He reported that he had made all the arrangements and a good strong force of French police would be hiding around the hut by the time the others arrived.

The night arrived, just the right kind of a night for such crooks. The devil, they say, takes care of his own. If he does, he surely was on duty this night, for it was as disagreeable a night for human beings to be out in as ever I saw. In the lowlands a heavy mist seeped down, that soon penetrated to the skin, while a cold wind added to the discomforts of the whole party — a perfect night for dark deeds. No honest men but ourselves were abroad. Even the local French police were in under cover.

Allowing the crowd a fifteen-minute start, I followed along with a French guide. We finally made the hut in the mountains. Greene was on the lookout for me and met me a short distance down the path. He told me the whole gang, except the Spaniard, were in the hut. It was a cold session for us who had to wait outside for the arrival of that Spaniard. We did not dare to move around to keep warm for fear, either of frightening off the Spaniard or that those inside the hut would hear us and run. All we could do was to curse an unkind fate that kept the honest men outside in the cold and rain, while within were the crooks, warmly housed. We promised that crew in the hut a much warmer time if they would only give us the opportunity, when we started in to round them up.

Rounding Up the Smugglers

The tardy Spaniard eventually arrived, and passing through the line of crouching men on watch in the darkness, entered the hut. Then we were ready to close the trap. Each man knew exactly what he was to do and each man did it with commendable promptness, the French making the arrests. All wanted to get into the fire.

How Solvinsky cursed me when he discovered who I really was! Straining at his bonds, and with foam-flecked lips, he cried: "Damn you! Why didn't I pull that trigger that night? I felt, then, that you were not what you claimed you were! Why didn't I do what my instinct told me to and send that bullet crashing through your spying heart?" And then one of the French police shut him up tight.

Taking advantage of an old police trick of putting one crook to accuse another when in need of evidence, we had arranged that both Rich and Reilly should be arrested with the rest. If there was any detail that we had overlooked, I was certain that these two men of ours would get it. They staged a fine bit of acting when they, too, accused me of double-crossing them.

Of all the raids that I participated in in France, this one was the most weird and dramatic. Away up in the mountains, in Stygian darkness, half the time in a pouring rain, and the other half amidst the clouds themselves, we held our investigation.

Interviewing one at a time, we questioned our captives. When Reilly's time came, he whispered to me that while he was coming up the mountain he had talked with Marshall who, in a burst of confidence, had told him that he did not get all his cocaine from this source, that he had still another place where he could get a certain amount. Even while we had been congratulating ourselves that we had plugged the source, and the only source as we thought, here was a development as sudden as it was unexpected, and if we were to be 100 per cent successful, we must also close this avenue. Reilly suggested to me that he and Marshall be allowed to escape and he himself would try to find out the source of Marshall's other supply. So it was agreed that they should fade away into the darkness. Greene was tipped off. And when we started to round up our prisoners for the return trip, Reilly and Marshall were missing. After lining up the prisoners we first handcuffed them, the left hand of one to the right hand of another; then, when we had them in pairs, we snapped a light steel chain to the handcuffs. It reminded me of the days on the farm when we used to hook up several pairs of oxen to a sled.

When we returned to Bordeaux Reilly reported that he had accompanied Marshall back to Bassens. But it was evident that Marshall's recent experience had given him such a jolt that he was on his guard and not a thing could Reilly learn, nor win his confidence. So we withdrew Reilly and sent over another of our men, Sergeant Hines.

We had Hines detailed as an orderly at the hospital where Marshall was; and in this way we were able to watch the inner workings of the hospital. Marshall's recent fright was still too vivid for him to at once start peddling the dope and for a few days he made no move. Then as his fear of arrest subsided, he resumed the sale of cocaine. Marshall was the senior medical sergeant in charge of the receiving-room of the hospital at the camp where so many of the stevedores had become addicts of cocaine. Hines was not long in discovering just how Marshall worked it.

The method of handling sickness in our army was efficient. Every morning any man in the camp who felt sick was put on "sick report," which meant an opportunity of telling the doctor just what the matter was. Of course some men who were lazy and wanted to get out of work, would try and beat this report. In other

words, they would go on "sick report" so they could try to fool the doctor and thus get a few days' rest out of it, either in the hospital or in quarters. Every one whose name was on the sick-book went to the hospital where first Marshall interviewed them; and, after separating the ill from the "beats," he would send them on in to the doctor.

Those of the stevedores who were in on the "know," would get on sick report and thus get to the hospital. One at a time they would enter the examining room. Here they would pay their money and receive the drugs, while Marshall would give them a couple of days in quarters, thus enabling them to get out of any work.

We now had Marshall's method of distributing the dope, but we still wanted his smaller source of supply. Hines, in his work as orderly, had access to all parts of the hospital. He discovered in the examination room Marshall's cache where he kept his supply of the drug. A daily checking up on this cache soon developed the startling information that the supply of cocaine was largest just after a shipment of medical supplies had been received from the intermediate medical supply at Gierves.

Clark, another of our men, was then sent to Gierves. There, after a conference with the commanding officer of that camp, he was detailed to the medical supply depot. It didn't require much of an effort on the part of Clark to discover that all requisitions from Bassens, the main supply base, were handled by one man, Corporal Blake. Clark secured copies of the requisitions, checked them up, and found that the majority had, in addition to the name of the medical officer of the hospital, the initials of Marshall in the lower left-hand corner.

With this information in our possession, we decided to try and force a confession out of Blake. Under the cover of darkness Blake was arrested and smuggled out of the camp, nor did we tell him the reason for his arrest. By daylight he was in our office at Bordeaux.

An Illusion About the A. E. F.

There have been many stories circulated about the cruelty practiced on the American soldiers in France, 99 per cent. of which is all "bunk." Never did we attempt to secure a confession unless we had a doctor present, and then never by the use of physical force. We found there is nothing so effective with a certain type of soldier in causing him to lose his bravado as silence. "How by silence?" you ask. Put a suspect in a room with an officer and — completely ignore him. If he is guilty, in nine cases out of ten, he will eventually confess — the strain is too great to hold out against.

Blake was placed in a chair behind me, but so arranged that he could see my face and my desk in a mirror. Then began the battle of wits. Without speaking a word I first took up Blake's descriptive card, which contained his complete record; next, I took a pencil and marked down on the top of the page, so that he could see it, the name of his father and mother; then I commenced to read the requisitions, sorting out those which had initials on them. For over an hour this combat of silence went on. Blake was now beginning to twist and turn in his chair. First he would watch my face in the mirror; then the magnet of those requisitions would pull his eyes downward and he would stare at those papers as if trying to blot out the telltale marks. Unable to watch them any longer, his eyes would turn toward the notations I was so industriously making in the book. The suspense was becoming too great for him. Breaking the silence he asked what the penalty was for what he had done. I told him it all depended upon himself, since we knew about it; and building a case out of what we had succeeded in finding out linked with what we surmised, I asked him if it was true.

"Yes, Major, it's all true just as you have stated it. Let me explain!" and then he told us the whole story.

"Sergeant Marshall and I were chums in the States; and when we found that we were in a position to profit by stealing and selling cocaine, we could not resist the opportunity to make some easy money. Marshall did the selling while I attended to the supplies, and we split even on the money. Our plan worked like a charm. When I received a requisition for drugs from Marshall, if it had his initials, I would fill it with cocaine and outfits and forward it as so much medicine; then when Marshall, at the hospital, received it, he in turn would enter it on his books as medical supplies, then expend it by entering in his ledger: 'Used up in treatment.' This would destroy any evidence of his crooked work; and when the inspector examined his books, he would find everything correct."

In court-martial cases a confession obtained from the accused is not considered as good evidence if not substantiated; so we arranged for Blake to return to his post with the understanding that if he would help us catch Marshall, we would recommend to the General that he be given consideration for his work. We then awaited the next requisition from Marshall; and when it was filled, we marked every bottle with a secret mark. Hines, at the hospital, was warned as to what was going on, and he watched the cache. When the shipment came in, Marshall entered it up as so much medicine and placed the dope in his cache. Then he started in to sell it. This was sufficient evidence, so we arrested him as well as the men who had just purchased the dope. Searching the prisoners we found they all had our secretly marked bottles of the drug.

With Marshall under arrest we had the French bring to Bordeaux the men whom we had arrested on the frontier and who had since then been in jail at Henday. Through their confessions we ultimately found the rest of the pedlers and the French captured them all. Adding up the results, we found that we had been successful in seizing over $5,000.00 worth of cocaine and we had successfully plugged the source of supply.

When tried the civilians were all found guilty. The French judge gave them sentences varying from two years to life — life in the penal colony for the ring-leaders.

My Life and Work*

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

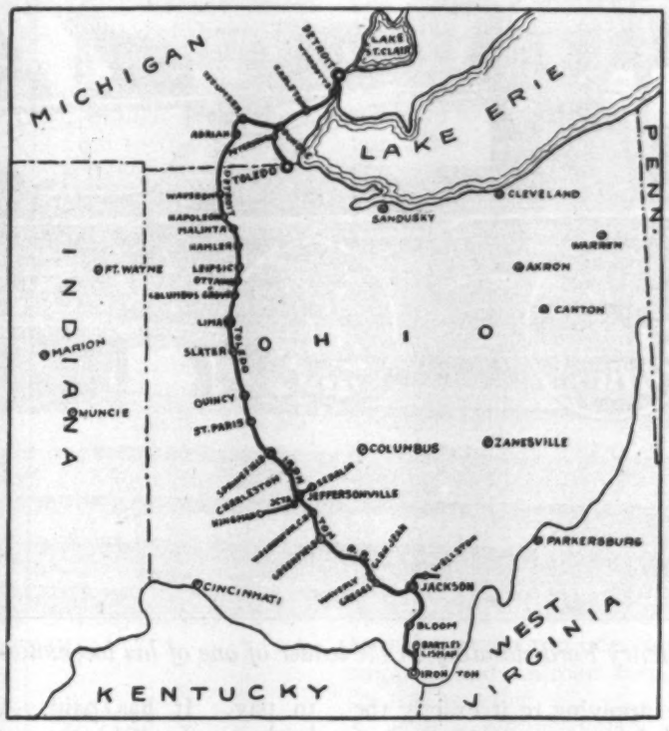
Chapter XIII

WHAT TROUBLES THE RAILROADS?

NOTHING in this country furnishes a better example of how a business may be turned from its function of service than do the railroads. We have a railroad problem, and much learned thought and discussion has been devoted to the solution of that problem. Every one is dissatisfied with the railways. The public is dissatisfied because both the passenger and freight rates are too high. The railroad employees are dissatisfied because they say that their wages are too low and their hours too long. The owners of the railways are dissatisfied because it is claimed that no adequate return is realized upon the money invested. All of the contacts of a properly managed undertaking ought to be satisfactory. If the public, the employees, and the owners do not find themselves better off because of the undertaking, then there must be something very wrong indeed with the manner in which the undertaking is carried through.

I am entirely without any disposition to pose as a railroad authority. There may be railroad authorities, but if the service as rendered by the American railroads today is the result of accumulated railway knowledge, then I cannot say that my respect for the usefulness of that knowledge is at all profound. I have not the slightest doubt in the world that the active managers of the railways, the men who really do the work, are entirely capable of conducting the railways of the country to the satisfaction of every one, and I have equally no doubt that these active managers have, by force of a chain of circumstances, all but ceased to manage. And right there one puts his finger upon the source of most of the trouble. The men who know railroading have not been allowed to manage railroads.

In a previous chapter on finance were set forth the dangers attendant upon the indiscriminate borrowing of money. It is axiomatic that any one who can borrow freely to cover errors of management will borrow rather than correct the errors. Our railway managers have been practically forced to borrow, for, since the very inception of the railways they have not been free agents. The guiding hand of the railways has been, not the railroad man, but the banker. When railroad credit was high, more money was to be made out of floating bond issues and speculating in the securities than out of service to the public. A very small fraction of the money earned by the railways has gone back into the rehabilitation of the properties. When, by skilled management the net revenue became large enough to pay a considerable dividend upon the stock, then that dividend was used first by the speculators on the inside and controlling the railroad fiscal policy to boom the stock and unload holdings and then to float a bond issue on the strength of the credit gained through the earnings. When the earnings dropped or were artificially depressed, then the speculators bought back the stock and in the course of time staged another advance and unloading. There is scarcely a railroad in the United States that has not been through one or more receiverships, due to the fact that the financial interests piled on load after load of securities until the structure grew top heavy and fell over. Then they got in on the receiverships, made money at the expense of gullible security holders, and started the same old pyramiding game all over again.



The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railway route

LAWYER IS BANKER'S NATURAL ALLY

The natural ally of the banker is the lawyer. Such games as have been played on the railroads have needed expert legal advice. Lawyers, like bankers, know absolutely nothing about business. They imagine that a business is properly conducted if it keeps within the law or if the law can be altered or interpreted to suit the purpose in hand. They live on rules. The bankers took finance out of the hands of the managers. They put in lawyers to see that the railroads violated the law only in legal fashion, and thus grew up immense legal departments. Instead of operating under the rules of common sense and according to circumstances, every railroad had to operate on the advice of counsel. Rules spread through every part of the organization. Then came the avalanche of state and federal regulations, until today we find the railways hog-tied in a mass of rules and regulations. With the lawyers and the financiers on the inside and various commissions on the outside, the railway manager has little chance at all. That is the trouble with the railways. Business cannot be conducted by law.

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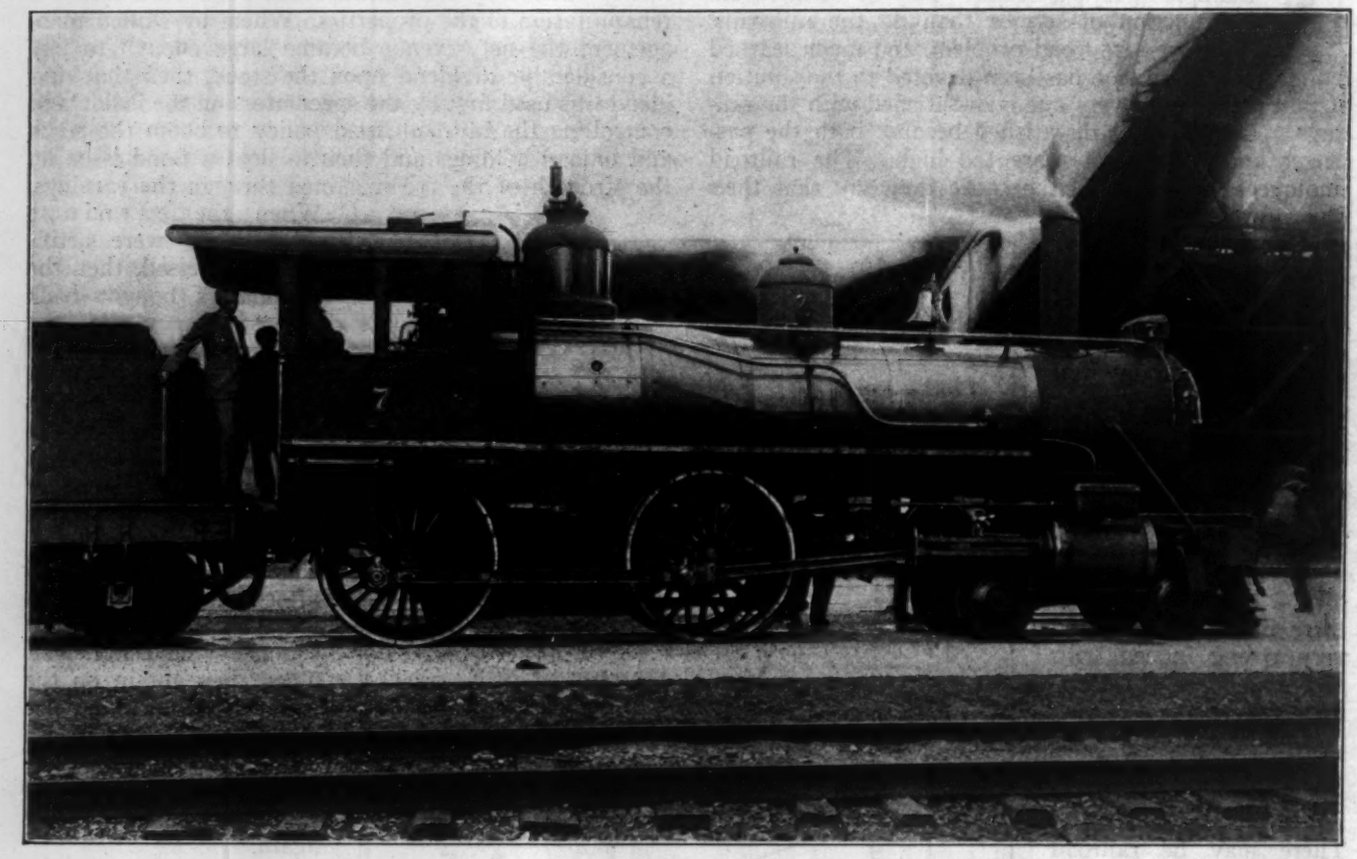
We have had the opportunity of demonstrating to ourselves what a freedom from the banker-legal mortmain means in our experience with the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railway. We bought the railway because its right of way interfered with some of our improvements on the River Rouge. We did not buy it as an investment, or as an adjunct to our industries, or because of its strategic position. The extraordinarily good situation of the railway seems to have become universally apparent only since we bought it. That, however, is beside the point. We bought the railway because it interfered with our plans. Then we had to do something with it. The only thing to do was to run it as a productive enterprise, applying to it exactly the same principles as are applied in every department of our industries. We have as yet made no special efforts of any kind and the railway has not been set up as a demonstration of how every railway should be run.

It is true that applying the rule of maximum service at minimum cost has caused the income of the road to exceed the outgo — which, for that road, represents a most unusual condition. It has been represented that the changes we have made — and remember they have been made simply as part of the day's work — are peculiarly revolutionary and quite without application to railway management in general. Personally, it would seem to me that our little line does not differ much from the big lines. In our own work we have always found that if our principles were right the area over which they were applied did not matter. The principles that we use in the big Highland Park plant seem to work equally well in every plant that we establish. It has never made any difference with us whether we multiplied what we were doing by five or five hundred. Size is only a matter of the multiplication table, anyway.

The Road's History Was — Reorganization

The Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railway was organized some twenty-odd years ago and has been reorganized every few years since. The last reorganization was in 1914. The war and the Federal control of the railways interrupted the cycle of reorganization. The road owns 343 miles of track, has 52 miles of branches, and 45 miles of trackage rights over other roads. It goes from Detroit almost due south to Ironton on the Ohio River, thus tapping the West Virginia coal deposits. It crosses most of the large trunk lines and it is a road which, from a general business standpoint, ought to pay. It has paid. It seems to have paid the bankers. In 1913 the net capitalization per mile of road was $105,000. In the next receivership this was cut down to $47,000 per mile. I do not know how much money in all has been raised on the strength of the road. I do know that in the reorganization of 1914 the bond holders were assessed and forced to turn into the treasury nearly five million dollars — which is the amount that we paid for the entire road. We paid sixty cents on the dollar for the outstanding mortgage bonds, although the ruling price just before the time of purchase was between thirty and forty cents on the dollar. We paid a dollar a share for the common stock and five dollars a share for the preferred stock — which seemed to be a fair price considering that no interest had ever been paid upon the bonds and a dividend on the stock was a most remote possibility. The rolling stock of the road consisted of about seventy locomotives, twenty-seven passenger cars, and around twenty-eight hundred freight cars. All of the rolling stock was in extremely bad condition and a good part of it would not run at all. All of the buildings were dirty, unpainted, and generally run down. The roadbed was something more than a streak of rust and something less than a railway.



Henry Ford standing on the tender of one of his locomotives

The repair shops were over-manned and under-machined. Practically everything connected with operation was conducted with a maximum of waste. There was, however, an exceedingly ample executive and administration department, and of course a legal department. The legal department alone cost in one month nearly eighteen thousand dollars.

We took over the road in March, 1921. We began to apply industrial principles. There had been an executive office in Detroit. We closed that up and put the administration into the charge of one man and gave him half of a flat-topped desk out in the freight office. The legal department went with the executive offices. There is no reason for so much litigation in connection with railroading. Our people quickly settled all the mass of outstanding claims, some of which had been hanging on for years. As new claims arise, they are settled at once and on the facts, so that the legal expense seldom exceeds two hundred dollars a month. All of the unnecessary accounting and red tape was thrown out and the payroll of the road was reduced from 2700 to 1650 men.

Following our general policy, all titles and offices other than those required by law were abolished. The ordinary railway organization is rigid; a message has to go up through a certain line of authority and no man is expected to do anything without explicit orders from his superior. One morning I went out to the road very early and found a wrecking train with steam up, a crew aboard and all ready to start. It had been "awaiting orders" for half an hour. We went down and cleared the wreck before the orders came through; that was before the idea of personal responsibility had soaked in. It was a little hard to break the "order" habit; the men at first were afraid to take responsibility. But as we went on they seemed to like the plan more and more and now no man limits his duties. A man is paid for a day's work of eight hours and he is expected to work during those eight hours. If he is an engineer and finishes a run in four hours, then he works at whatever else may be in demand for the next four hours. If a man works more than eight hours he is not paid for overtime — he deducts his overtime from the next working day or saves it up and gets a whole day off with pay. Our eight-hour day is a day of eight hours and not a basis for computing pay.

Paying and Getting More

The minimum wage is six dollars a day. There are no extra men. We have cut down in the offices, in the shops, and on the road. In one shop 20 men are now doing more work than 59 did before. Not long ago one of our track gangs, consisting of a foreman and fifteen men, was working beside a parallel road on which was a gang of forty men doing exactly the same sort of track repairing and ballasting. In five days our gang did two telegraph poles more than the competing gang!

The road is being rehabilitated; nearly the whole track has been reballasted and many miles of new rails have been laid. The locomotives and rolling stock are being overhauled in our own shops and at a very slight expense. We found that the supplies bought previously were of poor quality or unfitted for our use; we are saving money on supplies by buying better qualities and seeing that nothing is wasted. The men seem entirely willing to cooperate in saving. They do not discard that which might be used. We ask a man "What can you get out of an engine?" and he answers with an economy record. And we are not pouring in great amounts of money; everything is being done out of earnings. That is our policy.

The trains must go through and on time. They do. The time of freight movements has been cut down about two-thirds. A car on a siding is not just a car on a siding. It is a great big question mark. Someone has to know why it is there. It used to take eight or nine days to get freight through to Philadelphia or New York; now it takes three and a half days. The organization is serving.

All sorts of explanations are put forward of why a deficit was turned into a surplus. I am told that it is all due to diverting the freight of the Ford industries. If we had diverted all of our business to this road, that would not explain why we manage at so much lower an operating cost than before. We are routing as much as we can of our own business over the road, but only because we there get the best service. For years past we have been trying to send freight over this road because it was conveniently located, but we have never been able to use it to any extent because of the delayed deliveries. We could not count on a shipment to within five or six weeks; that tied up too much money and also broke into our production schedule. There was no reason why the road should not have had a schedule; but it did not. The delays became legal matters to be taken up in due legal course; that is not the way of business. We think that a delay is a criticism of our work and is something at once to be investigated. That is business. How can a man be so unmindful of his future as to regard a legitimate criticism as something to be taken before a commission?

Transportation Versus Finance

The railroads in general have broken down and if the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton is any criterion of management there is no reason in the world why they should not have broken down. Too many railroads are run, not from the offices of practical men, but from banking offices, and the principles of procedure, the whole outlook, is financial — not transportational but financial. There has been a breakdown simply because more attention has been paid to railroads as factors in the stock market than as servants of the people. Outworn ideas have been retained, development has been practically stopped, and railroad men with vision have not been set free to grow.

Will a billion dollars solve that sort of trouble? No, a billion dollars will only make the difficulty one billion dollars worse. The purpose of the billion is simply to continue the present methods of railroad management, and it is because of the present methods that we have any railroad difficulties at all.

The mistaken and foolish things we did years ago are just overtaking us. At the beginning of railway transportation in the United States, the people had to be taught its use, just as they had to be taught the use of the telephone. Also, the new railroads had to make business in order to keep themselves solvent. And because railway financing began in one of the rottenest periods of our business history, a number of practices were established as precedents which have influenced railway work ever since. One of the first things the railways did was to throttle all other methods of transportation. There was the beginning of a splendid canal system in this country and a great movement for canalization was at its height. The railroad companies bought out the canal companies and let the canals fill up and choke with weeds and refuse. All over the eastern and in parts of the middle western states are the remains of

this network of internal waterways. They are being restored now as rapidly as possible; they are being linked together; various commissions, public and private, have seen the vision of a complete system of waterways serving all parts of the country, and, thanks to their efforts, persistence and faith, progress is being made. That was one folly which the advent of railway transportation forced upon the country.

But there was another. This was the system of making the haul as long as possible. Any one, who is familiar with the exposures which resulted in the formation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, knows what is meant by this. There was a period when rail transport was not regarded as the servant of the traveling, manufacturing and commercial publics. Business was treated as if it existed for the benefit of the railways. During this period of folly, it was not good railroading to get goods from their shipping point to their destination by the most direct line possible, but to keep them on the road as long as possible, send them around the longest way, give as many connecting lines as possible a piece of the profit, and let the public stand the resulting loss of time and money. That was once counted good railroading. It has not entirely passed out of practice today.

One of the great changes in our economic life to which this railroad policy contributed was the centralization of certain activities, not because centralization was necessary, nor because it contributed to the well-being of the people, but because, among other things, it made double business for the railroads. Take two staples — meat and grain. If you look at the maps which the packing houses put out, and see where the cattle are drawn from; and then if you consider that the cattle, when converted into food, are hauled again by the same railways right back to the place where they came from, you will get some sidelight on the transportation problem and the price of meat. Take also grain. Every reader of advertisements knows where the great flour mills of the country are located. And they probably know also that where the great mills are located is not representative at all of the sections where all the grain of the United States is raised. There are staggering quantities of grain, thousands of trainloads, hauled uselessly long distances, and then in the form of flour hauled back again long distances to the states and sections where the grain was raised — a burdening of the railroads which is of no benefit to the communities where the grain originated, nor to any one else except the monopolistic mills and the railroads. The railroads can always do a big business without helping the business of the country at all; they can always be engaged in just such useless hauling. On meat and grain, and perhaps on cotton, too, the transportation burden could be reduced by more than half, by the preparation of the product for use before it is shipped.

How Plan Would Work With Coal

If a coal community mined coal in Pennsylvania, and then sent it by railway to Michigan or Wisconsin to be screened, and then hauled it back again to Pennsylvania for use, it would not be much sillier than the hauling of Texas beef alive to Chicago, there to be killed, and then shipped back dead to Texas; or the hauling of Kansas grain to Minnesota, there to be ground in the mills and hauled back again as flour. It is good business for the railroads, but it is bad business for business. One angle of the transportation problem to which too few men are paying attention is this useless hauling of material. If the problem were tackled from the point of ridding the railroads of their useless hauls, we might discover that we are in better shape than we think to take care of the legitimate transportation business of the country.

In commodities like coal it is necessary that they be hauled from where they are to where they are needed. The same is true of the raw materials of industry — they must be hauled from the place where nature has stored them to the place where there are people ready to work them. And as these raw materials are not often found assembled in one section, a considerable amount of transportation to a central assembling place is necessary. The coal comes from one section, the copper from another, the iron from another, the wood from another — they must all be brought together.

But wherever it is possible a policy of decentralization ought to be adopted. We need instead of mammoth flour mills a multitude of smaller mills distributed through all the sections where grain is grown. Wherever it is possible, the section that produces the raw material ought to produce also the finished product. Grain should be ground to flour where it is grown. A hog-growing country should not export hogs, but pork, ham and bacon. The cotton mills ought to be near the cotton fields. This is not a revolutionary idea. In a sense it is a reactionary one. It does not suggest anything new; it suggests something that is very old. This is the way the country did things before we fell into the habit of carting everything around a few thousand miles and adding the cartage to the consumer's bill. Our communities ought to be more complete in themselves. They ought not to be unnecessarily dependent on railway transportation. Out of what they produce they should supply their own needs and ship the surplus. And how can they do this unless they have the means of taking their raw materials, like grain and cattle, and changing them into finished products? If private enterprise does not yield these means, the cooperation of farmers can. The chief injustice sustained by the farmer today is that, being the greatest producer he is prevented from being also the greatest merchandiser, because he is compelled to sell to those who put his products into merchantable form. If he could change his grain into flour, his cattle into beef and his hogs into hams and bacon, not only would he receive the fuller profit of his product, but he would render his nearby communities more independent of railway exigencies, and thereby improve the transportation system by relieving it of the burden of his unfinished product. The thing is not only reasonable and practicable, but it is becoming absolutely necessary. More than that, it is being done in many places. But it will not register its full effect on the transportation situation and upon the cost of living until it is done more widely and in more kinds of materials.

It is one of nature's compensations to withdraw prosperity from whatever sort of business does not serve.

We have found that on the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton we could, following our universal policy, reduce our rates and get more business. We made some cuts but the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to allow them! Under such conditions why discuss the railroads as a business? Or as a service?

CHAPTER XIV.

LET WEAKLINGS TAKE CHARITY

Why should there be any necessity for alms-giving in a civilized community? It is not the charitable mind to which I object. Heaven forbid that we should ever grow cold toward a fellow creature in need! Human

sympathy is too fine for the cool, calculating attitude to take its place. One can name very few great advances that did not have human sympathy behind them. It is in order to help people that every notable service is undertaken.

The trouble is that we have been using this great, fine motive force for ends too small. If human sympathy prompts us to feed the hungry, why should it not give the larger desire — to make hunger in our midst impossible? If we have sympathy enough for people to help them out of their troubles, surely we ought to have sympathy enough to keep them out. The difficulty seems to be in getting people to look beyond to the causes. More people can be moved to help a poor family than can be moved to give their minds toward the removal of poverty altogether.

The idea went abroad not so many years ago that "service" was something that we should expect to have done for us. Untold numbers of people became the recipients of well-meant "social service." Whole sections of our population were coddled into a state of expectant, childlike helplessness. There grew up a regular profession of doing things for people, which gave an outlet for a laudable desire for service, but which contributed nothing whatever to the self-reliance of the people nor to the correction of the conditions out of which the supposed need for such service grew.

Worse than this encouragement of childish wistfulness, instead of training for self-reliance and self-sufficiency, was the creation of a feeling of resentment which nearly always overtakes the objects of charity. People often complain of the "ingratitude" of those whom they help. Nothing is more natural. In the first place, precious little of our so-called charity is ever real charity, offered out of a heart full of interest and sympathy. In the second place, no person ever relishes being in a position where he is forced to take favors.

Charity never led to a settled state of affairs. Charity becomes unnecessary as those who seem to be unable to earn livings are taken out of the non-productive class and put into the productive.

No mechanic working with only his hands can earn more than a bare sustenance. He cannot have a surplus. It has been taken for granted that, coming into old age, a mechanic must be supported by his children or, if he has no children, that he will be a public charge. All of that is quite unnecessary. The subdivision of industry opens places that can be filled by practically any one. There are more places in subdivided industry that can be filled by blind men than there are blind men. There are more places that can be filled by cripples than there are cripples. And in each of these places the man who shortsightedly might be considered as an object of charity can earn just as adequate a living as the keenest and most able-bodied incumbent. It is a frightful waste to put the blind at weaving baskets. It is waste to have convicts breaking stone or picking hemp or doing any sort of petty, useless task.

Making Jails Self-Supporting

A well-conducted jail should not only be self-supporting but a man in jail ought to be able to support his family or, if he has no family, he should be able to accumulate a sum of money sufficient to put him on his feet when he gets out of jail. I am not advocating convict labor or the farming out of men practically as slaves. Such a plan is too detestable for words. We have greatly overdone the prison business, anyway: we began at the wrong end. But as long as we have prisons they can be fitted into the general scheme of production so neatly that a prison may become a productive unit working for the relief of the public and the benefit of the prisoners. I know that there are laws — foolish laws passed by unthinking men — that restrict the industrial activities of prisons. Those laws were mostly passed at the behest of what is called labor. They are not for the benefit of the working man. Increasing the charges upon a community does not benefit any one in the community. If the idea of service be kept in mind, then there is always in every community more work to do than there are men who can do it.

Industry organized for service removes the need for philanthropy. Philanthropy, no matter how noble its motive, does not make for self-reliance. A community is the better for being discontented — for being dissatisfied with what it has. I do not mean the petty, daily, nagging, gnawing sort of discontent, but a broad, courageous sort of discontent which believes that everything which is done can and ought eventually to be done better. Industry organized for service — and the working man as well as the leader must serve — can pay wages sufficiently large to permit every family to be both self-reliant and self-supporting. A philanthropy that spends its time and money in helping the world to do more for itself is far better than the sort which merely gives and thus encourages idleness.

When the boy enters life untrained, he but adds to the already great scarcity of competent labor. Modern industry requires a degree of ability and skill which neither early quitting of school nor long continuance at school provides.

The Henry Ford Trade School

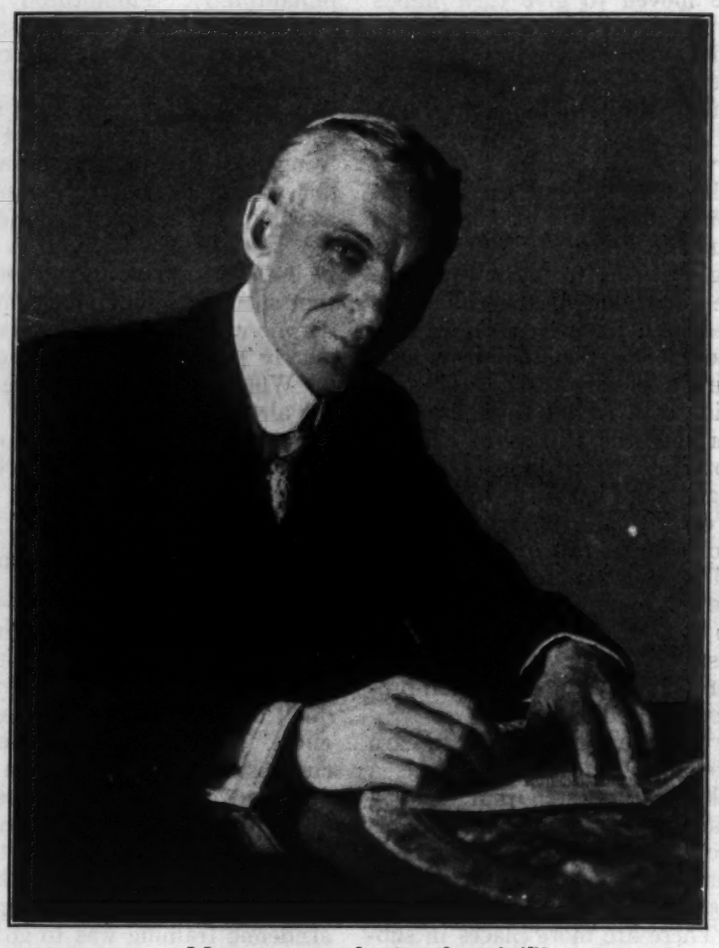
To meet this condition — to fulfill the boy's educational possibilities and at the same time begin his industrial training along constructive lines — the Henry Ford Trade School was incorporated in 1916. We don't use the word philanthropy in connection with this effort. It grew out of a desire to aid the boy whose circumstances compelled him to leave school early. This desire to aid fitted in conveniently with the necessity of providing trained toolmakers in the shops. From the beginning we have held to three cardinal principles: first that the boy was to be kept a boy and not changed into a premature working man; second, that the academic training was to go hand in hand with the industrial instruction; third, that the boy was to be given a sense of pride and responsibility in his work by being trained on articles which were to be used. He works only on objects of recognized industrial worth. The school is incorporated as a private school and is open to boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is organized on the basis of scholarships and each boy is awarded an annual cash scholarship of four hundred dollars at his entrance. This is gradually increased to a maximum of six hundred dollars if his record is satisfactory.

In physics and chemistry the industrial plant provides a laboratory in which theory becomes practice and the lesson becomes actual experience. Suppose the action of a pump is being taught. The teacher explains the parts and their functions, answers questions, and then they all troop away to the engine room to see a great pump. The school has a regular factory workshop with the finest equipment. The boys work up from one machine to the next. They work solely on parts or articles needed by the company, but our needs are so vast that this list comprehends nearly everything.

The inspected work is purchased by the Ford Motor Company, and, of course, the work that does not pass inspection is a loss to the school.

The boys do every operation with a clear understanding of the purposes and principles involved. They repair their own machines; they learn how to take care of themselves around machinery; they study pattern-making and, in clean, well-lighted rooms with their instructors, they lay the foundation for successful careers. They are handled as boys; their better boyish instincts are encouraged; and when one sees them in the shops and classes one cannot easily miss the light of dawning mastery in their eyes. They have a sense of "belonging." They feel they are doing something worth while. They learn readily and eagerly because they are learning the things which every active boy wants to learn and about which he is constantly asking questions that none of his home-folks can answer.

We have been able to let the boy have his boyhood. These boys learn to be workmen but they do not forget how to be boys. They can better help support their families by staying in school than by going out to work. When they are through, they have a good general education — the beginning of a technical education — and they are so skilled as workmen that they can earn wages which will give them the liberty to continue their education if they like. If they do not want more education, they have at least the skill to command high wages anywhere. They do not have to go into our factories; most of them do because they do not know where better jobs are to be had — we want all our jobs to be good for the men who take them. But there is no string tied to the boys. They have earned their own way and are under obligation to no one. There is no charity. The place pays for itself.



"More men are beaten than fail"

The Ford Hospital is being worked out on somewhat similar lines, but because of the interruption of the war — when it was given to the Government and became General Hospital No. 36, housing some fifteen hundred patients — the work has not yet advanced to the point of absolutely definite results. I did not deliberately set out to build this hospital. It began in 1914 as the Detroit General Hospital and was designed to be erected by popular subscription. With others I made a subscription, and the building began. Long before the first buildings were done, the funds became exhausted and I was asked to make another subscription. I refused because I thought that the managers should have known how much the building was going to cost before they started. And that sort of a beginning did not give great confidence as to how the place would be managed after it was finished. However, I did offer to take the whole hospital, paying back all the subscriptions that had been made. This was accomplished, and we were going forward with the work when, on August 1st, 1918, the whole institution was turned over to the Government. It was returned to us in October 1919 and on the tenth day of November of the same year the first private patient was admitted. This hospital is designed to be self-supporting — to give a maximum of service at a minimum of cost and without the lightest coloring of charity.

The charge to patients for a room, nursing, and medical attendance is $4.50 a day. This will be lowered as the size of the hospital increases. The charge for a major operation is $125. The charge for minor operations is according to a fixed scale.

Experiment Is Succeeding

There seems to be no good reason why the experiment should not be successful. Its success is purely a matter of management and mathematics. The same kind of management which permits a factory to give the fullest service will permit a hospital to give the fullest service, and at a price so low as to be within the reach of every one. The only difference between hospital and factory accounting is that I do not expect the hospital to return a profit; we do expect it to cover depreciation. The investment in this hospital to date is about nine million dollars.

If we can get away from charity, the funds that now go into charitable enterprises can be turned to furthering production — to making goods cheaply and in great plenty.

Fear is the offspring of a reliance placed on something outside — on a foreman's good-will, perhaps, on a shop's prosperity, on a market's steadiness. That is just another way of saying that fear is the portion of the man who acknowledges his career to be in the keeping of earthly circumstance. Fear is the result of the body assuming ascendency over the soul. It is the fruit of the mind that acknowledges itself to be a bond-slave. Many men fear every undertaking, and when you analyze the source of their fear you will find that it is nothing but the memory of their own previous failures. Men are like colts; if they are permitted to fail too often, it becomes a habit with them. Colts, however, fail because they are overloaded; men, because they do not "adjust their efforts to obstacles" — which was Napoleon's rule.

More men are beaten than fail. It is not wisdom they need, nor money, nor brilliance, nor "pull", but just plain gristle and bone. This rude, simple, primitive power which we call "stick-to-it-iveness" is the uncrowned king of the world of endeavor. People are utterly wrong in their slant upon things. They see the successes that men have made and somehow they appear to be easy. But that is a world away from the facts. It is failure that is easy. Success is always hard. A man can fail with ease; he can succeed only by paying out all that he has and is. It is this which makes success so pitiable a thing if it be in lines that are not useful and uplifting.

If a man is in constant fear of the industrial situation he ought to change his life so as not to be dependent upon it. There is always the land, and fewer people are on the land now than ever before. If a man lives in fear of an employer's favor changing toward him, he ought to extricate himself from dependence on any employer. He can become his own boss. It may be that he will be a poorer boss than the one he leaves, and that his returns will be much less, but at least he will have rid himself of the shadow of his pet fear, and that is worth a great deal in money and position. Better still, is for the man to come up through himself and exceed himself by getting rid of his fears in the midst of the circumstances where his daily lot is cast. Become a freeman in the place where you first surrendered your freedom. Win your battle where you lost it. And you will come to see that, although there was much outside of you that was not right, there was more inside of you that was not right. Thus you will learn that the wrong inside of you spoils even the right that is outside of you.

A man is still the superior being of the earth. Whatever happens, he is still a man. Business may slacken tomorrow — he is still a man. He goes through the changes of circumstances, as he goes through the variations of temperature — still a man. If he can only get this thought reborn in him, it opens new wells and mines in his own being. There is no security outside of himself. There is no wealth outside of himself. The elimination of fear is the bringing in of security and supply.

Let every American become steeled against coddling. Americans ought to resent coddling. It is a drug. Stand up and stand out; let weaklings take charity.

CHAPTER XV.

EDISON AND BURROUGHS

No man exceeds Thomas A. Edison in broad vision and understanding. I met him first many years ago when I was with the Detroit Edison Company — probably about 1887 or thereabouts. The electrical men held a convention at Atlantic City and Edison, as the leader in electrical science, made an address. I was then working on my gasoline engine, and most people, including all of my associates in the electrical company, had taken pains to tell me that time spent on a gasoline engine was time wasted — that the power of the future was to be electricity. These criticisms had not made any impression on me. I was working ahead with all my might. But being in the same room with Edison suggested to me that it would be a good idea to find out if the master of electricity thought it was going to be the only power in the future. So, after Mr. Edison had finished his address, I managed to catch him alone for a moment. I told him what I was working on.

At once he was interested. He is interested in every search for new knowledge. And then I asked him if he thought that there was a future for the internal combustion engine. He answered something in this fashion:

"Yes, there is a big future for any light-weight engine that can develop a high horse power and be self-contained. No one kind of motive power is ever going to do all the work of the country. We do not know what electricity can do, but I take for granted that it cannot do everything. Keep on with your engine. If you can get what you are after, I can see a great future."

That is characteristic of Edison. He was the central figure in the electrical industry which was then young and enthusiastic. The rank and file of the electrical men could see nothing ahead but electricity, but their leader could see with crystal clearness that no one power could do all the work of the country. I suppose that is why he was the leader.

Such was my first meeting with Edison. I did not see him again until many years after — until our motor had been developed and was in production. He remembered perfectly our first meeting. Since then we have seen each other often. He is one of my closest friends, and we together have swapped many an idea.

His knowledge is almost universal. He is interested in every conceivable subject and he recognizes no limitations. He believes that all things are possible. At the same time he keeps his feet on the ground. He goes forward step by step. He regards "impossible" as the description of that which we have not at the moment the knowledge to achieve. He knows that as we build knowledge we build the power to overcome the impossible. That is the rational way of doing the "impossible." The irrational way is to make the attempt without the toil of accumulating knowledge. The world is going to hear a great deal more of Mr. Edison. He is only approaching the height of his power. He is the man who is going to show us what chemistry really can do. For he is a real scientist who regards the knowledge for which he is always searching as a tool to shape the progress of the world. He is not the type of scientist who merely stores up knowledge and turns his head into a museum. Edison is easily the world's greatest scientist. I am not sure that he is not also the world's worst business man. He knows almost nothing of business.

Birds and John Burroughs

John Burroughs was another of those who honored me with their friendship. I like birds. I like the outdoors. I like to walk across country and jump fences. We have five hundred bird houses on the farm. We call them our bird hotels, and one of them, the Hotel Pontchartrain — a martinhouse — has seventy-six apartments. All winter long we have wire baskets of food hanging about on the trees and then there is a big basin in which the water is kept from freezing by an electric heater. Summer and winter, food, drink, and shelter are on hand for the birds, and a series of sparrow traps keeps them from being bothered. We have hatched pheasants and quail in incubators and then turned them over to electric brooders. We have all kinds of bird houses and nests. The sparrows, who are great abusers of hospitality, insist that their nests be immovable — that they do not sway in the wind; the wrens rather like swaying nests. So we mounted a number of wren boxes on strips of spring steel so that they sway in the wind.

The wrens liked the idea and the sparrows did not, so we have been able to have the wrens nest in peace. In summer we leave the cherries on the trees and the strawberries open in the beds, and I think that we have more different kinds of bird callers than anywhere else in the northern states. John Burroughs said he thought we had, and one day when he was staying at our place he came across a bird that he had never seen before.

About ten years ago we imported a great number of birds from abroad — yellow-hammers, chaffinches, green finches, red pales, twites, bullfinches, jays, linnets, larks — some five hundred of them. They stayed around a while, but where they are now I do not know. I shall not import any more. Birds are entitled to live where they want to live.

Birds are the best of companions. We need them for their beauty and their companionship, and also we need them for the strictly economic reason that they destroy harmful insects. The only time I ever used the Ford organization to influence legislation was on behalf of the birds, and I think the end justified the means. The Weeks-McLean Bird Bill, providing for bird sanctuaries for our migratory birds, had been hanging in Congress with every likelihood of dying a natural death. Its immediate sponsors could not arouse much interest among the Congressmen. Birds do not vote. We got behind that bill and we asked each of our six thousand dealers to wire to his representative in Congress. It began to become apparent that birds might have votes; the bill went through.

To get back to John Burroughs. Of course I knew who he was and I had read nearly everything he had written, but I had never thought of meeting him until some years ago when he developed a grudge against modern progress. He detested money and especially he detested the power which money gives to vulgar people to despoil the lovely countryside. He grew to dislike industry out of which money is made. He disliked the noise of factories and railways. He set himself against industrial progress and he declared that the automobile was going to kill the appreciation of nature. I fundamentally disagreed with him. I thought that his emotions had taken him on the wrong track and so I sent him an automobile with the request that he try it out and discover for himself whether it would not help him to know nature better. That automobile — and it took him some time to learn how to manage it himself — completely changed his point of view. He found that it helped him to see more, and from the time of getting it, he made nearly all of his bird hunting expeditions behind the steering wheel. He learned that instead of having to confine himself to a few miles around Slabsides, the whole countryside was open to him.

An Auto and Changing Views

Out of that automobile grew our friendship and it was a fine one. No man could help being the better for knowing John Burroughs. He was not a professional naturalist, nor did he make sentiment do for hard research. It is easy to grow sentimental out-of-doors, it is hard to pursue the truth about a bird as one would pursue a mechanical principle. But John Burroughs did that, and as a result the observations he set down were very largely accurate. If he was inclined to impatience at all, it was with men who were not accurate in their observations of natural life. If the thing was worth writing about at all, it was worth following for its own sake. John Burroughs first loved nature for its own sake; it was not merely his stock of material as a professional writer. He loved it before he wrote about it.

Late in life, he turned philosopher. His philosophy was not so much a philosophy of nature as it was a natural philosophy — the long serene thoughts of a man who had lived in the tranquil spirit of the trees. He was not pagan; he was not pantheist; but he did not much divide between nature and human nature. John Burroughs lived a wholesome life. He was fortunate to have as his home the farm on which he was born. Through long years his surroundings were those which made for quietness of mind. He loved the woods and he made dusty-minded city people love them too — he helped them see what he saw. He did not make much beyond a living. He could have done so, perhaps, but that was not his aim. Like another American naturalist, his occupation could have been described as inspector of birds' nests and hillside paths. Of course, that does not pay in dollars and cents.

When he had passed the three score and ten he changed his views on industry. Perhaps I had something to do with that. He came to see that the whole world could not live by hunting birds' nests. At one time in his life, he had a grudge against all modern progress, especially where associated with the burning of coal and the noise of traffic. Perhaps that was as near to literary affectation as he ever came. Wordsworth disliked railways too, and Thoreau said that he could see more of the country by walking. Perhaps it was influences, such as these, which bent John Burroughs for a time against industrial progress. But only for a time. He came to see that it was fortunate for him that others' tastes ran in other channels, just as it was fortunate for the world that his taste ran in its own channel. There has been no observable development in the method of making birds' nests since the beginning of recorded observation, but that was hardly a reason why human beings should not prefer modern sanitary homes to cave dwellings. This was a part of John Burroughs' sanity — he was not afraid to change his views. He was a lover of Nature, not her dupe. In the course of time he came to value and approve modern devices, and though this by itself is an interesting fact, it is not so interesting as the fact that he made this change after he was seventy years old. John Burroughs was never too old to change. He kept growing to the last. The man who is too set to change is dead already. The funeral is a mere detail.

If he talked more of one person than another, it was Emerson. Not only did he know Emerson by heart as an author, but he knew him by heart as a spirit. He taught me to know Emerson. He had so saturated himself with Emerson that at one time he thought as he did and even fell into his mode of expression. But afterward he found his own way — which for him was better.

There is no sadness in John Burroughs' death. When the grain lies brown and ripe under the harvest sun, and the harvesters are busy binding it into sheaves, there is no sadness for the grain. It had ripened and had fulfilled its term, and so had John Burroughs. With him it was full ripeness and harvest, not decay. He worked almost to the end. His plans ran beyond the end. They buried him amid the scenes he loved, and it was his eighty-fourth birthday. Those scenes will be preserved as he loved them.

John Burroughs, Edison, and I with Harvey S. Firestone made several vagabond trips together. We went in motor caravans and slept under canvas. Once we gypsied through the Adirondacks and again through

the Alleghenies, heading southward. The trips were good fun — except that they began to attract too much attention.

Views On Education

An able man is a man who can do things, and his ability to do things is dependent on what he has in him, and what he has in him depends on what he started with and what he has done to increase and discipline it.

An educated man is not one whose memory is trained to carry a few dates in history — he is one who can accomplish things. A man who cannot think is not an educated man, however many college degrees he may have acquired. Thinking is the hardest work any one can do — which is probably the reason why we have so few thinkers. There are two extremes to be avoided; one is the attitude of contempt toward education, the other is the tragic snobbery of assuming that marching through an educational system is a sure cure for ignorance and mediocrity. You cannot learn in any school what the world is going to do next year, but you can learn some of the things which the world has tried to do in former years, and where it failed, and why it succeeded. If education consisted in warning the young student away from some of the false theories on which men have tried to build, so that he may be saved the loss of time in finding out by bitter experience, its good would be unquestioned. An education which consisted of sign posts indicating the failures and the fallacies of the past, doubtlessly would be very useful. It is not education just to possess the theories of a lot of professors. Speculation is very interesting, and sometimes profitable, but it is not education. To be learned in science today is merely to be aware of a hundred theories that have not been proved. And not to know what those theories are is to be "uneducated," "ignorant," and so forth. If knowledge of guesses is learning, then one may become learned by the simple expedient of making his own guesses. And by the same token he can dub the rest of the world "ignorant" because it does not know what his guesses are. But the best that education can do for a man is to put him in possession of his powers, give him control of the tools with which destiny has endowed him, and teach him how to think. The college renders its best service as an intellectual gymnasium, in which mental muscle is developed and the student strengthened to do what he can. To say, however, that mental gymnastics can only be had in college is not true, as every educator knows. A man's real education begins after he has left school. True education is gained through the discipline of life.

Men satisfy their minds more by finding out things for themselves, than by heaping together the things which somebody else has found out. You can go out and gather knowledge all your life, and with all your gathering you will not catch up even with your own times. You may fill your head with all the "facts" of all the ages, and your head may be just an overloaded fact-box when you get through. The point is this: Great piles of knowledge in the head are not the same as mental activity. A man may be very learned and very useless. And then again, a man may be unlearned and very useful, very wide-awake in his mind.

The object of education is not to fill a man's mind with facts; it is to teach him how to use his mind in thinking. And it often happens that a man can think better if he is not hampered by the knowledge of the past.

It is a very human tendency to think that what mankind does not yet know, no one can learn. And yet it must be perfectly clear to every one that the past learning of mankind cannot be allowed to hinder our future learning. Mankind has not gone so very far, when you measure its progress against the knowledge that is yet to be gained — the secrets that are yet to be learned.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEMOCRACY AND INDUSTRY

Perhaps no word is more overworked nowadays than the word "democracy" and those who shout loudest about it I think, as a rule, want it least. I am always suspicious of men who speak glibly of democracy. I wonder if they want to set up some kind of a despotism or if they want to have somebody do for them what they ought to do for themselves. I am for the kind of democracy that gives to each an equal chance according to his ability. I think if we give more attention to serving our fellows we shall have less concern with the empty forms of government and more concern with the things to be done. Thinking of service, we shall not bother about good feeling in industry or life; we shall not bother about masses and classes or closed or open shops and such matters that have nothing at all to do with the real business of living. We can get down to facts. We stand in need of facts.

It is a shock when the mind awakens to the fact that not all of humanity is human — that whole groups of people do not regard others with humane feelings. Great efforts have been made to have this appear as the attitude of a class, but it is really the attitude of all "classes," in so far as they are swayed by the false notion of "classes." Before, when it was the constant effort of propaganda to make the people believe that it was only the "rich" who were without humane feelings, the opinion became general that among the "poor" the humane virtues flourished.

But the "rich" and the "poor" are both very small minorities, and you cannot classify society under such heads. There are not enough "rich" and there are not enough "poor" to serve the purpose of such classification. Rich men have become poor without changing their natures, and poor men have become rich, and the problem has not been affected by it.

Between the rich and the poor is the great mass of the people who are neither rich nor poor, and who never will be. A society made up exclusively of millionaires would not be different from our present society; some of the millionaires would have to raise wheat and bake bread and make machinery and run trains — else they would all starve to death. Some one has to do the work. The press may give the impression that the well-to-do are the important people; and the agitator may give the impression that the impoverished are alone important. But both are only minute sections of society; those who really make the world go around are the in-betweens. They are not a class. Indeed we have no fixed classes. We have men who will work and men who won't. Most of the "classes" that one reads about are purely fictional. Take certain capitalist papers. You will be amazed by some of the statements about the laboring class. We who have been and still are a part of the laboring class know that the statements are untrue. We feel that if the writers only knew the people of whom they write their views would be changed. Take certain of the labor papers. You are equally amazed by some of the statements they make about "capitalists." And yet on both sides there is a grain of truth. The man who is a capitalist and nothing else, who gambles with the fruits of other men's

labors, deserves all that is said against him. He is in precisely the same class as the cheap gambler who cheats workingmen out of their wages.

Biased Sources of Information

The statements we read about the laboring class in the capitalistic press are seldom written by managers of great industries, but by a class of writers who are writing what they think will please their employers. They write what they imagine will please; they have no desire to correct or instruct. Examine the labor press and you will find another class of writers who similarly seek to tickle the prejudices which they conceive the laboring man to have. Both kinds of writers are mere propagandists. And propaganda that does not spread facts is self-destructive. And it should be. You cannot preach patriotism to men for the purpose of getting them to stand still while you rob them — and get away with that kind of preaching very long. You cannot preach the duty of working hard and producing plentifully, and make that a screen for an additional profit to yourself. And neither can the worker conceal the lack of a day's work by a phrase.

Undoubtedly the employing class possesses facts which their employees ought to have in order to construct sound opinions and pass fair judgments. Undoubtedly the employed class possesses facts which are equally important to the employer. It is extremely doubtful, however, that either side has all the facts. And this is where propaganda, even if it were possible for it to be entirely successful, is defective. It is not desirable that one set of ideas be "put over" on a class holding another set of ideas. What we really need is to get all the ideas together and construct from them.

The only true labor leader is the one who leads labor to work and to wages, and not the leader who leads labor to strikes, sabotage and starvation. The union of labor which is coming to the fore in this country is the union of everybody whose interests are interdependent, whose interests are altogether dependent on the usefulness and efficiency of the service they render. In the new union there is no longer capital and labor; capital is fuel, as coal is; and labor is a component of the product, as motive power and character; and together they blend for the rendering of the service by which both together live. The union principle is the job — fellowship in efforts and fellowship in its fruits.

There is a change coming. When the union of "union leaders" disappears, with it will go the union of blind bosses — bosses who never did a decent thing for their employees until they were compelled. If the blind boss was the disease, the selfish union leader was the antidote. When the union leader became the disease, the blind boss became the antidote. Both are misfits, both are out of place in well-organized society. And they are both disappearing together.

It is the blind boss whose voice is heard today saying, "Now is the time to smash labor, we've got them on the run." That voice is going down to silence with the voice that preaches "class war." The producers — from the men at the drawing board to the men on the molding floor — have gotten together in a real union, and they will handle their own affairs henceforth.

Exploiting Dissatisfaction a Business

The exploitation of dissatisfaction is an established business today. Its object is not to settle anything, nor to get anything done, but to keep dissatisfaction in existence. And the instruments used to do this are a whole set of false theories and promises which can never be fulfilled as long as the earth remains what it is.

I am not opposed to labor organization. I am not opposed to any sort of organization that makes for progress. It is organizing to limit production — whether by employers or by workers — that matters.

The working man himself must be on guard against some very dangerous notions — dangerous to himself and to the welfare of the country. It is sometimes said that the less a worker does the more jobs he creates for other men. This fallacy assumes that idleness is creative. Idleness never created a job. It only creates burdens. The industrious man never runs his fellow-worker out of a job; indeed, it is the industrious man who is the partner of the industrious manager — who creates more and more business and therefore more and more jobs. It is a great pity that the idea should ever have gone abroad among sensible men that by "soldiering" on the job they help someone else. A moment's thought will show the weakness of such an idea. The healthy business, the business that is always making more and more opportunities for men to earn an honorable and ample living is the business where every man does a day's work of which he is proud. And the country that stands most securely is the country where men work honestly and do not play tricks with the means of production. We cannot play fast and loose with economic laws, because if we do they mishandle us in very hard ways.

The fact that a piece of work is now being done by nine men which used to be done by ten men does not mean that the tenth man is unemployed. He is merely not employed on that work, and the public is not carrying the burden of his support by paying more than it ought on that work — for after all, it is the public that pays!

An industrial concern which is wide enough awake to reorganize for efficiency, and honest enough with the public to charge it necessary costs and no more, is usually such an enterprising concern that it has plenty of jobs at which to employ the tenth man. It is bound to grow, and growth means more jobs. A well-managed concern is always seeking to lower the labor cost to the public; and it is certain to employ more men than the concern which loafs along and makes the public pay the cost of its mismanagement.

The tenth man was an unnecessary cost. The ultimate consumer was paying him. But the fact that he was unnecessary on that particular job does not mean that he is unnecessary in the work of the world, or even in the work of his particular shop.

The experience of the Ford industries with the workingman has been entirely satisfactory, both in the United States and abroad. We have no antagonism to unions and participate in no arrangements either with employee or employer organizations. The wages paid are always higher than any reasonable union could think to demand, and the hours of work are always shorter. There is nothing that a union membership could do for our people. Some of them may belong to unions, probably the majority do not. We do not know and make no attempt to find out, for it is a matter of not the slightest concern to us. We respect the unions, sympathize with their good aims and denounce their bad ones. In turn I think that they give us respect, for there has never been any authoritative attempt to come between the men and the management in our plants. Of course radical agitators have tried to stir up trouble now and again, but the men have mostly regarded them simply as human oddities and their interest in them has been the same sort of interest that they would have in

a four-legged man. That these agitators have been about has come to us solely by hearsay.

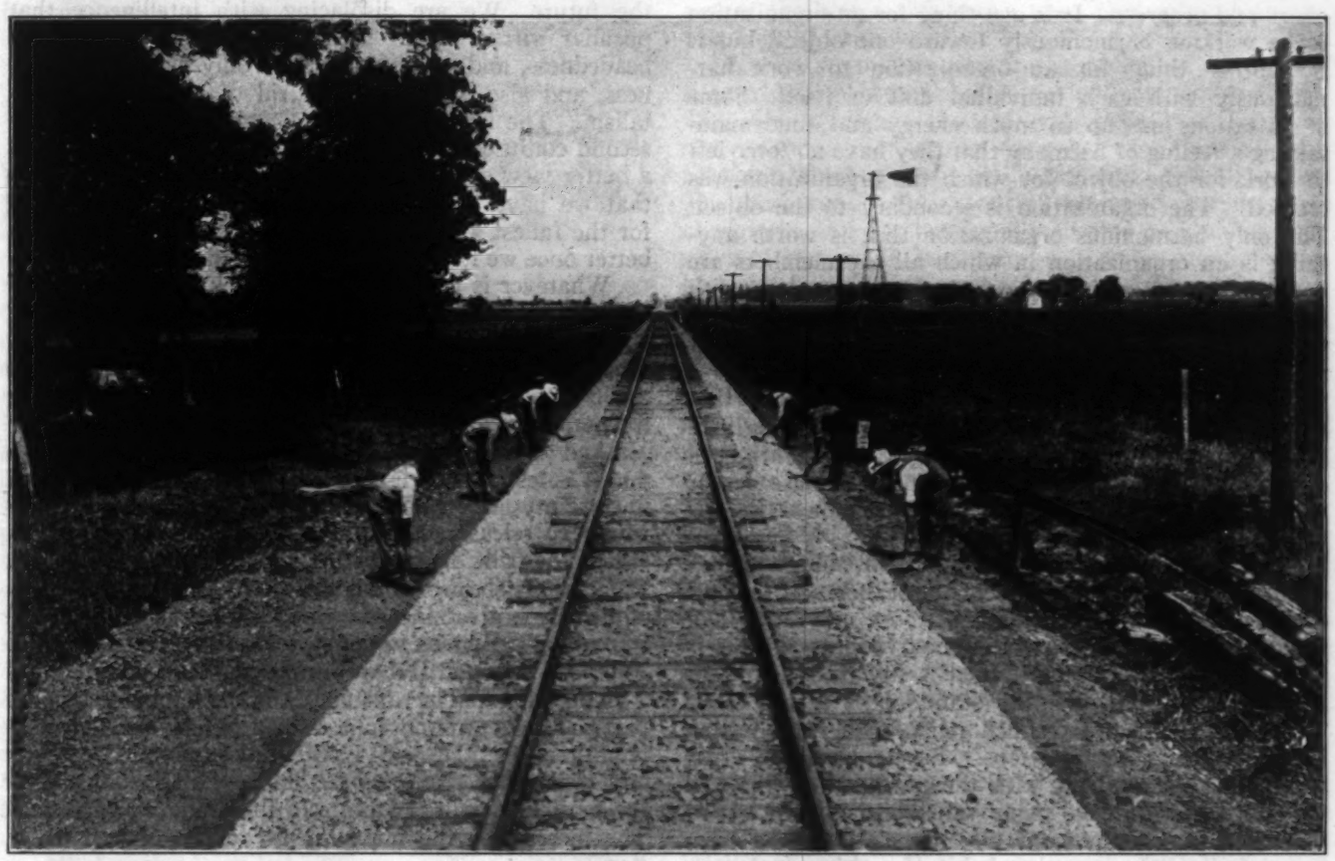
Meeting the Union Question

In England we did meet the trades union question squarely in our Manchester plant. The workmen of Manchester are mostly unionized and the usual English union restrictions upon output prevail. We took over a body plant in which were a number of union carpenters. At once the union officers asked to see our executives and arrange terms. We deal only with our own employees and never with outside representatives, so our people refused to see the union officials. Thereupon they called the carpenters out on strike. The carpenters would not strike and were expelled from the union. Then the expelled men brought suit against the union for their share of the benefit fund. I do not know how the litigation turned out but that was the end of interference by trades union officers with our operations in England.

We make no attempt to coddle the people who work with us. It is absolutely a give and take relation. During the period in which we largely increased wages, we did have a considerable supervisory force. The home life of the men was investigated and an effort was made to find out what they did with their wages. Perhaps at the time it was necessary; it gave us valuable information. But it would not do at all as a permanent affair and, as I have previously noted, it has been abandoned.

We do not believe in the "glad hand," or the professionalized "personal touch," or "human element." It is too late in the day for that sort of thing. Men want something more than a worthy sentiment. Social conditions are not made out of words. They are the net result of the daily relations between man and man. The best social spirit is evidenced by some act which costs the management something and which benefits all. That is the only way to prove your good intentions and win respect. Propaganda, bulletins, lectures — they are nothing. It is the right act sincerely done that counts.

A great business is really too big to be human. It grows so large as to supplant the personality of the man. In a big business the employer, like the employee, is lost in the mass. Together they have created a great productive organization which sends out articles that the world buys and pays in return money that provides a livelihood for every one in the business. The business itself becomes the big thing.



A gang of Ford laborers outworked competing gangs

There is something sacred about a big business which provides a living for hundreds and thousands of families. When one looks about at the babies coming into the world, at the boys and girls going to school, at the young workingmen who, on the strength of their jobs, are marrying and setting up for themselves, at the thousands of homes that are being paid for on installments out of the earnings of men — when one looks at a great productive organization that is enabling all these things to be done, then the continuance of that business becomes a holy trust. It becomes greater and more important than the individuals.

Harmony — and Overdoing It

The employer is but a man like his employees and is subject to all the limitations of humanity. He is justified in holding his job only as he can fill it. If he can steer the business straight, if his men can trust him to run his end of the work properly and without endangering their security in life, then he is filling his

place. Otherwise he is no more fit for his position than would be an infant. The employer, like every one else, is to be judged solely by his ability. He may be but a name to the men — a name on a signboard. But there is the business — it is more than a name. It produces the living — and a living is a pretty tangible thing. The business is a reality. It does things. It is a going concern. The evidence of its fitness is that the pay envelopes keep coming.

You can hardly have too much harmony in business. But you can go too far in picking men because they harmonize. You can have so much harmony that there will not be enough of the thrust and counterthrust which is life — enough of the competition which means effort and progress. It is one thing for an organization to be working harmoniously toward one object, but it is another thing for an organization to work harmoniously with each individual unit of itself. Some organizations use up so much energy and time maintaining a feeling of harmony that they have no force left to work for the object for which the organization was created. The organization is secondary to the object. The only harmonious organization that is worth anything is an organization in which all the members are bent on the one main purpose — not to get along with itself, but to get along toward the objective. A common purpose, honestly believed in, sincerely desired — that is the great harmonizing principle.

I pity the poor fellow who is so soft and flabby that he must always have "an atmosphere of good feeling" around him before he can do his work. There are such men. They produce with a sort of hot-house fervor while they are being coddled, but the moment the atmosphere chills and becomes critical they become helpless. And in the end, unless they obtain enough mental and moral hardiness to lift them out of their soft reliance on "feeling," they are failures. Not only are they business failures; they are character failures also; it is as if their bones never attained a sufficient degree of hardness to enable them to stand on their own feet. There is altogether too much reliance on good feeling in our business organizations. People have too great a fondness for working with the people they like. In the end it spoils a good many valuable qualities.

Do not misunderstand me; when I use the term "good feeling" I mean that habit of making one's personal likes and dislikes the sole standard of judgment. Suppose you do not like a man. Is that anything against him? It may be something against you. What have your likes or dislikes to do with the facts? Every man of common sense knows that there are men whom he dislikes, who are really more capable than he is himself.

And taking all this out of the shop and into the broader fields it is not necessary for the rich to love the poor or the poor to love the rich. It is not necessary for the employee to love the employer or for the employer to love the worker. What is necessary is that each should try to do justice to the other according to his deserts. That is real democracy and not the question of who ought to own the bricks and the mortar and the furnaces and the mills. And democracy has nothing to do with the question "Who ought to be boss?"

That is very much like asking: "Who ought to be the tenor in the quartet?" Obviously, the man who can sing tenor. You could not depose Caruso. Suppose some theory of musical democracy had deposed Caruso to the musical proletariat. Would that have reared another tenor to take his place? Or would Caruso's gifts have still remained his own?

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

We are — unless I do not read the signs aright — in the midst of a change. It is going on all about us, slowly and scarcely observed, but with a firm surety. We are gradually learning to relate cause and effect. A great deal of that which we call disturbance — a great deal of the upset in what have seemed to be established institutions — is really but the surface indication of something approaching a regeneration. The public point of view is changing, and we really need only a somewhat different point of view to make the very bad system of the past into a very good system of the future. We are displacing with intelligence that peculiar virtue which used to be admired as hard-headedness, and which was really only wooden-headedness, and also we are getting rid of mushy sentimentalism. The first confused hardness with progress; the second confused softness with progress. We are getting a better view of the realities and are beginning to know that we have already in the world all things needful for the fullest kind of a life and that we shall use them better once we learn what they are and what they mean.

Whatever is wrong — and we all know that much is wrong — can be righted by a clear definition of the wrongness. We have been looking so much at one another, at what one has and another lacks, that we have made a personal affair out of something that is too big for personalities.

And as the struggle for mere existence grows less — and it is less than it used to be — although the sense of uncertainty may have increased — we have an opportunity to release some of the finer motives. We think less of the frills of civilization as we grow used to them. Progress, as the world has thus far known it, is accompanied by a great increase in the things of life. There is more gear, more wrought material, in the average American backyard than in the whole domain of an African king. The average American boy has more paraphernalia around him than a whole Eskimo community. The utensils of kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and coal cellar make a list that would have staggered the most luxurious potentate of five hundred years ago. The increase in the impedimenta of life only marks a stage.

It takes only a moment's thought to see that as far as individual personal advantage is concerned, vast accumulations of money mean nothing. A human being is a human being and is nourished by the same amount and quality of food, is warmed by the same weight of clothing, whether he be rich or poor. And no one can inhabit more than one room at a time.

But if one has visions of service, if one has vast plans which no ordinary resources could possibly realize, if one has a life ambition to make the industrial desert bloom like the rose, and the work-a-day life suddenly blossom into fresh and enthusiastic human motives of higher character and efficiency, then one sees in large sums of money what the farmer sees in his seed corn — the beginning of new and richer harvests whose benefits can no more be selfishly confined than can the sun's rays.

Two Kinds of Fools

There are two fools in this world. One is the millionaire who thinks that by hoarding money he can somehow accumulate real power, and the other is the penniless reformer who thinks that if only he can take the money from one class and give it to another, all our ills will be cured. They are both on the wrong

track. They might as well try to corner all the checkers or all the dominoes of the world under the delusion that they are thereby cornering great quantities of skill. Some of the most successful money-makers of our times have never added one pennyworth to the wealth of men. Does a card player add to the wealth of the world?

If we all created wealth up to the limits, the easy limits, of our creative capacity, then it would simply be a case of there being enough for everybody, and everybody getting enough. Any real scarcity of the necessaries of life in the world — not a fictitious scarcity caused by the lack of clinking metallic disks in one's purse — is due only to lack of production. And lack of production is due only too often to lack of knowledge how and what to produce.

* * * *

This much we must believe as a starting point:

That the earth produces, or is capable of producing, enough to give decent sustenance to every one — not of food alone, but of everything else we need. For everything is produced from the earth.

* * * *

The business of life is easy or hard according to the skill or the lack of skill displayed in production and distribution. It has been thought that business existed for profit. That is wrong. Business exists for service. It is a profession, and must have recognized professional ethics, to violate which declasses a man. Business needs more of the professional spirit. The professional spirit seeks professional integrity, from pride, not from compulsion. The professional spirit detects its own violations and penalizes them. Business will some day become clean. A machine that stops every little while is an imperfect machine, and its imperfection is within itself. A body that falls sick every little while is a diseased body, and its disease is within itself. So with business. Its faults, many of them purely the faults of the moral constitution of business, clog its progress and make it sick every little while. Some day the ethics of business will be universally recognized, and in that day business will be seen to be the oldest and most useful of all the professions.

All that the Ford industries have done — all that I have done — is to endeavor to evidence by works that service comes before profit and that the sort of business which makes the world better for its presence is a noble profession. Often it has come to me that what is regarded as the somewhat remarkable progression of our enterprises — I will not say "success," for that word is an epitaph, and we are just starting — is due to some accident; and that the methods which we have used, while well enough in their way, fit only the making of our particular products and would not do at all in any other line of business or indeed for any products or personalities other than our own.

No Magic in Ford's Success

It used to be taken for granted that our theories and our methods were fundamentally unsound. That is because they were not understood. Events have killed that kind of comment, but there remains a wholly sincere belief that what we have done could not be done by any other company — that we have been touched by a wand, that neither we nor any one else could make shoes, or hats, or sewing machines, or watches, or typewriters, or any other necessity after the manner in which we make automobiles and tractors. And that if only we ventured into other fields we should right quickly discover our errors. I do not agree with any of this. Nothing has come to us out of the air. The foregoing pages should prove that. We have nothing that others might not have. We have had no good fortune except that which always attends any one who puts his best into his work. There was nothing that could be called "favorable" about our beginning. We began with almost nothing. What we have we earned, and we earned it by unremitting labor and faith in a principle.

We took what was a luxury and turned it into a necessity, and without trick or subterfuge. When we began to make our present motor car the country had few good roads, gasoline was scarce, and the idea was firmly implanted in the public mind that an automobile was at the best a rich man's toy. Our only advantage was lack of precedent.

We began to manufacture according to a creed — a creed which at that time was unknown in business. The new is always thought odd and some of us are so constituted that we can never get over thinking that anything which is new must be odd and probably queer. The mechanical working out of our creed is constantly changing. We are continually finding new and better ways of putting it into practise but the principles we have not found necessary to alter, and I cannot imagine how it might ever be necessary to alter them because I hold that they are absolutely universal and must lead to a better and wider life for all.

If I did not think so I would not keep working — for the money that I make is inconsequent. Money is useful only as it serves to forward by practical example the principle that business is justified only as it serves, that it must always give more to the community than it takes away, and that unless everybody benefits by the existence of a business that business should not exist. I have proved this with automobiles and tractors. I intend to prove it with railways and public service corporations — not for my personal satisfaction and not for the money that may be earned. (It is perfectly impossible, applying these principles, to avoid making a much larger profit than if profit were the main object.) I want to prove it so that all of us may have more and that all of us may live better by increasing the service rendered by all businesses. Poverty cannot be abolished by formula; it can be abolished only by hard and intelligent work. We are, in effect, an experimental station to prove a principle. That we do make money is only further proof that we are right.

In the first chapter we set forth the creed. Let me repeat it in the light of the work that has been done under it — for it is at the basis of all our work:

(1) An absence of fear of the future or veneration for the past. One who fears the future, who fears failure, limits his activities. Failure is only the opportunity more intelligently to begin again. There is no disgrace in honest failure; there is disgrace in fearing to fail. What is past is useful only as it suggests ways and means for progress.

(2) A disregard of competition. Whoever does a thing best ought to be the one to do it. It is criminal to try to get business away from another man — criminal because one is then trying to lower for personal gain the condition of one's fellow men, to rule by force instead of by intelligence.

(3) The putting of service before profit. Without a profit, business cannot extend. There is nothing inherently wrong about making a profit. Well-conducted business enterprises cannot fail to return a profit, but profit must and inevitably will come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis — it must be the result of service.

(4) Manufacturing is not buying low and selling high. It is the process of buying materials fairly and, with the smallest possible addition of cost, transforming those materials into a consumable product and distributing it to the consumer. Gambling, speculating, and sharp dealing, tend only to clog this progression.

* * * *

The basis of all economic reasoning is the earth and its products. To make the yield of the earth, in all its forms, large enough and dependable enough to serve as the basis for real life — the life which is more than eating and sleeping — is the highest service. That is the real foundation for an economic system.

We can make things — the problem of production has been solved brilliantly. We can make any number of different sorts of things by the millions. The material mode of our life is splendidly provided for. There are enough processes and improvements now pigeon-holed and awaiting application, to bring the physical side of life to almost millenial completeness. But we are too wrapped up in the things we are doing — we are not enough concerned with the reasons why we do them. Our whole competitive system, our whole creative expression, all the play of our faculties seem to be centered around material production and its by-products of success and wealth.

Mass and Group Advantage

There is, for instance, a feeling that personal or group benefit can be had at the expense of other persons or groups. There is nothing to be gained by crushing any one. If the "farmers' bloc" should crush the manufacturers would the farmers be better off? If the manufacturers' bloc should crush the farmers, would the manufacturers be better off? Could capital gain by crushing labor? Or labor by crushing capital? Or does a man in business gain by crushing a competitor? Destructive competition lacks the qualities out of which progress comes. Progress comes from a generous form of rivalry.

Every advance begins in a small way and with the individual. The mass can be no better than the sum of the individuals. Advancement begins within the man himself; when he advances from half interest to strength of purpose; when he advances from hesitancy to decisive directness; when he advances from immaturity to maturity of judgment; when he advances from apprenticeship to mastery; when he advances from a mere *dilettante* at labor to a worker who finds a genuine joy in work; when he advances from an eye-server to one who can be entrusted to do his work without oversight and without prodding — why, then the world advances! The advance is not easy. We live in flabby times when men are being taught that everything ought to be easy. Work that amounts to anything will never be easy. And the higher you go in the scale of responsibility, the harder becomes the job. Ease has its place, of course. Every man who works ought to have sufficient leisure. The man who works hard should have his easy chair, his comfortable fireside, his pleasant surroundings. These are his by right. But no one deserves ease until after his work is done.

The opportunity to work is now greater than ever it was. The opportunity to advance is greater. It is true that the young man who enters industry to-day enters a very different system from that in which the young man of fifteen or twenty-five years ago began his career. The system has been tightened up; there is less play or friction in it; fewer matters are left to the haphazard will of the individual; the modern worker finds himself part of an organization which apparently leaves him little initiative. Yet, with all this, it is not true that "men are mere machines." It is not true that opportunity has been lost in organization. If the young man will liberate himself from these ideas and regard the system as it is, he will find that what he thought was a barrier is really an aid.

Factory organization is not a device to prevent the expansion of ability but a device to reduce the waste and losses due to mediocrity. It is not a device to hinder the ambitious, clear-headed man from doing his best, but a device to prevent the don't-care sort of individual from doing his worst. That is to say, when laziness, carelessness, slothfulness and lack-interest are allowed to have their own way everybody suffers. The factory cannot prosper and therefore cannot pay living wages. When an organization makes it necessary for the don't care class to do better than they naturally would, it is for their benefit — they are better physically, mentally and financially. What wages should we be able to pay if we trusted a large don't-care class to their own methods and gait of production?

No system operates itself. And the modern system needs more brains for its operation than did the old. More brains are needed to-day than ever before, although perhaps they are not needed in the same place as they once were. It is just like power: formerly every machine was run by foot power; the power was right at the machine. But nowadays we have moved the power back — concentrated it in the power-house. Thus also we have made it unnecessary for the highest types of mental ability to be engaged in every operation in the factory. The better brains are in the mental power plant.

Every business that is growing is at the same time creating new places for capable men. It cannot help but do so. This does not mean that new openings come every day and in groups. Not at all. They come only after hard work; it is the fellow who can stand the gaff of routine and still keep himself alive and alert who finally gets into direction. It is not sensational brilliance that one seeks in business, but sound, substantial dependability. Big enterprises of necessity move slowly and cautiously. The young with ambition ought to take a long look ahead and leave an ample margin of time for things to happen.

A great many things are going to change. We shall learn to be masters rather than servants of Nature. With all our fancied skill we still depend largely on natural resources and think that they cannot be displaced. We dig coal and ore and cut down trees. We use the coal and the ore and they are gone; the trees cannot be replaced within a lifetime. We shall some day harness the heat that is all about us and no longer depend on coal — we may now create heat through electricity generated by water power. We shall improve on that method. As chemistry advances I feel quite certain that a method will be found to transform growing things into substances that will endure better than the metals — we have scarcely touched the uses of cotton. Better wood can be made than is grown. The spirit of true service will create for us. We have only each of us to do our parts sincerely.

* * * *

Everything is possible. . . . "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

(Concluded)

The Sleeping Sickness*

By George Madden Martin

Author of "Emmy Lou's Road to Grace," "Emmy Lou," "A Warwickshire Lad," etc.

SHE had nursed their sick for the white people of the locality for years, going to them when they sent for her which indeed was whenever there was illness in a white household.

It was a sparsely-settled district in the Southern piney-woods, a region exploited for a time by the lumberjacks who, when they had reduced it to a country of treestumps, departed for new fields, a neighborhood of small holdings where the planters never seemed to get ahead, or the colored renter either, whose race outnumbered the white people three to one.

She probably had a natural aptitude for nursing and had been trained in slave times to her business of midwife. She held her license to practice now, forty-three years later, and was regarded highly by the two white physicians of the community who in every emergency of pain and illness sent for her, the trained nurse being as yet an unprocurable quantity here. The neighborhood, white and black, spoke of her always as Angey, her name being Angelique Farrar.

She had an unerring eye for symptoms and an unfailing tenderness for suffering, and had been heard to say that she could not remember when she was not beside some sick pallet or within the room of some convalescent. The white women of the region esteemed her greatly, they being the wives of poor planters as a rule, with little money to count on, and often postponed sending for the doctor until her ministrations had been tried.

The moment the doctor arrived, however, Angey fell back, the obedient and silent assistant. She had her rejoinder always ready when her white patients twitted her with this and uttered it dryly.

"De lead steer gits de mos' cussin' when de hill prove steep."

She had an amazing acquaintance with the growing things of the region, herbs and roots and shrubs, and the two doctors frequently discussed with her the use she made of these among her race. She had her name for each, and they had theirs, hers being the local term, homely and familiar, and theirs the pharmaceutical or botanical designation. Often some younger white person would ask her how she came by her knowledge of all this.

"Hed to hev it, ma'am," she would explain. "Whut white doctor is a-comin' out f'om town till he gits good an' ready ef he comes a-tall, six mile, eight mile, fo'-teen mile into de piney-wood or to de up-country 'long de creek, at de call of a nigger-family? Tell me thet? Angelique, she gits there so fur ahead uv de doctor she jes' got to know some'n' uv whut she about, or no need for her gittin' there a-tall."

But after *it* happened she never came to these white homes again. As to whether her grandson was the guilty man white opinion in the community is at variance to this day. And no negro has been heard to speak on this subject, heard, that is to say by any white person. When suspicion pointed to Kingsley Farrar, the grandson, why or wherefore need not to be entered into here, Angelique, his grandmother, brought the boy into town to the sheriff herself, driving in with him from her little cabin in the clearing in a wagon and behind a mule borrowed by her for the purpose from a black neighbor.

The boy had not always been a comfort to Angey who had raised him, being lazy and disinclined to keep a steady job. The grandmother believed very strongly that he was innocent of the crime now pointing toward him but reminded him that his past conduct invited this suspicion.

"It comes back to me at times such ez this, Kingsley, son, whut my own mammy used ter say to us chil'ren ez we crowded eroun' her waitin' foh de pone en de 'taters ter git done whut wuz a-cookin' in de ash. 'Yo' tromple on my foots an' my skirt-tails now,' says Mammy, 'en' when yo' gits bigger you'll tromple on my heart.' "

The sheriff to whom she took the boy was the grandson of the white master to whom Angelique had belonged when she was a slave, she having been a woman past thirty when freedom for her people came. The sheriff was not the grandsire — the stock has not invariably held its own with these old families — but he was the best of anything white she had a claim upon for her to turn to.

"It aint de law foh my boy I'm afraid of, Mr. Tom," Angey explained to the white man. "En' it ain't de thought uv de law whut is mekin' de boy look ez yo' kin see he duz. It's de fear uv de lack uv de law wi' both uv us."

The grandson, a youth of twenty, and a peculiarly rich shade of black, in truth was ashy, the horrible pallor of a black skin turned gray.

The next morning this boy whom Angelique had put into the sheriff's keeping, was found hanging to a telegraph pole at the edge of town, with his body filled with bullets.

The white men of the community held that it was because of their women they took the law into their own hands. These white women, however, may have had their own opinion about this; there is a showing of the primitive in the white man every now and then, an outcropping of ferocity, which a woman prefers to forget.

THIS act of their husbands and their male kindred directly affected the comfort and well-being of these women, too. Each time a thing of this nature occurred in their part of the world, servants became a little less responsive, a little less satisfactory, and a little more difficult to obtain. In this especial connection these planters' wives lost the services of Angelique, who never came to one of them again.

She never declined out and out to come, never gave a direct refusal. Her excuses were plausible.

*Reprinted from "Children in the Mist,"—D. Appleton and Company.

To one she would urge that the grapes upon her little hillside were ripe, and she was busy with her home-made wine, which was excellent, and which brought her in a good revenue. To another she would say that she was promised to go to her cousin's daughter whose time was due and overdue. Or in answer to some other she would reply that she was just leaving for the up-country to visit her own sister.

Oh, Angelique was discreet! She probably never made an impolitic speech to a white person in her life. The white neighborhood was familiar with many of her sayings, which often were trenchant and pithy. In the face of her present discretion, a favorite utterance with her, proffered to many a white child in her time, recurred to these white women now.

"Ef thet body don' learn to govern thet tongue, de time's a-comin' when thet tongue is a-goin' to bring trubble on thet body."

She had other sayings of similar import, long familiar to her white friends. "Keep yo' tongue in yo' teef!" "Hear en not hear." "See en not see."

On one occasion, and one only, she did speak out and to the point, making a direct reference to what had occurred. This was when her best friend among the white women came in person to beg her to be with her in her approaching accouchement.

Old Angelique lifted her head, making no excuses this time, nor hedging herself about by any imaginary inventions. She looked at Adele Pomfret, not with her usually watchful, bright gaze, but with eyes of meaning and melancholy.

"Ma'am! When yo' gits yo' han' in a lion's mouth, pat him en rub him till yo' git it out; but don' yo' put it in any mo'."

She looked up again at her young white visitor, a quick second after this first speech. "Puttin' it anudder way, I might say thet a mouse ought to be a fus'-rate han' to keep away f'om cat-tracks."

* * *

PHOEBE PIERCE, a granddaughter of Angelique, and the sister of the dead boy, lived with her husband and her three children in a small house on a piece of ground rented from a young white planter and his wife, and adjoining their own homestead. These Palfreys were remotely connected with Angelique's former white master, and therefore with this master's grandson, the sheriff, who just had been re-elected to his office by a large white vote.

Phoebe, a still young woman, was capable and industrious, and an excellent wife and mother, in appearance being marked with that creaminess of skin which goes with freckles on a mulatto. Mrs. Palfrey, the white neighbor, remonstrated with Angelique, the grandmother, about the granddaughter's determination not to be friendly.

"Her three little boys and my one spend their days playing together in my yard or in theirs. But Phoebe won't be friendly. I offer her milk, and she never comes to get it, and berries from the patch, which she won't come and pick. She lives to herself too much anyhow, I don't believe it's good for her. It isn't for anybody."

Angelique's face was passive. "I reckon whut yo' say is so, ma'am; a pusson kin study too hard, kin git their min' too devoted to whut's trubblin' it."

Mrs. Palfrey insisted on her point. "You must reason with her, Angey, you must make Phoebe see it will be better for her and for her husband, too, if she is more friendly with her white neighbors."

The face of the older woman never changed by so much as a flicker of an eyelid. "Yes'm, I reason wi' Phoebe now. I says to her on'y jes' de other day, 'Wuk foh de good will uv people whut has de whip-han' ober yo', daughter; it ain' no harder wu'k than wu'kin' for their bad will.'"

* * *

Shortly after this conversation between Angelique and the white neighbor of her granddaughter,—Johnnie, the only child of the Palfreys, came along the road to the Pierce cabin one early morning hunting companionship. He was seven and Phoebe's three boys were seven, five and three.

He put his small face to the opening between two palings of the picket fence which was neatly white-washed, and called. In general the best-humored of chubby and busy little chaps, with round eyes as blue as myrtleflowers, and rounder red cheeks, there was no mistaking that he was peevish to-day, if one judged him by his tones.

He had got up wrong, absurd and lovable little fellow; had drawn his ridiculously small trousers, made of blue jeans these were, rearside to the fore onto his solid little members and fallen into a fury in consequence; had sassed his own mother; been impertinent to the cook; flung himself finally out of the house in a whimpering tempest.

"Joshuay," he called now through the fence; "Eph'um!"

No answer came from the other side.

His plaintive wail, injured and full of grievance generally, rose and fell.

THE cabin-house within the white-washed inclosure was a thrifty-looking place. A few hens loitered about the yard, which was neat and clean. There was a well-sweep at one side of the house underneath a great pecan tree, and on the other side behind a fence of its own was a small barn with a loft bulging with cow-pea hay.

A little caravan came around the side of the cabin in response to the white child's call. The head of the procession was "Joshuay," a round and solid little fellow himself, chocolate-brown. "Eph'um" followed, the spit of his older brother, hauling in a little home-made cart, the smaller Jeff, who was named for his dark-skinned father, and was light-skinned like his mother.

Usually the four played together most amiably, absorbed and untiring. To-day if Johnnie was peevish and inclined to whimper, Joshua was a thunder cloud. The happiest and jolliest of little black boys as a rule, often stopping short through an excess of sheer good spirits jigging where he stood, his bare feet shuffling and his white teeth shining, his ire to-day stood ready to out-distance Johnnie's peevings.

"What for didn't you come when I called you?" the white child demanded truculently.

Gloomy Joshua went promptly into a rage, stammering and spluttering in his outraged indignation. "Aint we come? Aint we-uns hyere? What — what yo' think de matter wi' yo', white chile?"

Chubby Johnnie picked up a short length of scantling lying nearby, the group were standing outside the paling fence on the roadside now, and smote Joshua over the head. Joshua recovering himself from the staggering impact, up with a pink-palmed brown hand and smacked Johnnie resoundingly. The inference to be drawn from all this being that neither Johnnie Palfrey nor Joshua Pierce was well.

By night this fact concerning the white child was discovered by his household, who by morning sent for the doctor. Late this same day Joshua came into his parents' cabin and curling up on the bench by the door

and going to sleep, refused to be aroused, relapsing stupidly and inertly at each attempt made to do so. Phoebe, his mother, sent for Angelique, the child's great-grandmother.

Angey arrived by sun-up the next morning, having eight miles to travel on foot to get there, a bent but still spry bronze-black old woman. She was panting from the exertion of her early journeying.

As she passed the Palfrey house, a frame-dwelling painted white and sitting back in the yard away from the road, the horses and buggies of the two doctors of the locality, Dr. Ben Chisholm and Dr. Willie Gatewood, were hitched to the fence. Angey in her starchy cotton dress and white head-handkerchief and a basket on her arm, went by silently but with watchful bright eyes.

"MISS JANIE" PALFREY, the mother of the sick white child, had sent her husband in the buckboard at midday yesterday the eight miles to Angelique's cabin, to beg her aid in nursing the little fellow. Angelique, so it had proved, had a woeful misery in her leg which prevented her doing more than hobble about her own little house, and therefore could not come. Yet this morning following she was here padding swiftly along the sand road past the Palfrey's at the call of her own flesh and blood.

Angelique had given her old heart early to this Joshua, the eldest of her half-dozen great-grandchildren. She was a shrewd appraiser of character and rated the cheerful little black boy high.

"Dat Joshuay's de smartes' pickaninny bo'n in dese yere parts in a season o' Sundays," was her judgment.

Phoebe Pierce met her grandmother at the cabin-door. Her light-skinned face with its freckles akin to those upon a turkey-eff was very anxious. She gave her bulletin as quickly as possible.

"He thet limp en soaked wi' sleep, Granny, I'm skeered erbout him. Jeff, his pappy, shake him, en I shake him, en he open his eyes en go right back asleep like he wuz afore. Jeff is waitin' eroun' outside some 'eres now to git Dr. Ben to come in en see him when he gits th'ough at the Palfreys. But I says to Jeff, hits his Granny ez will know whut to do foh him when she gits hyere."

Angelique was laying off her shoulder-cape and opening her basket. Unrolling a bundle she took forth and tied on a big-skirted white apron.

"Nobody aint got it all, Phoebe, daughter; no one pusson, nor no two pussons ain't got ev'eything; it takes a whole lot uv pussons, it takes de whole worl' to mek wisdom."

Dr. Ben, the older doctor, and Dr. Willie, the younger man, were slow to declare themselves in the case of either the white child or the black. A common cause had eventuated in a similar condition. By a process of elimination as the symptoms succeeded one another, they might arrive at a conclusion.

Angelique on her part never hesitated in her diagnosis. "Joshuay is got de sleepy-sickness. I hev heard it called de dropsy-sickness too in my young day. Slave-niggers brung it over wi' 'em in dere time in de ships whut fotched 'em hyere. I ain't nebber seen it sence slave-days till now, but I knowed it soon ez I looked at Joshuay."

She did not intrude this opinion on the doctors, however, moving about the cabin silently at their bidding when they appeared, and keeping her counsel only with Jeff and Phoebe.

The pellets and powders left by Dr. Ben she put upon the shelf after he was gone, and taking up a basket and a knife went out herself. She was gone full two hours, mentioning to Phoebe later that her quest had taken her as far as the bayou at the mouth of the south creek. When she did return her basket was filled with the grass-like blades tipped with blue-eyed blossoms, and the finger-thick ochre-tinted roots of the plant she called feverweed. She talked to her granddaughter as she moved about the kitchen, cleaning and steeping these roots.

"An ol' up-country Injun-woman walked in at my marster's plantation one day en save half de niggers he owned ob de sleepy-sickness dis same way. I were er half-grown wench-girl den, nursin' at de quarters 'mong de sickbeds."

* * * *

THE day on which Johnnie Palfrey died, presumably of some obscure form of slow typhoid, though neither doctor would commit himself to this — that absurd wee soul erstwhile so busy and so pre-occupied with the business of infinite play, and now lying small and still within his parents' dwelling-house — the *"sleepy sickness"* which held little Joshua Pierce in its lethargic stupor gave way before the outpouring and drenching sweat that seized the child. Old Angelique came forward to meet stout and elderly Dr. Ben as he entered the cabin-door.

"I done save him, doctor," she told him, and opening the drawer of an old chest brought forth the medicines which had been left with her for the child from time to time.

"I ain't nebber crossed my will wi' any doctor's will befo' tell dis hyere present time, but dis wuz my own gran'daughter's chile, en I resked it."

* * * *

The morning that Angelique went home to her own cabin in the piney-woods, leaving Joshua languid and thin but playing with his brothers again in the yard and sunshine, she met Miss Janie Palfrey face to face in the road before the latter's gate. Mrs. Palfrey looked white and young and infinitely piteous in her new black. She stopped and spoke.

"You saved your own, Angelique, but you saw mine die! I would have come to you on my knees if I had known, if I had known."

Angelique set her basket down upon the road, placed her bundle upon it and straightened her body, looking at Mrs. Palfrey out of her steady-gazing little black eyes.

"Lemme learn yo' some'n', Miss Janie. Wu'k foh de good-will uv de colored folks in case de time come yo' gwine to need it; it ain't no harder wu'k dan wu'kin' foh dere ill-will."

Angey brought her one brown hand sharply down upon the waiting palm of the other.

"Who gwine to be so sure in their min' thet Angey did cure li'l Joshuay? Answer me thet, Ma'am. Mebbe it jes' wuz'nt come Joshuay's time to die. Lookin' at it annuder way, supposin' thet Angey hed come to yo' house like yo' asked, en hed 'speriment wi' yo' chile an yo' chile die? Whut would hev happen then to Angey? Whut white pusson would hev b'lieved Angey did her bes'? Answer me thet?"

The little black eyes blazed somberly. "Angey put herse'f once afore in de white folks' han's in de hour of her 'stress ez yo' kno'. She put herse'f en she put her gran'chile in de keepin' uv her ole Marster's gran'son. Yo' want to kno' whut her 'sperience thet she got f'om thet teached her, Miss Janie? It teached her this: *When yo' gits yo' han' in 'er lion's mouth, pat him en' rub him till yo' git it out; but don't put it in any mo'.*"

Two Episodes in the Life of Grenfell of Labrador

OVER a stretch of nearly 2,000 miles along the icy Labrador and North Newfoundland coasts are hospitals, nursing stations, schools and cooperative stores maintained by the Grenfell Association. They serve the few thousand permanent white residents of Labrador and the families of the Newfoundland fishermen, some 25,000 in all, who live in Labrador huts in the summer. The Moravians care for the Eskimos and Indians of Northern Labrador.

The Grenfell Association is in fact mostly Grenfell — Dr. Wilfred Thomason Grenfell — English physician who has worked along those North Atlantic shores for thirty years.

Grenfell and his helpers go about healing the sick and saving life, easing pain and restoring cripples to strength by surgical operations, feeding and clothing the poor and putting the unfortunate on their feet by providing them with work.

Grenfell sailed from England to Newfoundland in 1892 in a 97-ton vessel which was to serve as a hospital ship with the Newfoundland fishing fleet. But he had a vision of a greater need, and his missions, dotting the coast, are the fulfillment of the vision and his labors.

From the single ketch-rigged schooner in which Grenfell arrived thirty years ago, his resources have grown to a dozen hospitals and nursing stations, a score of schools and industrial training centers, a half dozen cooperative stores, a saw-mill, shipbuilding yard and children's home. From his headquarters at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, Grenfell directs these activities, covering the hundreds of miles between missions in a hospital ship, the *Strathcona*.

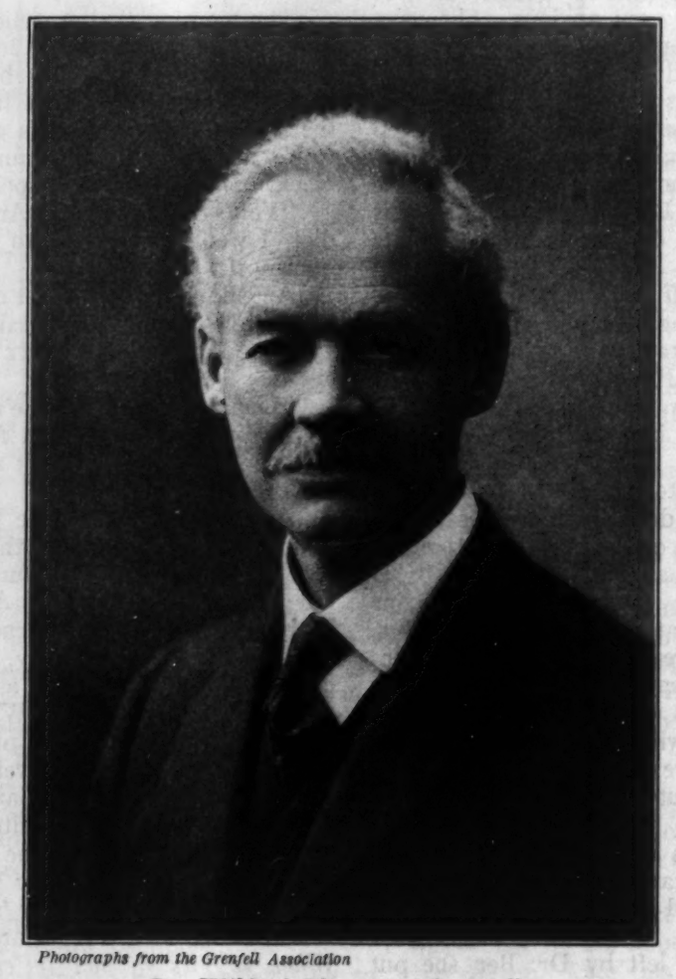
Grenfell is nearing his fifty-eighth birthday. Thirty-six years of his life — all since he was twenty-one — have been devoted to helping others. In that time he has faced hardship and even death a hundred times. Two episodes in the life of Grenfell stand out. For danger and hardship they might be chapters from the life of an Arctic explorer.

McCLURE'S presents these episodes taken from the chapters of the book by Dillon Wallace, "The Story of Grenfell and the Labrador," to be published in October by Fleming H. Revell Company.

IT happened that it was necessary for Dr. Grenfell to go to New York one spring three or four years ago. Men interested in raising funds to support the Labrador and Newfoundland hospitals were to hold a meeting, and it was essential that he attend and tell them of the work and what he needed to carry it on.

This meeting was to have been held in May, and to reach New York in season to attend it Dr. Grenfell decided to leave St. Anthony Hospital, Newfoundland, where he then was, toward the end of April, for traveling would be slow.

It was his plan to travel northward, by dog team, to the Straits of Belle Isle, thence westward along the shores, and finally southward, down the western coast of Newfoundland, to Port Aux Basques, from which point a steamer would carry him over to North Sydney, in Nova Scotia. There he could get a train and direct railway connections to New York. There is an excellent, and ordinarily, at this season, an expeditious route for dog travel down the western coast of Newfoundland, and Grenfell anticipated no difficulties.



Photographs from the Grenfell Association

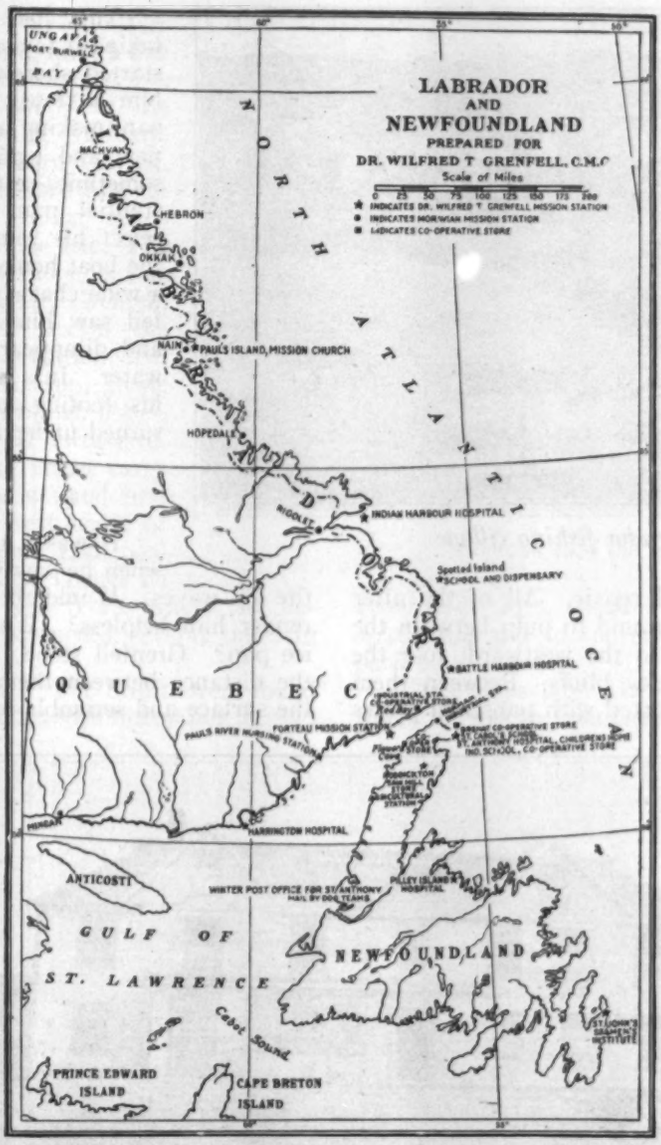
Dr. Wilfred Thomason Grenfell

Just as he was ready to start, a blizzard set in with a northeast gale, and smash went the ice! This put an end to dog travel. There was but one alternative, and that was by boat. Traveling along the coast in a small boat is pretty exciting and sometimes perilous when you have to navigate the boat through narrow lanes of water, with land ice on one side and the big Arctic ice pack on the other, and when a shift of wind is likely to send the pack driving in upon you before you can get out of the way. And if the ice pack catches you, that's the end of it, for your boat will be ground up like a grain of wheat between mill stones, and there you are, stranded

upon the ice, and as like as not cut off from land, too.

But there was no other way to get to that meeting in New York, and Grenfell was determined to get there. And so, when the blizzard had passed he got out a small motor boat, and made ready for the journey. If he could reach a point several days' journey by boat to the southward, he could leave the boat and travel the last hundred miles on foot overland to the railroad.

This hike of one hundred miles, with provisions and equipment on your back, is a tremendous journey in itself. It would not be on a beaten road, but through an unpopulated wilderness still lying deep under winter snows. To Grenfell, however, it was but an incident in his active life. He was accustomed to following a dog team, and that hardens a man for nearly any physical effort. It requires that a man keep at a trot the livelong day, and it demands a good heart and good lungs and staying powers and plenty of grit, and Grenfell was well equipped with all of these.



Grenfell's domain—two thousand miles of ice-bound coast

The menacing Arctic ice pack lay a mile or so to seaward when Grenfell and one companion turned their backs on St. Anthony, and the motor boat chugged southward out of the harbor and along the coast. For a time all went well, and then an easterly wind sprang up and there followed a touch-and-go game between Dr. Grenfell and the ice which constantly threatened destruction to their craft.

Ice Blocks the Way

In an attempt to dodge the ice the boat struck upon rocks. This caused some damage to her bottom, but not sufficient to incapacitate her, as it was found the hole could be plugged. The weather turned bitterly cold, and the circulating pipes of the motor froze and burst. This was a more serious accident, but it was temporarily repaired while Grenfell bivouaced ashore, sleeping under the stars with a bed of juniper boughs for a mattress and an open fire to keep him warm.

The mode of transportation in Labrador

Ice now blocked the way to the southward, though open leads of water to the northward offered opportunity to retreat, and, with the motor boat in a crippled condition, it was decided to return to St. Anthony and make an attempt, with fresh equipment, to try a route through the Straits of Belle Isle.

They were still some miles from St. Anthony when they found it necessary to abandon the motor boat in one of the small harbor settlements. Grenfell borrowed a small rowboat. Rowing the small boat through open lanes and hauling it over obstructing ice pans they made slow progress and the month of May was nearing its close when one day the pack suddenly drove in upon them.

They were fairly caught. Ice surrounded them on every side. The boat was in imminent danger of being crushed before they realized their danger. Grenfell and his companion sprang from the boat to a pan, and seizing the prow of the boat hauled upon it with the energy of desperation. They succeeded in raising the prow upon the ice, but they were too late. The edge of the ice was high and the pans were moving rapidly, and to their chagrin they heard a smashing and splintering of wood, and the next instant were aware that the stern of the boat had been completely bitten off and that they were adrift on an ice pan, cut off from the land by open water.

An inspection of the boat proved

A Labrador fishing village

that it was wrecked beyond repair. All of the after part had been cut off and ground to pulp between the ice pans. In the distance, to the westward, rose the coast, a grim outline of rocky bluffs. Between them and the shore the sea was dotted with pans and pieces of ice, separated by canals of black water. The men looked at each other in consternation, as they realized that they had no means of reaching land and safety, and that a few hours might find them far out on the Atlantic.

Orphans home at St. Anthony, N. F.

In the hope of attracting attention, Dr. Grenfell and William Taylor, his companion, fired their guns at regular intervals. Expectantly they waited, but there was no answering signal from shore and no sign of life anywhere within their vision.

For a long while they waited and watched and signalled. With a turn in the tide it became evident, finally, that the pan on which they were marooned was drifting slowly seaward. If this continued they would soon be out of sight of land, and then all hope of rescue would vanish.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, now," suggested Taylor. "I'll copy toward shore. I'll try to get close enough for some one to see me."

To "copy" is to jump from one pan or piece of ice to another. The gaps of water separating them are sometimes wide, and a man must be a good jumper who lands. Some of the pieces of ice are quite too small to bear a man's weight and he must leap instantly to the next or he will sink with the ice. It is perilous work at best, and much too dangerous for any one to attempt without much practice and experience.

They had a boat hook with them, and taking it to assist in the long leaps, Taylor started shoreward. Dr. Grenfell watched him anxiously as he sprang from pan to pan, making a zigzag course toward shore, now and again taking hair-raising risks, sometimes resting for a moment on a substantial pan while he looked ahead to select his route, then running, and using the boat hook as a vaulting pole, spanning a wide chasm. Then, suddenly, Dr. Grenfell saw him totter, throw up his hands and disappear beneath the surface of the water. In a hazardous leap he had missed his footing, or a small cake of ice had turned under his weight.

Saving a Life

It was a terrible moment for Grenfell when he saw his friend disappear beneath the icy waves. Would the cold so paralyze him as to render him helpless? Would he be caught under an ice pan? Grenfell stood, impotent to help because of the distance between them, till he saw Taylor rise to the surface and scramble out upon a pan in safety.

The ice was too far separated now for Taylor either to advance or retreat, and the pan upon which he had taken refuge began a rapid drift seaward. He had made a valiant effort, but the attempt had failed.

Grenfell resumed firing his gun, still hoping that some one might hear it and come to their rescue. Time passed and Taylor drifted abreast of Grenfell and finally drifted past him. Then, in the far distance, Grenfell glimpsed the flash of an oar. The flash was repeated with rhythmic regularity. The outlines of a boat came into view. The men shouted the good news to each

"Liveyeres"—white residents of Labrador

other. Help was on the way at last!

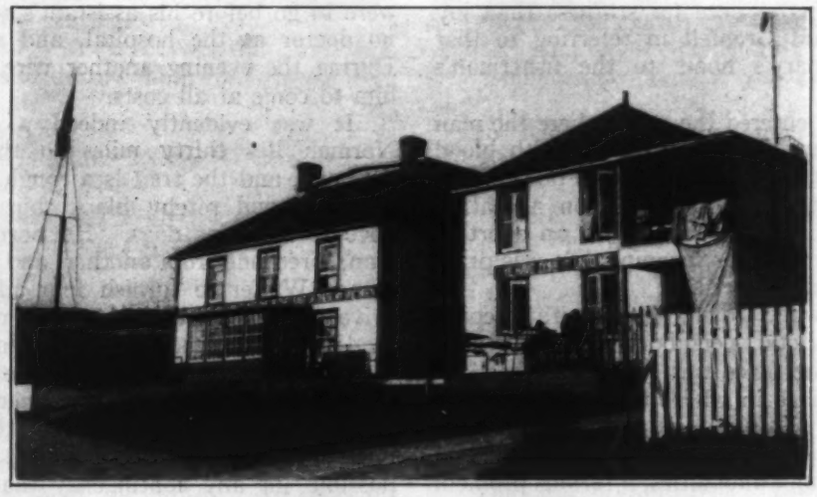
The signals had been heard, and in due time, and with much thankfulness, Dr. Grenfell and Taylor were safely in the boat and on their way back to St. Anthony.

Not long after his return to St. Anthony, the ice drifted eastward and an open strip of sea appeared leading northward toward the Straits of Belle Isle. The ice was now a full mile off shore, it was the beginning of June, and Dr. Grenfell, expecting that at this late season the Straits would be open for navigation, had the *Strathcona,* his hospital ship, made ready for sea at once, and with high hopes, stowed the anchor and steamed northward. It was his plan to have the vessel carry him westward through the Straits and land him at some port on the west coast of Newfoundland, where he could take passage on the regular mail boat. Thence he could continue his trip to New York, where the important meeting had been adjourned several times in expectation of his coming.

Forteau and the icy coast

But disappointment again! The Straits were found to be packed from shore to shore with heavy floe ice and clogged with icebergs. Before the *Strathcona* could make her escape she was surrounded by ice and frozen tight and fast in the floe.

Grenfell was determined to reach New York and attend that meeting. There was one way left to reach the mail boat, and that was to walk. The distance to the nearest port of call was ninety miles.



The Battle Harbor Hospital

Making up a pack of food, cooking utensils, bedding and a suit of clothes that would permit him to present a civilized and respectable appearance when he reached New York, Grenfell made ready for the long overland journey. Shouldering his big pack, he bade goodbye to Mrs. Grenfell, who was with him on the *Strathcona* and to the crew, and set out over the ice pack to the land.

Three days later Dr. Grenfell reached the harbor, where he was to board the mail boat upon her arrival. He was wearied and stiff in his joints after the hard hike, and looking forward to rest and a good meal, he went directly to the home of a mission clergyman living in the little village.

Rest, Food and Interruption

His welcome was hearty. The clergyman showered him with kindnesses, and a pot of steaming tea and an appetizing meal were on the table in a jiffy. It was luxury, after the long days on the trail and scanty food, and Grenfell sat down. At that moment the door opened unceremoniously, and an excited fisherman burst into the room with the exclamation:

"For God's sake, someone come! Come and save my brother! He's bleeding to death!"

The man's brother had accidentally shot his leg nearly off an hour before and was already in a comatose condition from loss of blood. The family lived five miles distant, and the only way to reach the cabin where the wounded man lay was on foot.

Grenfell abandoned the steaming tea, the good meal and rest. A moment's delay might cost the man's life. Grenfell ran. Over that five miles of broken country he ran as he had never run before, with the half frenzied fisherman leading the way.

The wounded man was a young fellow of twenty. Dr. Grenfell knew him well. He was a hero of the World War, who had

One of Grenfell's Labrador schools

A family of twelve and their home

served bravely through four years of the terrible conflict and had lived to return to his home and his fishing.

"I never knew a better cure for stiffness than my chance that time," said Grenfell in referring to that run from the missionary's home to the fisherman's cottage.

When Dr. Grenfell entered the room where the man lay, he found the young fisherman soaked with blood and sea water, lying stretched upon a hard table. The remnants of his shattered leg rested upon a feather pillow and was strung up to the ceiling in an effort to stop the flow of blood. He was moaning, but was practically unconscious, and barely alive.

The room was crowded to suffocation with weeping relatives and sympathetic neighbors. Dr. Grenfell cleared it at once. The place was small and the light poor and a difficult place in which to treat so critical a case or to operate successfully. He had no surgical instruments or medicines, and, accustomed as he was to work under handicaps and difficulties, a serious problem confronted him.

The man was so far gone that an operation seemed hopeless, but nevertheless it was worth trying. Grenfell sent messengers far and near for reserve supplies that he had left at various points to be drawn upon in cases of emergency, and in a little while had at his command some opiates, a small amount of ether, some silk for ligatures, some crude substitutes for instruments, and the supply of communal wine from the missionary's little church, five miles away.

While these things had been gathered in the flow of blood had been abated by the use of a tourniquet. There was scarcely enough ether to be of use, but with the assistance of two men Dr. Grenfell applied it and operated.

One of the assistants fainted, but the other stuck faithfully to his post, and with a cool head and steady hand did Dr. Grenfell's bidding. The operation was performed successfully, and the young soldier's life was saved. Today this fisherman has but one leg, but he is well and happy and a useful man in the world.

In New York a group of gentlemen were impatiently awaiting the arrival of Dr. Grenfell, while he, in an isolated cottage on the rugged coast of Northern Newfoundland, was saving a fisherman's life.

He had stopped for the more important call.

Without further delays he took passage on the mail boat and reached New York and attended the meeting.

THE SECOND EPISODE

Two or three years ago the Newfoundland government extended a telegraph line to St. Anthony, where stands Grenfell's fine mission hospital. This offers the people an opportunity to call "the doctor" when they are in need of him.

Late one January afternoon in 1919 a telegram came from a young fisherman living at Cape Norman, urging Dr. Grenfell to come to his home at once. The man's wife was seriously ill. Grenfell's assistant had taken the dog team the previous day to answer a call and had not returned, and if Grenfell were to go before his assistant's return there would be no doctor at the hospital, and so he told the man. During the evening another wire was received urging him to come at all costs.

It was evidently indeed a serious case. Cape Norman lies thirty miles to the northward of St. Anthony, and the trail is a rough one. The night was moonless and pitchy black, but Grenfell set out at once to look for dogs. He borrowed four from one man, hired one from another, and arranged with a man named Walter to furnish four additional ones and to drive the team. Walter was to report at the hospital at 4:30 in the morning prepared to start, though it would still be long before daybreak.

Having made these arrangements Grenfell went back to the hospital and with the head nurse called upon every patient in the wards, providing so far as possible for any contingency that might arise during his absence. It was midnight when he had finished. Snow had set in, and the wind was rising with the promise of bad weather ahead.

A Labrador winter's landscape

At 4:30 he was dressed and ready for the journey. He looked out into the darkness. The air was thick with swirling clouds of snow driving before the gale. He made out a dim figure battling its way to the door, and, discovering it was Walter, but without the dogs! —

— "Where are the dogs, Walter?" he asked.

"I didn't bring un, sir," Walter stepped inside and shook the accumulation of snow from his garments. " 'Tis a wonderful nasty mornin', and I'm thinkin' 'tis too bad to try un before daylight. I've been watchin' the weather all night, sir. 'Tis growin' worse. We has only a scratch team and the dogs'll not work together right 'till they gets used to each other. I'm thinkin' we'll have to wait 'till it comes light."

An Eskimo family in summer quarters

"You've the team to drive and you know best," conceded the Doctor. "Under the circumstances I suppose we'll save time by waiting."

"That we will, sir. We'd be wastin' the dogs' strength and our's and losin' time goin' now. We couldn't get on at all, sir."

"Very well; at daylight."

Walter returned home and Doctor Grenfell to his room to make the most of the two hours' rest.

It was scarce daylight and Walter had not yet appeared when another telegram was clicked in over the wires:

"Come along soon. Wife worse."

Fury of the Storm Increases

The storm had increased in fury since Walter's early visit. It was now blowing a living gale, and the snow was so thick one could scarce breath in it. The trail lay directly in the teeth of the storm. No dogs on earth could face and stem it and certainly not the picked up, or "scratch" team as Walter called it, for strange dogs never work well together, and will never do their best by any means for a strange driver. Walter had never driven any of these except his own four.

The Doctor chafed the forenoon through. Then at midday came another telegram:

"Come immediately if you can. Wife still holding out."

He had but just read this telegram when, to his astonishment, two snow-enveloped, bedraggled men limped up to the door.

"Where did you come from in this storm?" he asked, hardly believing his eyes that men could travel in that drift and gale.

"We comes from Cape Norman, sir, to fetch you," answered one of the men.

"Fetch me!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Do you believe dogs can travel against this gale?"

"No, sir, they never could stem it, not 'till the wind shifts, whatever," said the man. "Us comes with un drivin' from behind. The gale blows us here."

That was literally true. Ten miles of their journey had been over partially protected land, but for twenty miles it lay over unobstructed sea ice where the gale blew with all its force. Only the deep snow prevented their being carried at a pace that would have wrecked their sledge, in which case they would certainly have perished.

"When did you leave Cape Norman?" asked the Doctor.

"Eight o'clock last evenin', sir," said the man.

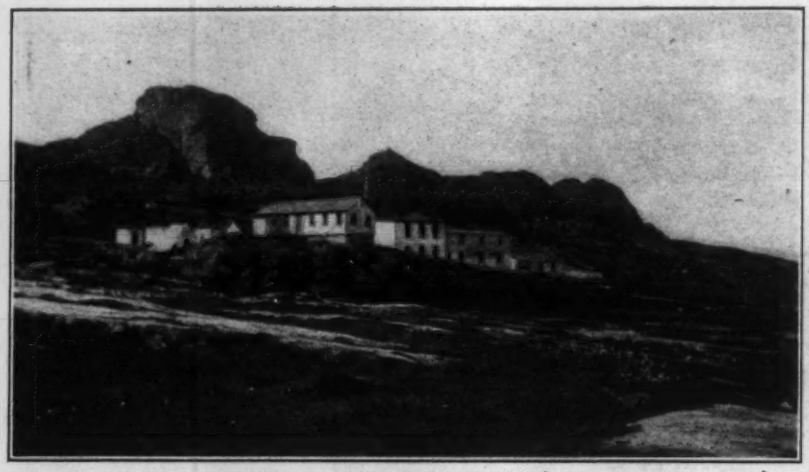
All night these brave men, with no thought of reward, had been enduring that terrible storm to bring assistance to a neighbor! After the manner of the Newfoundlander they had already fed and cared for the comfort of their wearied dogs before giving thought to themselves, staggering with fatigue as they were.

"Go into the hospital and get your dinner," directed the Doctor. "When you've eaten, go to bed. We'll call you when we think it's safe to start."

It was after dark that evening when the two men again appeared at Doctor Grenfell's house. They were troubled for the safety of their neighbor's sick wife, and could not rest.

"Us were just gettin' another telegram sayin' to hurry, sir," announced the spokesman. "The storm has eased up a bit, and we're thinkin' to make a try

Grenfell aboard the Strathcona



Desolate shore at Indian Harbor

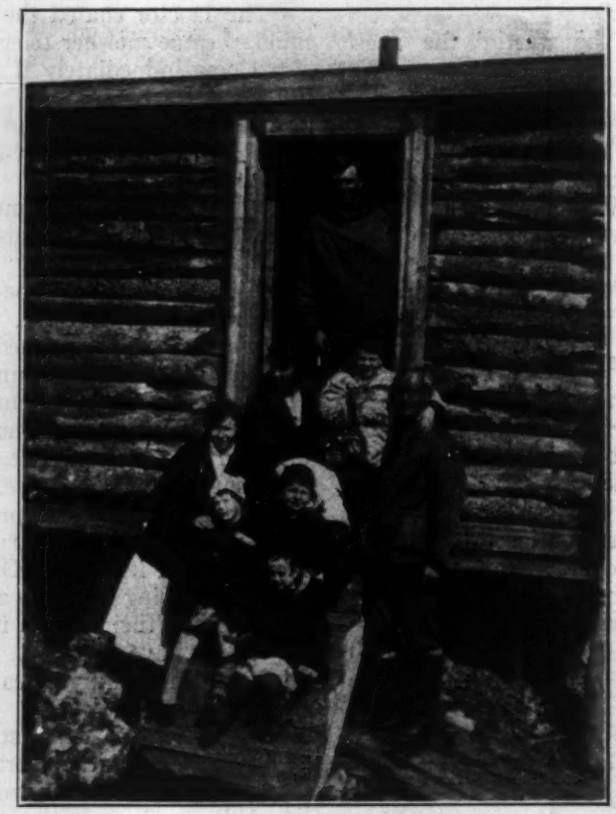
for Cape Norman now if you be ready to start, sir."

"Call Walter, and I'll be right with you," directed the Doctor.

"Us has been and called he, sir," said the man. "He's gettin' the dogs together and he'll be right here."

A lull in a winter storm in this north country, with the clouds still hanging low and no change of wind, does not promise the end of the storm. It indicates that this is the center, that it is working in a circle and will soon break upon the world again with even increased fury.

Doctor Grenfell knew this and the men knew it full well, but their anxiety for the suffering woman at Cape Norman would not permit them to sleep. Anything was better than sitting still. The decision to start was a source of vast relief to Doctor Grenfell, even though it was to venture into the face of the terrible storm and bitter cold. Grenfell will venture anything with any man, and if those men could face the wind and snow and cold he could.



A few of the Doctor's charges

The Start—Knee-Deep in Slush

In half an hour they were off. Before them lay the harbor of St. Anthony, and the ice must be crossed. Through the darkness of night and swirling snow they floundered down to it. The men were immediately knee-deep in slush and the two teams of dogs were nearly swimming. Their feet could not reach the solid bed of ice below. The immense weight of snow had pushed the ice down with the falling tide and the rising tide had flooded it.

The team from Cape Norman took the lead to break the way. Everyone put on snowshoes, for traveling without them was impossible. One man with the advance team went ahead of the dogs to tramp the path for the sledge and make the work easier for the poor animals, while another remained with the team to drive. In like manner Walter tramped ahead of the rear dogs and Doctor Grenfell drove them.

At length they reached the opposite shore, fighting against the gale at every step. Now there was a hill to cross.

Here on the lee side of the hill they met mighty drifts of feathery snow into which the dogs wallowed to their back and the snowshoes of the men sunk deep. They were compelled to haul on the traces with the dogs. They had to lift and manipulate the sledges with tremendous effort. Up the grade they toiled and strained, yard by yard, foot by foot. Sometimes it seemed to them they were making no appreciable progress, but on they fought through the black night and the driving snow, sweating in spite of the Arctic blasts and clouds of drift which sometimes nearly stopped their breath and carried them off their feet.

"'Tis dogged as does it," they say on the coast. They finally reached the crest of the hill.

On the opposite or weather side of the hill the gale met them with full force. It had swept the slope clean and left it a glade of ice. They slid down at a dangerous speed, taking all sorts of chances, colliding in the darkness with stumps and ice-coated rocks and other snags, in imminent danger of having their brains knocked out or limbs broken.

The open places below were little better. Everything was ice-coated. They slipped and slid about, falling and rising with every dozen steps. If they threw themselves on the sledges to ride the dogs came to a stop, for they could not haul them. If they walked they could not keep their feet. Their course took them along the bed of Bartlett River, and twice Grenfell and some of the others broke through into the icy rapids.

At half past one in the morning they reached the mouth of Bartlett River where it empties into the sea, and between them and Cape Norman lay twenty miles of unobstructed sea ice. They had been traveling for nearly six hours and had covered but ten miles of the journey. The temporary lull in the storm had long since passed, and now, beating down upon the world with redoubled fury, it met them squarely in the face. No dog could stem it. The men could scarce stand upright. The clouds of snow suffocated them, and the cold was withering.

Far out they could hear the thunder of smashing ice. It was a threat that the still firm ice lying before them might be broken into fragments at any time. Sea water had already driven over it, forming a thick coating of half-frozen slush. Even though the gale that

swept the ice field had not been too fierce to face, any attempt to cross would obviously have been a foolhardy undertaking.

A Tilt, a Stove and Sleep

One of the men from Cape Norman had been acting as leader on the trail from St. Anthony. His name was Will — a big, broad-shouldered, giant of a fellow. He knew all the trappers on this part of the coast, and where their trapping grounds lay. One of his neighbors, whom he spoke of as "Si," trapped in the neighborhood where the baffled men now found themselves.

"I'm rememberin', now, Si built a tilt handy by here," he suddenly exclaimed.

"A tilt!" Grenfell was skeptical. "I've been going up and down this coast for twenty years and I never heard of a tilt near here."

"He built un last fall. I thinks, now, I could find un," Will suggested.

"Find it if you can," urged Grenfell hopefully. "Where is it?"

" 'Tis in a bunch of trees, somewhere handy."

"Is there a stove in it?"

"I'm not knowin' that. I'll try to find un and see."

They had retreated to the edge of the forest. Will disappeared among the trees, and Grenfell and the others waited. It was still six hours to daylight, and to stand inactive for six hours in the storm and biting cold would have been perilous if not fatal.

Presently Will's shout came out of the forest, rising above the roar of wind:

"Ti-l-t and st-o-ve!"

They followed Will's voice, bumping against trees, groping through flying snow and darkness, and quickly came upon Will and the tilt. There was indeed, to their great joy, a stove in it. There was also a supply of dry wood, all cut and piled ready for use. In one end of the tilt was a bench covered with spruce boughs which Si used as a bed.

There was nothing to feed the exhausted dogs, but they were unharnessed and were glad enough to curl up, after the manner of northern dogs, in the snow where the drift would cover them.

Then a fire was lighted in the stove. Will went out with the ax and kettle, and presently returned with the kettle filled with water dipped from Bartlett River after he had cut a hole through the ice.

Setting the kettle on the stove, Will, standing by the stove, proceeded to fill and light his pipe while Doctor Grenfell opened his dunnage bag to get the tea and sugar. Suddenly Will's pipe clattered to the floor. Will, standing like a statue, did not stoop to pick it up and Grenfell rescued it and rising offered it to him, when, to his vast astonishment, he discovered that the man, standing erect upon his feet was fast asleep. He had been nearly sixty hours without sleep and forty-eight hours on the trail.

They aroused Will and had him sit down on the bench. He relighted his pipe but in a moment it fell from his teeth again. He rolled over on the bench and was too soundly asleep to be interested in pipe or tea or anything to eat.

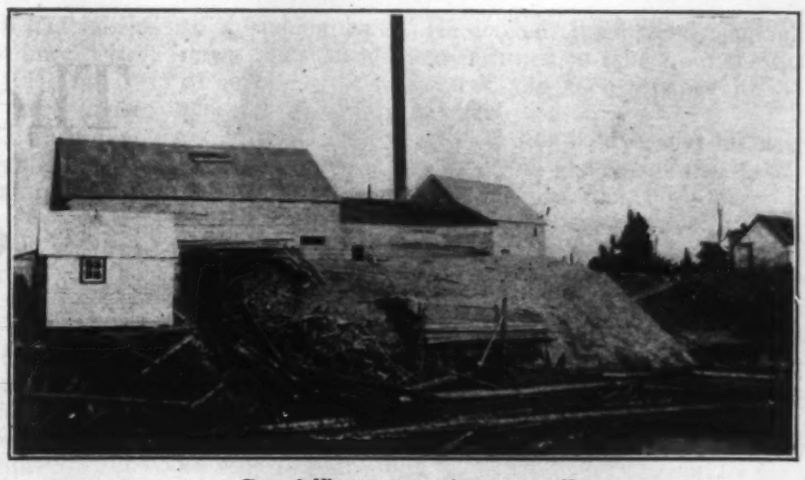
Daylight brought no abatement in the storm. The ice was deep under a coating of slush, and quite impassable for dogs and men; and the sea was pounding and battering at the outer edge, as the roar of smashing ice testified, though quite shut out from view by driving snow. There was nothing to do but follow the shore, a long way around, and off they started.

Here and there was an opportunity to cut across small coves and inlets where the ice was safe enough, and at two o'clock in the afternoon they reached Crow Island, a small island three-quarters of a mile from the mainland.

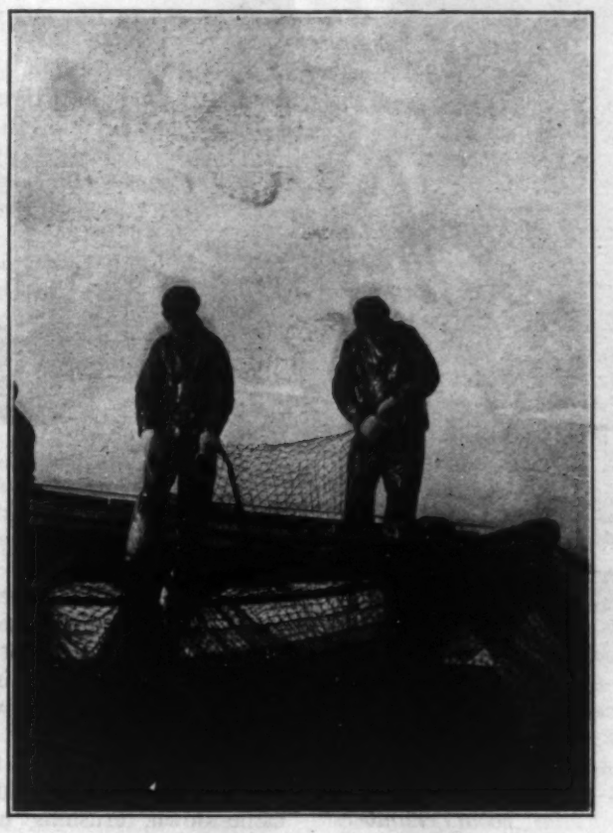
Driven by the blizzard, they took a compass course for a small settlement on the mainland. The instinct of the dogs led them straight, and when the men had almost despaired of locating the settlement they suddenly drew up before a snug cottage.

A cup of steaming tea, a bit to eat, and Grenfell and his men were off again. Cape Norman was not far away, and that evening they reached the fisherman's home.

The joy and thankfulness of the young fisherman were beyond bonds. His wife was in agony and in a critical condition. Doctor Grenfell relieved her pain at once and by skillful treatment in due time restored her to health. Without him she must have died.



Grenfell's cooperative sawmill

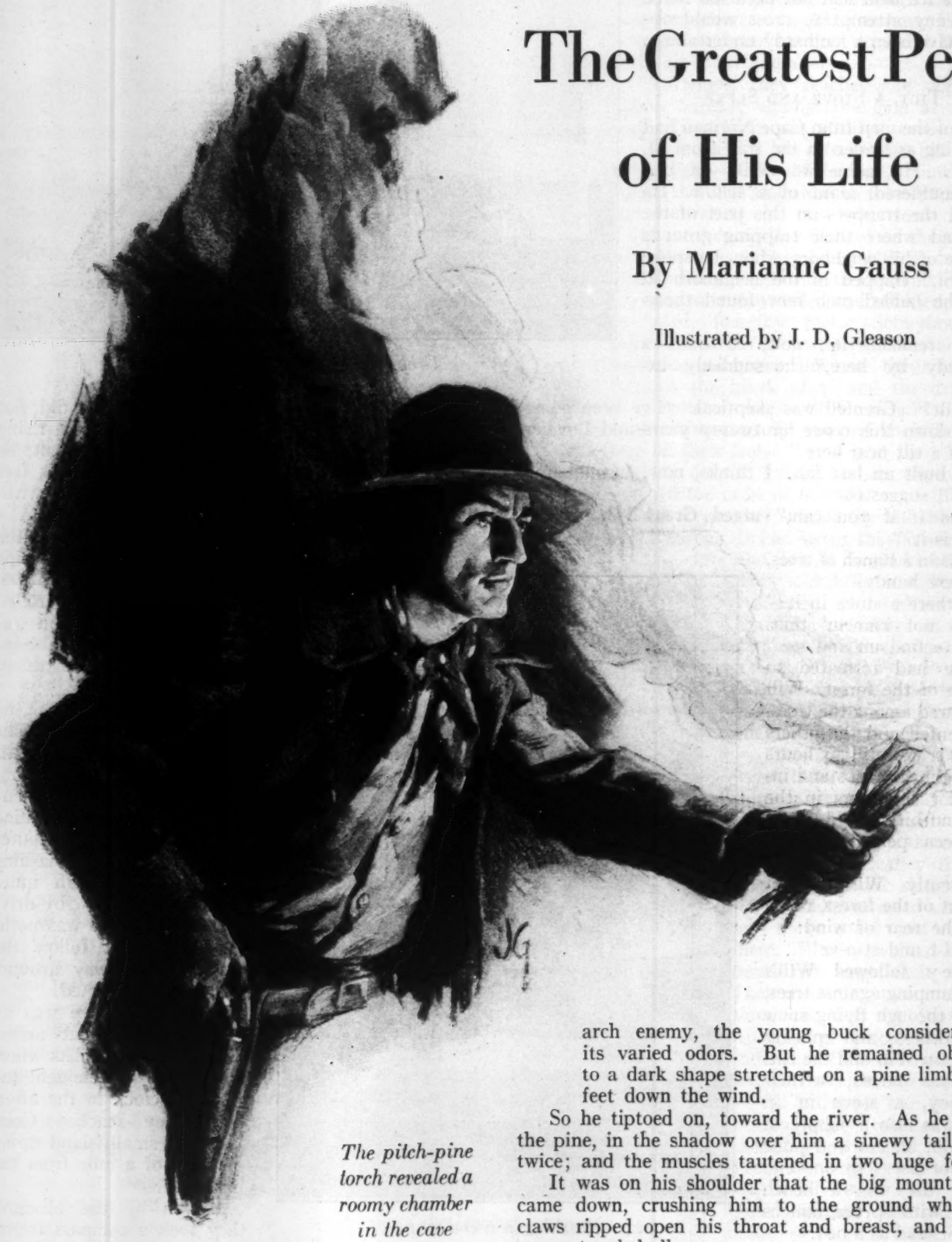


Hauling in a cod trap

The Greatest Peril of His Life

By Marianne Gauss

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason



The pitch-pine torch revealed a roomy chamber in the cave

AROUND Cathedral Rock, on the nearer peak, the moon made a white blaze, as if a priest had been there with lamps; but the forested slopes were dark except as moonlight overflowed from the peak and ran like quicksilver down a defile grown up with quaking-aspens.

Where this bright gulch opened to the mesa, a young deer appeared. There, without cover, he paused.

There is for every wild thing, including all human souls, a supreme peril fitted to the weakness of its nature. Cautiously sniffing the air, in fear of his arch enemy, the young buck considered all its varied odors. But he remained oblivious to a dark shape stretched on a pine limb a few feet down the wind.

So he tiptoed on, toward the river. As he neared the pine, in the shadow over him a sinewy tail swung twice; and the muscles tautened in two huge forelegs.

It was on his shoulder that the big mountain cat came down, crushing him to the ground while her claws ripped open his throat and breast, and in one moment ended all.

Another fawn, just behind him, had seen. Its startled rush across the mesa carried the story to all the sensitive wild things, and the fear of death passed, in a shudder, from the gulch to the river.

Through a sixth sense which he had in common with wild things, a camping fisherman knew, while asleep, that some peril was near. In his dog-tent on the mesa, he woke with a violently beating heart. He rolled out of his blanket, and leaped on a rock, to look about him.

From the mountain to the trout river, now white in the moonlight, the calm of the night seemed un-

broken; but he did not like the hush which had fallen on night birds and little beasts — he did not know what might have happened while he was asleep. He sat irresolute, one hand close to a revolver he wore under his gray sweater, until the moon reached his white tent and made it flare in the night like the headlight of a locomotive. Then he struck the tent, and rolled up in a blanket to sleep under a juniper.

Still, he could not forget that Slick Foster was out of jail. His wife Amy had not wanted him to go fishing immediately after Foster's release.

Away went his mind, back-tracking to a scene two years before. He had won for the State. The Judge had sentenced Foster. And for a moment, in the sheriff's room, he stood beside the convict. He had not forgotten one word of Foster's. There were only eight: "I'll get *you* before you get me again!"

The district attorney was so nervous that he sat up in his blanket and took from his pocket a folded paper signed with his name, "John Winderland." This he pushed into a chipmunk's hole. For he did not wish it found and printed in the newspapers, if he should get a bullet through his head.

Still he could not sleep.

At last he filled and lit his pipe. This was a defiance of Slick Foster, for tobacco carries far in the clean air of the hills. The red spark illumined his obstinate young mouth, while the rest of his face was dark.

When Winderland left the hills to study law, his lower lip had been hard as a wolf-trap, while the upper was mobile and sensitive. Life and his office-holding had coarsened his mouth only a little.

His wife Amy loved it, especially a way the upper lip still had of fluting guilelessly like that of his baby son.

After smoking the pipe out, he fell asleep.

In the darkness before dawn, a man came upstream and then turned across the mesa. He wore a motor-cap and goggles and walked warily, as city people do, in the hills. When near the juniper, he perceived the deeper shadow under it and swerved in its direction.

Perhaps he was afraid of darkness and out-of-doors. He reconsidered his intention to investigate, and walked on, to disappear among the quaking-aspens.

For some time it was very dark. Then, suddenly, light flashed on the rock cathedral, while the river and mesa remained in shadow. Stars whitened, birds began singing; and Winderland woke.

As he stood erect he was a tall, strongly made man, with agile arms — he had once been a cowboy — and a slow and deliberate walk. His eyes were far apart, his nostrils had a restless look. He was, in short, of a nervous temperament.

Winderland's work in the district attorney's office had been much praised. Clergymen said he was "incorruptible" and "fearless." And there was, about him, a shrewdness that might have been called clairvoyant. He saw, in a case, as scouts and Indians and cowboys see on the plains. And his mind was clear, like the atmosphere of the Rockies.

There was one man who did not admire Winderland. Old Judge Hillis, of the Third District, had once said: "Winderland is the only reform candidate now on exhibit. The others have all gone to the devil."

The district attorney rose, made his fire and broiled his bacon.

As he was setting out for the trout river, he came to a sudden halt. He looked, instinctively, up and down the stream; then returned to take from the hole of an innocent chipmunk the folded paper he had placed there at midnight.

It might be found, if he left it here, and his name was on it. As he unfolded and glanced at the sheet, a curious thing happened to Winderland: his lower lip sagged and his jaw loosened, in a way which changed the whole expression of his face. His nostrils, which had been sensitive, were sensual now. His neck looked short. He had the strong nose which denotes power over men: it seemed to thicken. His eyes, half closed, did not redeem his face. For the moment, he did not look like John Winderland; he was a type. Anyone would have guessed he came from City Hall, in town.

The paper he read was the draft of a telegram to be sent to his assistant: it directed him not to file a certain information.

When he ceased to think of the matter, and stood, once more, to his hips in the trout river, his face had lost that stamp of City Hall. He was John Winderland again.

If Slick Foster should keep his word at this time, Winderland would be called a martyr to duty. His wife would always worship his memory, and he would leave a proud name to his son.

The roar of water deafened him, and the mist of the river was in his eyes. If a bough cracked in the thicket under a man's foot, or if a shadow fell on the bank, he was not conscious of either. He had forgotten Slick Foster.

At noon, he walked down the river to Hodgson's Spur, to post his catch to Amy. He thought, also. that he would send that telegram to his assistant.

As he stood in the office of Hodgson's hotel, his lower lip sagged, his jaw loosened and his neck grew short.

But he did not take the telephone receiver to speak his message down to some railroad office with a telegraph operator. There was no private booth. A commercial traveler — a short, reddish man — leaned on the counter near the telephone, and old Judge Hillis was reading the morning news.

Winderland did not wish to publish the fact of that message. He hesitated a moment, his eyes half closed; then he saw that the commercial traveler was regarding him closely.

He wheeled about, and met Judge Hillis' eyes.

Now, the Judge was a prophet. He claimed no inspiration, but his life had been long and his head was clear. He looked at Winderland's sagging mouth and saw the end of him: he observed his wide, sensitive — not quite sensual — nostrils, and estimated a temperament that implied a destiny.

Hillis had watched these men before. Of an earnest and passionate type, they are almost always, in the beginning, reformers. But their only safety lies in rectitude. Their integrity once impaired, the passionateness which is their charm becomes their undoing. It is like the oxygen, which, the philosophers say, is designed equally to preserve the living body and destroy the dead. To Hillis, Winderland's future was plain. He was too reckless for a decently hidden career of corruption — he would probably end in State's prison.

Winderland did not know he had begun to corrupt his ways; he thought he could not help recalling that information. If he did not the politicians would ruin him, and the office in which he was doing a noble work would fall into their hands.

When he returned to his camp on the mesa, there

was moisture in the air. Before it was fully dark, this became a hard rain against which a dog-tent was no protection.

So he thought of the cave. When punching cows in his boyhood, he had often sheltered in holes in the rock, and he knew how to find them. He made his way, without difficulty, from the mesa, through a labyrinth of rocks in which the uninitiated would have lost his way, to a cavern that offered protection from any storm.

The pitch-pine torch which he finally lit revealed a roomy, open chamber. At one side, a passage went down to unknown depths by successive ledges of rock. From this inner cavern he thought he caught a strange odor, but he was in the act of applying his torch to a fire of dry wood. A puff of juniper smoke blew into his face; and afterward the odor which had attracted his notice did not return on the air while he was awake.

In his clothing were two things which identified him: the unsent telegram, and a parcel wrapped in newspaper.

In this was a blood-stained wallet, part of the evidence in a murder case. It had been turned over to him two days before, and would go into the safe on his return to town.

Outside the cave the rain ceased. The wind brought resin and sage, and an occasional taint of wild beast smell. As the fire died, the odor of the cave became very strong: a smell of bad whiskey and of leather mailbags, or money pouches, soaked with seep water in a hiding-place.

While Winderland slept, Cathedral Rock grew pale, then rosy, then flame-colored. On the dark mesa were outlined shapes of trees and rocks, like gray pencilings in the dawn. The tall white rocks around the cave had fiery edges from the sun. And in this early light three men made their way to the cave.

The district attorney opened his eyes. Since he was in a dark blanket against interior blackness, they could not see him; but their heads were against the dawn.

One was bloated from heavy eating and drinking; another, a boy of nineteen, was so thin he looked as if he could rob a post-office by entering through the letter-slit. The third member of the party was dull-eyed from some drug. They belonged to the city. There are bad men in the hills, but the two species are no more alike than the long-tailed vermin of warehouses and garbage cans, in town, and the pack-rat that steals a man's game and fish in the canyons.

Winderland knew none of the men by sight, and he thought they did not know him. Nevertheless he located his revolver, and pushed the telegram and the wallet up his sleeve.

The boy saw him move, and with an expletive, scurried backward like an alley-cat.

Winderland shed his blanket. "Good morning, men. Are you campers, like myself? My bed was washed out last night and I was mighty glad of shelter, believe me!" he added, as he rolled his blanket and moved toward the entry. He could hear the boom of the river, and a bright blue jay cut past the doorway. He was allowed to come where he could see the river. Then, abruptly, one of the men planted himself in the doorway.

Winderland halted. In the act of rolling his blanket, he had removed his hand from the revolver. Without deciding what his next move should be, he felt for it to be sure it was in place. It had vanished.

He saw the boy smirking.

There are only a few really adroit pickpockets. Though Winderland had not seen this one before, he could guess who his man was, and incidentally he knew the boy worked with Slick Foster.

Slick was a kind of master crook, who didn't expect to do time in person, and had not, in very fact, till Winderland sent him up.

The district attorney laid his folded blanket on a rock, and sat down. His hand jerked, uneasily. And the wallet that was evidence for his district became dislodged from his sleeve. It did not fall to the ground. One of his companions caught it with a swoop like a fly-catcher's, and the newspaper was torn from it.

The telegram was still in his sleeve. Were they clever enough to know who would be likely to have that wallet? It was one which had belonged to a ranchman on the slope. People said a country schoolteacher from Idaho had come to his place to ask work for the summer, had been received generously, and that night murdered his host and escaped. "Cogey" was his name. But it wasn't on the wallet, and that of the murdered man was too faint to appear in a dim light. Winderland waited, his back against the rock.

Outside the cave it was very still, and he heard a Townsend solitaire. Once he had known every bird, by its song — he had forgotten the birds of late.

The fat man had turned the wallet inside out. He now turned himself to peer into Winderland's face. "W'ot's yer label, 'bo?"

"Snook," said the district attorney. "I'm a schoolteacher from district 22." He must have said that because of the murder, in his mind.

"I guess we're on, Cogey," said the fat man.

"Cogey?" repeated Winderland. He halted a moment. The possibilities of the situation dawned on him cloudily. He played for time. "Cogey? What makes you call me that? I never heard the name before."

The fat man sat down beside him. "See here, Cogey, I told ye we was on. Open up wide, Reub, or we'll put the Short-horn wise."

The district attorney was a fair actor. He looked from man to man, then back again, helplessly, at the blood-stained wallet. "The Short-horn?" he repeated.

"He means," translated the tall, thin boy, "he'll tip this here Reub Bull off. The sheriff! Now, are you wise?"

The district attorney stared at him a moment, then suddenly, "For God's sake!" he ejaculated.

"Well, you're Cogey," insisted the fat man.

"I'll not say it isn't my name. I never went to kill him. He picked up a billet of wood and started to —"

"Oh, can the gas!" broke in the boy. "You got eight hun off that cattleman, and the cowboys have got a rope all ready for you. Come across!"

Winderland emptied his chamois money-bag, which contained a few coins and one bill. "I cached the rest, down at Hidden Spring. Pick a man to go with me and we'll divide the money."

While the fat man considered this proposition, Winderland felt some curiosity. Just what would be thought the proper share of the murderer? Finally the fat man announced a conclusion in ethics:

"Say, you Reub, you hadn't ought to want to keep none of that coin, because it was wrong for you to croak the cow-man." There was silence; the idea seemed to commend itself to the other two. Winderland thought best to wait for one of his companions to propose a start for Hidden Spring. Now and then he ejaculated: "For the love of God, don't give me away!"

He heard nothing outside the cave; but a chipmunk which had been chattering intermittently, set up a loud clatter and then suddenly ceased. An instant later, Winderland heard a footstep on the rocks.

He looked up. And the blood set back to his heart. Slick Foster stood in the doorway.

Winderland looked at Slick, Slick looked at him, and neither gave a sign of recognition. It seemed impossible that the man should not remember him. Winderland had been told of late that he had "changed." Had he, by a surprising good fortune, grown out of the man's memory? Or was Slick blind?

Slick turned to the fat man. "What Reub's that?"

"Cogey," replied the boy.

"What — ?" Slick brought out an oath.

Foster himself had grown stouter in jail. He was a dominant person, with a large nose and small eyes close together below a good forehead. His three companions looked like morons.

Foster strolled toward the district attorney and stopped. "Fine day, Cogey!"

"He *must* know me," reflected Winderland. Then he added, to himself: "But he doesn't."

The four of them withdrew from him and held a consultation. One of them seemed dazed from his drug. Winderland saw the pale eyes of the fat man, with whites like boiled dough, turned to Foster. The boy simpered foolishly. Foster was the man with a head. He wore a motor cap, with goggles pushed above his temples.

Not far outside the cave Winderland heard a signal: "Zip-zap!" He thought at first it was a coyote. But a camp-robber squalled, and jays pay no attention to coyotes. He sprang to his feet.

Some war-savings stamps were lying where the fat man had let them fall. Slick Foster sprang up and kicked these into the fire. The four men ran toward the entry of the cave, and when they saw they could not escape fell backward over each other. And from his position, Winderland distinguished the figure of a mountain sheriff, with perhaps twenty cattlemen at his back.

Slick Foster had righted himself. He walked out to meet the posse and inquired: "What do you men want?"

The sheriff's horse took a tuft of grass from the slope. He was no high-strung, motor-dodging animal of a town. His mouthful had been masticated and swallowed before his rider made answer:

"Cogey."

Foster's eyes gave a light like a spark struck from an anvil. "Well," he answered with a fiendish sort of indifference, "you want him and here he is! Everybody ought to be suited." Foster never used the language of city slums. He was a person not to be placed by a stranger.

Winderland walked out into the open. He addressed the sheriff: "Now, see here, officer, this is altogether a mistake." So many eyes fixed on him uncompromisingly were disconcerting. He resumed: "If Sheriff Bissey were here, he'd know me in a moment."

A boy with a very large mouth guffawed. "Tha's ri', Cogey. Gunman got Bissey. Always get your alibi from a dead man."

"My name is Winderland, John Winderland." Again the district attorney stopped. There is a wall of incredulity which catches a man's words and flings them back, turned to echoes, flat, false, convicting.

The mountain sheriff turned to Slick Foster. "You say he's Cogey?"

Slick preserved the same convincing indifference. "Search me. I only know he said that was his name. He called himself 'Snook,' at first. But I took this off him," he tossed the wallet to the new Sheriff of Cathedral Ridge, "and then he owned up. I never saw him till this morning. I'm from Denver, out on a fishing trip."

The new sheriff was one of those dull men who believe themselves natural sleuths. He examined the wallet. His companions pressed up about him, and looked over his shoulder.

Winderland did not show his old keenness. He found himself confused. He did not think of asking that the three ex-convicts be dragged out from the interior of the cave. He forgot them, protesting. And the sheriff cut him short:

"Can't you get any person around here to identify you?"

"At Hodgson's Spur Hotel—old Judge Hillis."

Somebody in the posse spoke: "There's a traveling man at the Spur who knows Cogey."

Winderland did not catch this remark. He merely remembered, suddenly, that Judge Hillis had left the Spur in the afternoon before. He resumed: "Never mind going over to Hodgson's—"

A grim smile went 'round the crowd. Then a man with broad red cheeks, who carried himself like a cattle-king, rejoined: "Oh, it ain't no trouble, Cogey. We'll have to go that way for the traveling man to introduce you to us."

Winderland was angry. No harm could come to him, the traveling man could be fetched in a half hour, but he did not like the gleam of Slick Foster's eyes. "You devil," he said, turning his head, "you knew me from the moment you saw me!"

"Well, Cogey," Slick rejoined, "I'd just as soon own that I had my suspicions."

The sheriff put in, grimly: "You'll get on this pinto, now, Cogey, and come to Hodgson's Spur with us." There was a mumbling in the crowd which he heard. He turned, and said, rather feebly: "Don't you boys go and do nothing rash, now. Leave it to the district attorney down in town."

Slick Foster answered this. "They all know the district attorney too well. He can send up any poor devil that comes into court; but where they can use a pull, he won't do a thing to the information—not him!"

He turned and looked at Winderland, and the district attorney perceived he had glimpsed the telegram. Slick had always believed in the hypocrisy of officers of the law—he had received a fresh proof. And his old enemy now saw himself with the eyes of that kind of man. He felt that the convict said the truth. And then he seemed to be sinking to unknown depths. Always, in his better days, a man who had power over a crowd, he felt the personality which controls the mob ooze away from him.

The others were not slow to perceive that he was down. If they had doubted his guilt, they were now sure. They began, also, to look very complacent, and each one, no doubt, dwelt on the fact that while he might have his faults he had never murdered a benefactor. Winderland, who was sensitive, could feel, as it was directed against him, this self-righteousness, characteristic of the mob in action.

The boy with the large mouth pushed up and peered from his horse into Winderland's face. "I just want to see how a human skunk looks."

"Get back there and hold your jaw!" growled the cattle-king.

Winderland had regained his poise. "I'm glad to go to the Spur with you gentlemen — all I ask is a chance to get to the telephone. I can call a man, in the district attorney's office, who will put me right in a moment."

He looked about him. As is usual in a mob, all the

faces were ugly. Slick Foster presented a better appearance than any of these usually kindly disposed men; for he had the immobile face of the professional criminal.

The prisoner demanded that Slick come to Hodgson's. This, to his captors, was sufficient reason for letting him go his way — which he very quickly did.

Winderland obeyed the sheriff's command to mount a horse. He felt that he was still behaving, in spite of himself, as a guilty man.

Close to him, now and then glancing into his face, rode three powerfully made cowboys, their faces burned to a copper color by the wind, and all much alike. These were nephews of the cattleman who had been killed.

The rocks echoed as they rode away from the cave. The mesa, wet in the sun, sent up white clouds of steam that smelled of sage and juniper. Above, immovable, meditative, rose Cathedral Rock.

Posse and prisoner rode along the river, where Winderland saw a great many trout leaping. The water was brown and tumultuous, flecked with white foam like a hard-driven horse.

Above the rapids, and beyond Painted Cliff, where the rock is buff and pink, the posse clattered across a wooden footbridge. So they came to Hodgson's.

The mountain sheriff turned to Winderland. "At what number did you say they could identify you?"

"Just let me get to the 'phone myself. In two minutes I can have a man on the wire who knows my voice."

One of the posse tried to protest; but the sheriff, who was smiling wisely to himself, waved an authoritative hand. "I won't let him get any pal, boys."

"Then," Winderland interposed, "call my wife."

The sheriff replied: "What do I know about your woman?" And a cowboy commented:

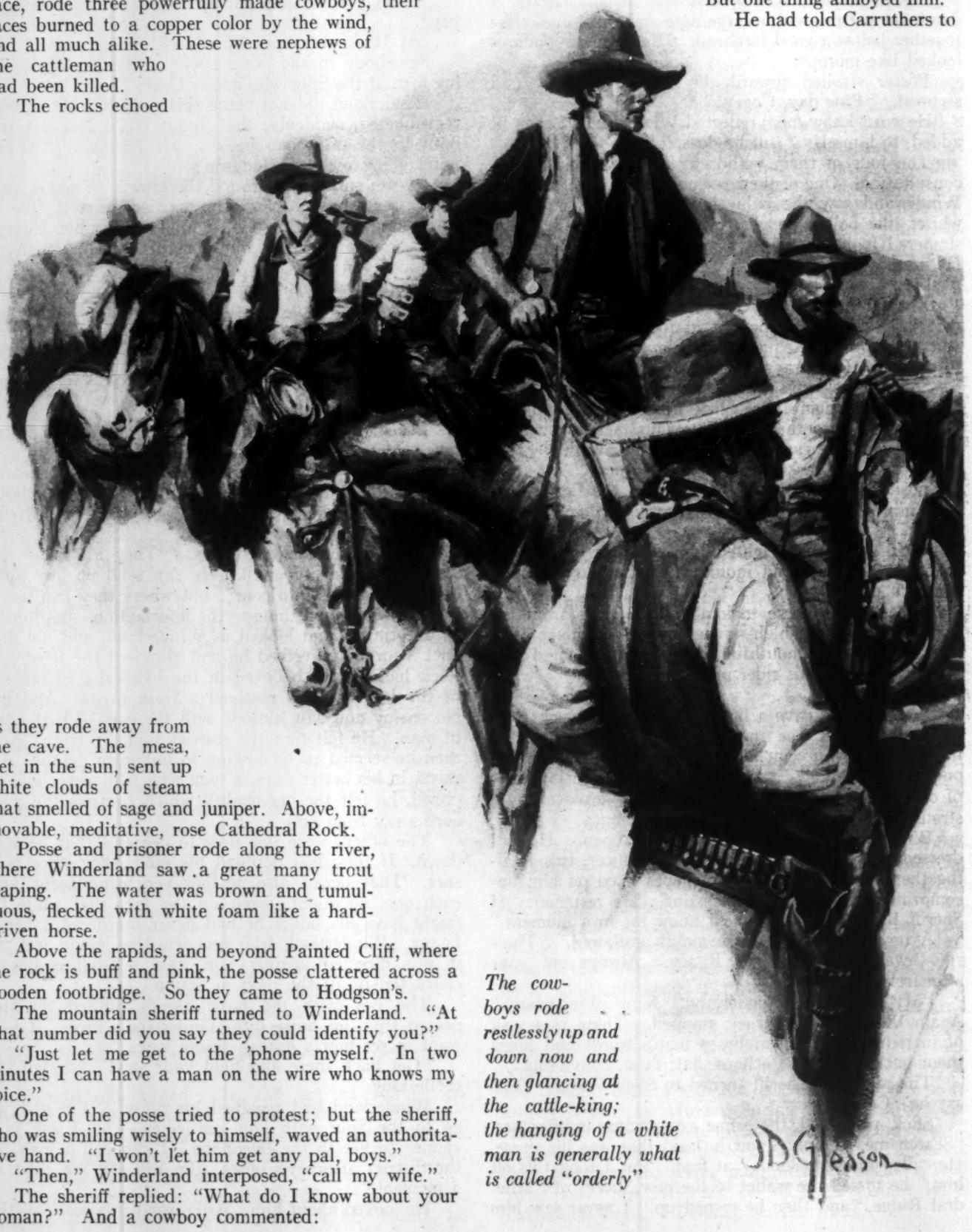
"She'll know his voice *sure*. She can testify he's the district attorney."

The cattle-king decided the question. "Call the district attorney's office, in town."

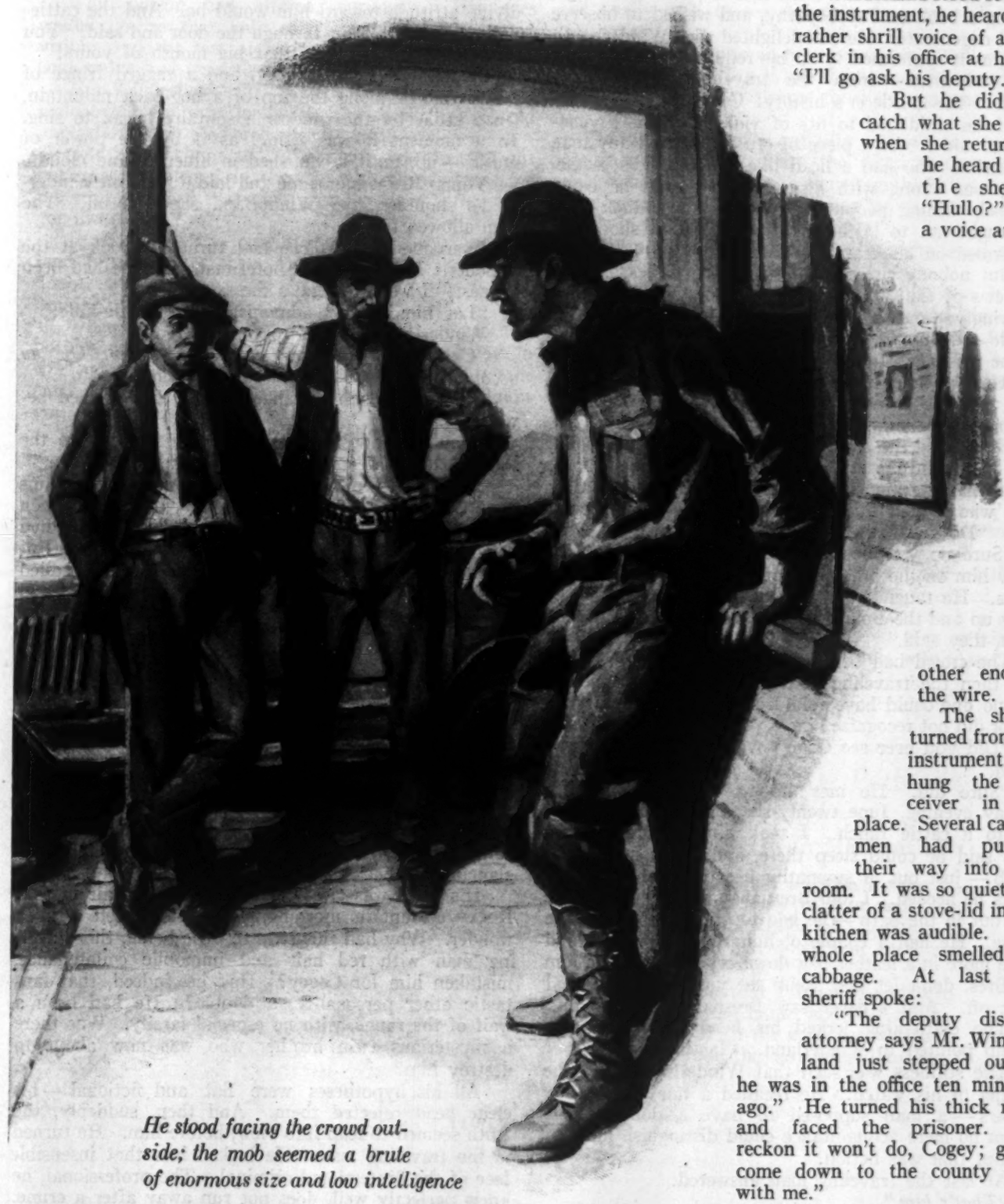
As the sheriff leaned with one elbow on the counter, Winderland could hear, indistinctly, the prattle of voices—people talking from town to town. His wife Amy might be one of them, as inaccessible as old friends to a ghost walking the earth.

Of course he was still sure he would soon be identified. But one thing annoyed him.

He had told Carruthers to



The cowboys rode . . restlessly up and down now and then glancing at the cattle-king; the hanging of a white man is generally what is called "orderly"



He stood facing the crowd outside; the mob seemed a brute of enormous size and low intelligence

say to any stranger who called that he had just stepped out of the office. For he hadn't wanted certain people to get his address; they'd be wiring him about that information. He preferred to be able to say he had not filed it in time for the Grand Jury because he had received no evidence. Still there was a chance his deputy might tell the truth to a sheriff who inquired for him.

At last the mountain sheriff had the wire. Winderland could see only his neck and his thick shoulder, as he stood, hunched over the receiver. "Is this the district attorney's office? This is Sheriff Knowles of Cathedral. I want to ask if Mr. Winderland is in the office. You say he ain't? Well, then, is he in town?"

Winderland stood so near the instrument, he heard the rather shrill voice of a girl clerk in his office at home. "I'll go ask his deputy."

But he did not catch what she said when she returned; he heard only the sheriff's "Hullo?" and a voice at the other end of the wire.

The sheriff turned from the instrument and hung the receiver in its place. Several cattlemen had pushed their way into the room. It was so quiet the clatter of a stove-lid in the kitchen was audible. The whole place smelled of cabbage. At last the sheriff spoke:

"The deputy district attorney says Mr. Winderland just stepped out — he was in the office ten minutes ago." He turned his thick neck and faced the prisoner. "I reckon it won't do, Cogey; gotta come down to the county seat with me."

He knew what would follow, for he showed no surprise when the cattle-king put a hand on his shoulder and pushed him into a chair. "That's all right, Mr. Sheriff, you done your best for your prisoner."

Winderland turned quickly — one of the nephews had touched him. The old king spoke: "Don't be too quick, Harry. Give the damn skunk every chance. The boys have gone after that traveling man who knows Cogey."

"That satisfies me," Winderland replied. "I hope they find him soon."

Outside, he could hear the restless stir of horses, an occasional guffaw or an audible word. But there was little conversation, and that is always ominous.

A guest of the hotel came into the office. He was writing a book on Psychopathy, and wished to observe a real degenerate. He was delighted with Winderland's skull, as it conformed to all his requirements in shape. He had learned — from the traveling man — something of the murderer's history: Cogey had been subject from childhood to fits of violence. The psychopathist said it was a piece of cruelty to hold any man responsible who had a head like Winderland's; something was wrong with his inhibitions, and he could not help killing people when the impulse took him. He ought not to be hanged; an operation should be performed on his cranial arches.

But nobody else took this view of the case. The nephews of the dead Bresnahan stood by and smiled knowingly; and a cowboy with a rope around his saddle rode up to a window and waited in full view of the prisoner.

After a time there was a stir outside the hotel. The traveling man had been found, as he was about leaving the country in his car.

He entered the office — a short, thick, reddish man, with a cast in one eye and a perfectly immobile face, like a mask. Winderland had seen detectives at City Hall who looked like that. The cattle-king stopped him. "Do you know Cogey by sight?"

"Sure do," replied the traveling man. "Used to know him on the other side of the range where I sold goods. He taught country school, but he beat somebody up and the Board let him out. He was a degenerate, they said."

The crowd had become very still, to listen. Now and then the traveling man glanced at the prisoner, but no one could have told from his look whether he did or did not recognize him.

"Did you ever see Cogey over this way?" he was asked.

"Sure did. He met me on the road out here Friday evening, June twenty-six, and asked me for a lift to a cattle ranch. I took him to Bresnahan's. Bres said he could sleep there, and he promised him a job — just out of sympathy because he had all the riders he needed. I told Bresnahan at the time to put him out in the barn — he had too much money in the house. He had a couple o' hundred in a wallet, and some more in a leather bag down cellar. I said to him — 'Bres, don't let that Reub see your coin.' Then I went off. And I never saw Bresnahan alive again."

The cattle-king jerked his head about, and his thumb pointed to Winderland. "Is that Cogey?"

The stillness was such that Winderland heard the ticking of his watch. He recalled a tale of Anthony Hope's — a man supposed to have a double, from whom no mere acquaintance could distinguish him.

But that was fiction.

At last the traveling man answered:

"*That's him.*"

The cattle-king turned to Winderland. "Young man, do you ever pray?"

Winderland was startled by the question. The answer to it was not the cattleman's affair — yet he replied, rather dazedly — "Not lately. Not as much as I should."

"If you want to pray now, we'll give you five minutes."

Suddenly, in a different tone of voice, Winderland cried out: "Very well. I *will* pray!"

Several men turned to look at him; and he walked deliberately to a window and stood there. It overlooked the canyon — yet no one tried to interfere. A cowboy on the outside, by way of encouraging a devotional frame of mind, began to inform him what the divine attitude toward him would be. And the cattle-king put his head out through the door and said: "You rider for Jones's — shut that big mouth of yours!"

Winderland could see sky, and a ragged fringe of pines running along the top of a hog-back mountain. On a cedar by the window a solitaire began to sing. In a moment it was rising, as if by the power of music — up, until it vanished in blueness and cloud.

Young Bresnahan came and laid a hand on Winderland's shoulder, and Winderland shook it off. The man allowed this.

Everyone in the office had turned to look at the prisoner. He said to the hotel man, as if he had been a guest, "I want to send a message."

"Let him, boys," admonished the cattle-king.

Winderland dictated to the landlord:

"*Carruthers, assistant district attorney: On no account fail to file information. Winderland.*"

All stared at the stranger — and they seemed bewildered.

"You may add this," Winderland resumed, to the hotel man: "Will explain to-morrow when I return."

This roused in one of the three young Bresnahans a passion which caused him to lay violent hands on the prisoner. To see a negro ignominiously handled will almost always bring the mob down on him. But the hanging of a white man is more often what is called "orderly." Two or three cowboys fell on him, and pushed him from the office to the porch; but they stopped with that, and he stood facing the crowd outside, his back to the wall of the hotel.

The mob scarcely seemed a group of men; it was a brute of enormous size and low intelligence, which he must now fix with his eye. He looked about him for the head.

And his eyes soon found the old cattle-king, where he stood with the traveling man beside him. He was afraid to take his eyes away from this man's. While he looked at him the cattle-king did not move; and the cowboys rode restlessly up and down, now and then glancing at their master.

His mind was clear as the rain-washed air of that Rocky Mountain morning. It busied itself with a wonder. Why had this strange little being, this traveling man with red hair and immobile countenance, mistaken him for Cogey? Had he, indeed, that fantastic other personality, a double? He had been a waif of the range, with no especial family. Was there a mysterious twin brother who was now about to destroy him?

All his hypotheses were flat and fictional — his clear head rejected them. And then, suddenly, the truth seemed to leap into view, before him. He turned to the traveling man. He looked into that insensible face of the professional criminal. The professional, he knew perfectly well, does not run away after a crime. Slick Foster never did. He used to hang about till the police were off on a scent.

"What did you lie for, a moment ago?" As Winderland made this demand, the traveling man stared at him with fixed curiosity like a baby's.

"I know why," pursued Winderland. "You and Slick killed Bresnahan. There never was such a person as 'Cogey' — you invented him."

Now, something had happened: not the cattle-king, but Winderland, had become the head of the mob. They did not know it, but he did. He had always been the master of the crowd, until very lately!

When he saw that everyone was looking at him, he stepped in front of the little man.

This person had altered, curiously. His eyes walled up, so that only their yellowish whites were visible, and the rest of his face was rigid, as if very cold water had been dashed into it.

But Winderland said: "There isn't going to be any violence!" He then looked at the sheriff: "I've told you who *I* am. Where's your car?"

The sheriff admitted, afterward, that he thought until he was seated in the car with Winderland and the stranger, that that mob would recover before they got away.

It did not. The sheriff started his car. Winderland heard one of them say, feebly: "If there's any doubt, what can ye do? Leave it to the law to decide."

When his personality was quite withdrawn, and nothing could be seen of him except a cloud of dust in the wake of the car, Bresnahan walked up to the cattle-king, cursed him and demanded: "Why didn't you men string him up?"

The cattle-king asked, dazedly: "String *who* up?"

"Why, Cogey! You let him put it over on you. You let him lay it on that traveling man. Watche leave him jaw at all, for? Why'n't ye stop him with a rope?"

The cattle-king had no answer to make.

But later, when the full facts were known, he told everyone why he had behaved inconsistently. From the first of his setting eyes on Winderland, he had perceived, with his insight into character, the real facts of the case. He had behaved as he did merely as a way of keeping "the boys" quiet till he should be able, as he finally was, to see the right man arrested by due authority.

Judge Hillis was an honest prophet. Following the next campaign, when Winderland made his great stand and fought the politicians to their end and his victory, he said:

"I was mistaken about Win. He's a strong man."

But he wished to ask the district attorney some questions. They went fishing together that summer. One night, in camp on the mesa, as they smoked their pipes in the dark, Hillis inquired:

"Win, I sometimes wonder what's the secret of your power over a crowd."

Winderland answered. "I haven't any, it's just that I happen to have the truth in me sometimes." As he sheltered a match, its light picked out his features, getting sharper, thinner, with his battles, but with no longer any stamp of City Hall. Above them, the moon shone, very white around the Great Rock.

"I never could lie well," proceeded the district attorney. "I have to walk pretty straight." He stopped. Men talk less of their souls than women do.

The Judge continued: "And I've always wanted to have you tell me about that fight of yours with a mob at Hodgson's. I suppose you'd call it your moment of greatest peril?"

In the glow of his pipe, a smile illumined the district attorney's face. "Why," he answered, "that wasn't the worst thing that ever came near to getting me!" But he stopped again. Men very seldom confide in each other. He had told his wife, Amy, about the greatest peril of his life.

Legend

by

Faith Baldwin

Now remembered music
Quickens ancient grief;
That we outlive sorrow
Is a child's belief.

Scarlet foam of summer
Burns against the sky;
That green joy is deathless
Is a nursemaid's lie.

The Little Path

by

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

Before I could be wise I wore
A little pathway to your door
And all the traffic of my day
Went up and down that little way.

And now that I am wise and keep
My love at home, and half asleep,
I only wish the grass would grow
And hide the way I used to go.

In After Days

From *Aldebaran*

by

M. St. Clare Byrne

When you, in after days, in some still evening time,
Shall think of me, remembering the lilt of some old rhyme
I made you; when, dear heart, the bitterness and pain
That I, unknowing, wrought you, shed away again,
You, with a quiet gladness, pausefully recall
The love I had for you, the young joy of it all;
When, if at sundown musing happily a little space,
You laugh to glimpse again a vague, half-laughing face,
I'd have you say just this, "One loved me, gave to me the glow
Of young hot life . . . (*between us the winds of years shall blow*) . . .
I have forgot the rest . . . 'twas very long ago."

"Señor, the door opened inwards. As it came, something came with it, heavy—"

The Closed Door

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Author of "Gipsy's Weather," "Angels' Shoes"

Illustrated by Carton Moorepark

TONIO brought the news after dinner, with the turgid mixture he called coffee. "Concepcion says," he remarked, "that there has been a battle beyond Cienaga and that the *insurgentes* are destroyed. But Concepcion is a liar anyway, and does the señor wish me to open another tin of milk? There is no fresh. The cow is dead."

Fellowes lifted his head with a jerk from the sticky leather cushion where he had just laid it, too tired even to swear. "Hello! Say that again."

"The cow is dead, and Pepita wept. There is no doubt that it is dead ——"

"Never mind. I mean about the battle."

"Saints! Concepcion says there has been one beyond Cienaga and all the *insurgentes* have been killed."

"Who told him?"

"A man who fought in the battle, señor, a man who was there. Pedro is hiding him in the café."

"Why?"

"*Quien sabe?* Pedro says he is frightened. And there is no fresh milk. Little Mother of God, that cow was *exhausta* ——"

"Be quiet. Give me my boots again."

For all his tiredness, Fellowes dropped out of the hammock lightly enough. If there really had been a battle, and the *insurgentes* really had been wiped out, then the victorious troops would probably straggle back to the town for rest and refreshment. In that case the Company must be warned, and the Company's loose property swept up and secured. "A curse on all governments anyway!" said Fellowes while wondering where he might lay hand on one of his foremen.

After the heat of the lighted room behind the nettings, the dusk was almost cool as he plunged into it. A storm was coming and the sun had dropped early into dark cloud. Sky and forest were so much of a blackness that it looked as if the trees had suddenly and silently surged up and swallowed the day. The foul little roads were dim and deserted; only the square flared with uncertain light. The church seemed at one moment to waver near the ground: the next, it flickered aloft, striking into the inverted pits of dark like a reflection in a well. Only in front of the café a compact and sweating crowd fought and screamed wholeheartedly, tiny by contrast of the night.

A man whirled from the outskirts of the crowd as Fellowes paused, and caught him by the coat. "There is a man," he shrieked above the din; "one who has seen the battle!" Fellowes shook him off, lowered his head, and drove through the mob by sheef weight of bone. They took his charge with perfect good temper. Brown hands caught at him, eyes gleamed and darkened, and half the mouths in the town screamed at him in unison, "There is a man in the café, a man who saw the battle! Little Mother of God, a man who was there!"

He was in the hard-breathing front rank, pressed against the wall. The closed door of the café was in front of him. He could see a pale blot wavering like a moth within the glass, — the anxious face of Pedro. Then a darkness showed in the blot, and two smaller blots appeared with cautious gestures. Fellowes worked forward till he leaned against the door. It opened suddenly. Fat hands dragged him within. And Pedro clapped to the door again in the excited faces of his friends.

"That was well done," said Pedro, puffing heavily. "I saw the señor. I thought, 'He wishes to question me, to ask me the truth; I will admit him.' And you are here, señor."

Fellowes looked round. The thick-walled room was cool and dark, bitter with the smell of stale cheap wine, and as still as a chapel. The noise outside penetrated only as a murmur. "And the man?" he asked with a breath of relief. "You have him here?"

"The man who was there?" said Pedro. "Yes, señor. You wish to ask him of the battle? Yes, señor. I will give light."

He brought a little reeking lamp of the sort they light in shrines. Shapes dawned on them cloudily, — barrels, jars, an old door like a cave's mouth, and a flight of steps. "He is —— ?" began Fellowes in some astonishment. And Pedro finished quickly "In the cellar? Yes, señor. Why? Because he is afraid."

The last word came back deep and hollow as Pedro led the way into the cellars. "Afraid. . . ."

If the upper floor had been still as a chapel, the cellar was as still as a tomb. The steps led straight down into a square room full of broad mud pillars; on three sides of this room smaller ones opened, — bins and cupboards for storing the wine and the *aguardiente*. Each opening was hung with a rough door and every door stood open, so that beyond the shadows of the pillars there seemed to wait a monstrous company of wings. Fellowes turned mechanically to close the door at the foot of the stairs. And a voice cried to him quickly, "Señor, señor, leave the door open, in the name of God."

"Yes," said the fat Pedro in a whisper, "that is the man. Leave the door open, señor. In the name of God."

Fellowes looked. The soldier sat on a straw mattress with his back against the far wall, so that all the open doors were in view. His slender brown feet were wrapped in strips of native cloth that had once been white, but was now stained a thick dark brown. His knees were drawn up and his hands clasped them. He wore some sort of uniform coat with gaudy yellow flannel facings, and a broad hat lay beside him, together with an untouched bottle of Pedro's wine. His voice, singularly sharp and quick, was yet the voice of a sound man.

"Are you ——" began Fellowes and then stopped. The face, touched with a strange reflection, not of light, but of darkness, answered him. It was the only answer he had. For the soldier was counting the doors on his fingers, —— "Five, — seven, — nine, and all open."

Fellowes turned to Pedro. "Is this man — Is he a little mad?"

"O, no, señor. He is only afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of a closed door, señor. He is not mad. He was there, beyond Cienaga. Wait. I will speak for you."

He leaned forward and spoke loudly, a fat hand on either knee. "This *caballero* wishes to ask if you were in the fight beyond Cienaga."

The echoes of the deep voice rolled in little thunders. Each echo died before the man anwered in his sharp breathless voice, "Yes, I was there."

"He wishes to hear about the battle. Will you tell him all you know?"

Another silence. Then, — "Yes, I will tell him all I know. But do not shut the doors."

Fellowes took it up eagerly in his best Spanish. "Tell me all you know, my friend, and I'll make it well worth your while." He felt in his pocket for a pencil and a scrap of paper. "Go on. I'm ready."

"There was a river," said the soldier quickly, "and a house with a yellow roof in a clearing."

"Yes. Go on, please."

"A house with a yellow roof. I was in the house."

"Yes, but before that?"

"Before that, the swamps, señor. Then the river, and the village, and the house with the yellow roof. I was in the house."

"But —— This is no use." Fellowes turned to Pedro. "I want facts, all he knows ——"

Pedro's full-moon face was turned gravely on the soldier. His eyes, gentle as a girl's, watched him only. "Señor," he said with an air slightly absent, "I think he will tell you all he knows. Listen. In the name of God."

Pedro's voice, the little shrine-lamp sending up a thin black finger to the roof, the shadows, the open doors, — all these chilled Fellowes a little. He glanced curiously from Pedro to the soldier. "Let him tell it in his own way, then."

The soldier began again, as if he were speaking for the first time.

"There was the house with the yellow roof. But before that we crossed the swamps. It's very bad in the swamps. We walked one behind the other on logs laid down in the mud; they were very old logs, very slippery. We walked for a long time, I don't know how long. One man took the quick fever, and when the pain came, he cried out and fell into the mud, in a deep place. He was gone before one could cry on the saints, and his gun too, which was a pity. This man was the first who died. I forget his name now, but he was very lucky at cock-fighting.

"It was very dark in the swamps, too, dark almost like night. Sometimes the trees broke, and a line of

His tunic was all stuffed out with things. He was laughing as he ran

light lay across the mud. As the long trail of men crawled along the logs, each as he passed under the light would go very slowly, and lift his face to it, until he was pushed on by the man behind, who wanted to feel the sun on his eyes too. In this way two more men were drowned in the mud. But I was safe, and so was the man in front of me. I was glad of that, because he was my friend."

"But can't you remember how long you were in the swamps?" asked Fellowes gently. "Who your captain was? —— Anything that happened?"

The soldier looked troubled. "No, I don't remember. But I had a gun, and cartridges, and a *bayoneta,* and I was afraid of the *insurgentes.* I was afraid they would come up behind us. We didn't know where they were. The man in front of me didn't care. He was a young man and merry, with no hatred in him. He said 'If a Señor *Insurgente* gave me a good dinner I'd build him a shrine.' But I was afraid of the *insurgentes.* They were devils.

"When we came out of the swamps many of us had fever and our feet were sore with leech bites. There was a road, but it was very bad. Soon one part of our army was far ahead of the other. Those who went in front had shoes, those who went slowly hadn't any. I was afraid the *insurgentes* would catch us, but I couldn't go fast. My friend had shoes, but he stayed with me. And one day he went off by himself, and came back laughing with a pair for me. 'There's a village yonder,' he told me, 'all shut up except the church. A poor place. Only the fleas are fat. I said a prayer in the church, *amigo,* and stole the *jefe's* shoes for you.'

"Now that we both had shoes we left the rearguard behind us, the men who had none. I don't remember where we went. We went on for a long time, and there was fighting in front of us. I think we fought too, because I remember hiding in some thick bushes covered with pink flowers. There was a dead man near us and when I fired my gun, the pink flowers fell until he was almost buried, — only his feet out. There were lots of dead men, though, we didn't mind them. But there were a few who were not dead. Those *insurgentes* are devils. I was not afraid of fighting, I was afraid of the *insurgentes.* I would call to my friend in daylight, like a child at night, 'Are they here, have they come, *amigo?*' And he would say, 'No, we must still keep the dinner hot for them.' He was a merry man even when he was hungry.

"I still had my gun, and some cartridges, and my *bayoneta.* But we had no food. When we came to the river, and the village, and the house with the yellow roof, my friend went away to find food. I hid in the house with the yellow roof, waiting for him: I hid in the corner of the lower room, behind the door, where there was a little window, high up. I had my gun, and my cartridges, and my *bayoneta.* I was going to fire on the rebels through the window if they came. But they didn't come.

"It was very still in that house. The room was a very nice one, very clean. A water-pot hung under the eaves and dripped, and that was often the only sound I could hear. A child's shoe lay in the middle of the floor; they must have been well-to-do folk if even the children had shoes. But I couldn't find anything to eat, not so much as a mouldy plantain or a bit of bread. The door was open. I left it open and stood in the shadow behind it, with my gun, and my cartridges, and my *bayoneta,* looking out of the little window and wondering where my friend was. There was a clearing outside, surrounded with tall trees. Sunlight hung like ropes made from gold between the trees. Birds talked; one flew in at the open door of the room where I hid. It was so quiet you would never have thought of fighting, of anger, of dead men. Except when the sunny wind blew off the woods."

As if the remembered quietness locked his lips, the soldier was silent. The door at the foot of the stairs

The cellar was very still; the lamp-flame trembled, Pedro's shadow surged

"Señor, Señor, for the pity of God do not shut the door!"

swung in a draught, and he watched it anxiously until it was still. Then he went on breathlessly.

"I will tell the gentleman all I can remember. It is not much. There was fighting, but I don't remember where, or what it was all about. It is all gone. Only I was in the lower room of the house with the yellow roof, behind the door, and the door was open. I was waiting for my friend. I waited a long time, but he came at last.

"He broke through the trees on the far side of the clearing, running as if he were mad, and leaping from side to side. He had a dead fowl under each arm, and as he ran their long necks jerked together. His tunic was all stuffed out with things, and his ragged trousers fluttered round his legs like flags round a flag-pole at a *fiesta*. He looked very funny. He was laughing as he ran. I laughed too, and I was just going to run and meet him, when I thought: 'Is there a kettle here to cook the fowls in?' I looked for the kettle, and looked back through the window. And I saw the little blue puff break from the trees. . . . .

"The crack followed, little and foolish in that big quietness as the crack of a twig. Three men ran out of the trees after my friend. They were *insurgentes*. I had never seen them so close before. I was afraid. But he wasn't. I saw his white teeth flashing as he ran for the open door. He ran as fast as a dog, with the fowls' heads jerking against his knees. And he laughed.

"I became very cold, there behind the door. Something jerked in my chest, and the gun jerked in my hand. I wondered what I should do. If I had fired, I might have hit my friend. I didn't fire. I watched the *insurgentes* coming nearer. I saw their faces as they ran through the streaks of light and shadow in the clearing, now bright, now dark, and all with one thought in them. . . . Then I was afraid. Afraid as I hadn't been before. The light went out, my flesh trembled, my sinews shook against my bones. Mother of God, I died— died many times."

The soldier bent forward, panting. His eyes for the first time met Fellowes's.

"I was there. I will tell you all I know, señor. He was my friend. I was afraid.

"I shut the door."

The cellar was very still. The lamp-flame trembled, and Pedro's immense squat shadow surged like a cloud.

"I shut the door. The square of sunlight on the floor grew thin and went out. There was a place for a bolt, but no bolt. I drove in my *bayoneta*, — drove it in with the child's shoe I picked up from the floor. I leaned against the door, staring at the floor where the sunlight had been. My hands were over my ears, but I could hear everything, rolling like stone in my heart, in my head. . . .

"I shut the door. It was fast when he flung himself against it, calling on me to open in the name of God. I wanted to open it then, señor, I wanted to open it. But I couldn't move. I was afraid. And they killed him against it. They didn't shoot, they killed him with their *bayonetas*. The points came through to the other side and pricked me, twice, as I leaned against it. Then they took the fowls and went away. I don't know how many there were or why they went

away. Perhaps they didn't see the door had been open.

"It was very quiet again. I crushed my ear against my side of the door, but there was no sound from *his* side. I put my lips to the wood and spoke to him in a whisper for fear the *insurgentes* should hear and come back. I couldn't believe that *he* didn't hear. I thought he was listening in silence and laughing — just to pay me out. There was no sound but the drip from the water-jar. It was very loud like a bell. A drop would flash in the shadow and fall, and then the sound would come in my head, — 'Boom!' Soon I realized that there were two 'Booms' to every drop that fell. I couldn't understand it at first. But the other drip, the other noise, was outside. I looked down at my feet. The *jefe's* shoes he had stolen for me were very dark, very wet, with — with what had dripped and run under the closed door from his side to mine. . . .

"I was afraid again. I kicked off the shoes and ran round and round the room. I couldn't believe he was dead. He was such a merry one. As I ran, I kept saying, 'I'm afraid of the *insurgentes,* afraid of the *insurgentes,*' and I called, 'Are they here, *amigo,* have they come?' But he didn't answer 'We must keep the soup hot.' Then I knew I wasn't afraid of the *insurgentes,* but of my *amigo* on the other side of the door.

"When it was dark, so dark I could see nothing, I went to the door. My hands were quite steady as I worked out the *bayoneta.* I opened it the breadth of a hand. Señor, the door opened inwards. As it came, something came with it, heavy, dragging on the ground, — pinned to it as a bat's skin is pinned on a board. . . .

"I don't remember much. I shut the door again. I was very cold. I took my gun and broke down the window and climbed out that way.

"The clearing was in very dark shadow, but the tops of the trees were white in the coming moonlight. I knew I must be away before the moonlight shone on the door. I dropped from the window and my foot struck something, — a loaf of bread. His tunic was all fat with things as he ran and laughed. . . .

"I was very hungry. I caught it up and ran, wondering why the *insurgentes* had left it. I went on and on. The moon rose and the light came on my hands. They were dark, señor; the bread was dark. No wonder the *insurgentes* had left it. It was all spoiled. . . .

"I don't remember much more. I went on — went on. . . . Then it was day and there was a town, one of our towns. When they saw my feet, they let me ride in the wagons. They offered me bread, but I couldn't eat it. They thought I was wounded and starved, they thought I had fought the rebels. Perhaps I had. But I only remember that I was afraid. And so I shut the door."

"But the fighting?" asked Fellowes under his breath. "Under whose command? Who cut off the *insurgentes?* Where will the troops retire? He must —"

"Hush, señor." Pedro lifted his hand and turned on his heel. "Hush. He knows no more."

"More?" The man in the yellow facings caught at the last word. "Tell the gentleman that's all. There was a house and an open door, and I shut the door."

"Come," said Pedro again, "there is no more. He has told you all he knows."

They went softly up the steps. And behind them the breathless voice called:

"Señor, señor, for the pity of God, do not shut the door!"

A Good Car for the Money

(*Continued from page 27*)

The police could doubt no longer that Mr. Sparr had been right in his conjecture.

"Pass out the other gun, Tod," spoke the lieutenant. "Come on through; you've got another, you know."

A shot and an agonized groan were heard in the little building. A patrolman rushed for the door. West hauled him back.

"Last call, Tod, you faker! I'll give you just one minute more."

After seconds of silence another automatic fell through the window. West took it up.

"All right," he said. "Ready with your guns, boys?"

Then he opened the door. The glare from the lamps of the police car which had run into the driveway made the scene as bright as day. The bandit Klutcher was revealed, holding his hands high above his head.

"Wise old fox!" he snarled to Lieutenant West.

On the ground at his feet was a bulky leather bag. Flashlights showed afterward where it had reposed under the back seat of Mr. Sparr's automobile through its strange adventures. . . .

Captain Sparr was bathing Corabel's wheels with a sponge when George Griggs strolled into the yard.

"Getting her ready to sell?" George quizzed.

"Sell her?" the captain retorted. "Sell a little old money-maker like her? Look here."

He allowed George to feast his eyes on the large pink cheque that had come by special messenger from the directors of the Third National.

"Listen, George. Sit down."

They sat down on the running-board.

"What you going to do all next week?"

"I dunno, William. Why?"

From the house Roxane observed the cronies. They had their heads together over a crinkly new road map.

Rasputin exercised some curious, magnetic influence over women

Doings at Scotland Yard

By Sir Basil Thomson

The British Criminal Investigation Department, the official title of the organization better known as Scotland Yard, was never busier than in the period embracing the World War—from 1913 to 1921.

Sir Basil Thomson, head of Scotland Yard during those eight years, kept track of the movements of many men and women whose activities might have influenced the result of the war. Doubt and uncertainty have obscured some of the most important events of that period. In the following article, the second of a series of two, Sir Basil tells what Scotland Yard learned about some of the important characters of the war.

SEVERAL accounts have been published of the assassination of Rasputin, differing in detail. This event had so much to do with the collapse of Russia that I took pains to collect evidence as to what actually happened.

As everyone knows, during the autumn of 1916, Rasputin had succeeded in gaining complete ascendency over the Czar and Czarina. He was a person who could have existed only among the Russians. He gloried in being a peasant of the most common clay, but, just as a filthy fakir in India can acquire a reputation for holiness by his self-imposed penances, so a Russian moujik can do the same if he has personality, cunning and a smattering of ecclesiastical lore.

Rasputin had all these and he was, besides, a creature of immense physical strength and physical temperament. His doctrine was that the cure for all human ills was humility, and he set out to humble the greatest ladies of the court. He had some curious magnetic power which he exercised more successfully over women than over men; but even men felt it. His influence over the imperial family was such that he was able to persuade the Czar that the only medical attendant to whom he should listen was the Tibetan herbalist, Batmaef, whom Rasputin described as a doctor appointed by God. The story in court circles was that Batmaef administered herbal decoctions to the Czar and, by this means, weakened his will-power.

In the late autumn there were rumors that Rasputin's influence had been bought by the Germans to persuade the Czar to make a separate peace, and Prince Youssoupov, one of the young nobles, determined to worm himself into Rasputin's confidence in order to ascertain the truth of these rumors. After some weeks he succeeded in winning the monk's confidence and at last, in an interview lasting two hours, Rasputin revealed the whole plan to him. A separate peace was to be proclaimed by the Czar on January 1st, 1917, and it was then the second week in December. There was, therefore, no time to lose.

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Rasputin was the most "protected" person in Russia. He was said to be watched over by two German detectives, a detective appointed by a group of bankers, and an imperial detective who was responsible for his personal safety. The little group that was resolved upon his death believed that they were under the direction of a higher power because events fitted in so perfectly and easily with their design. Rasputin seemed positively to cultivate the society of Youssoupov, who called upon him a day or two before Christmas and said that as Rasputin had never set foot in his house, he had come to invite him to drink tea with him that evening. Rasputin did not demur at all. He said, laughingly, that he would tell the detectives he was going to bed and that they were free for the evening, and he invited Youssoupov to call for him in his car at the back door in order to give the slip to any detective who might remain on duty.

Rasputin's Poison Is Tested

In Prince Youssoupov's house there was a dining-room in the basement. From this a winding staircase led to the first floor, with a landing half way giving into the hall. On this landing was a small room. On arriving at the house Rasputin was conducted into this dining-room, where bottles of Madeira and port were set out. The conspirators had previously obtained from a chemist a drug known in Russia as "Cianistii Kalii," which was said to have a very quick action on the heart and to be tasteless when taken in wine. It was in the form of a white powder and the quantity introduced into Rasputin's wine was believed to be sufficient to kill twenty men. During the afternoon the potion had been tried upon one of the dogs in the courtyard and the effect was immediately fatal.

They sat down at the table and Youssoupov plied Rasputin with the wine. Rasputin, like most Russian peasants, had a strong head. He was quite unconscious that there was anything unusual in the taste of his drink, but as time went on and conversation flagged, Youssoupov began to realize that the poison would not act upon such a man. He made an excuse for going upstairs to the little room on the landing, where his fellow conspirators were waiting. The Grand Duke Dmitri lent him his revolver and he went down again, feeling, as he said, that he was not acting of his own volition, but was under the direction of a higher power. He found Rasputin leaning on his hands and breathing loudly.

At the end of the dining-room was a large ikon. Youssoupov went and knelt before it to pray for strength to do what he had to do for the salvation of the country. Then Rasputin got heavily to his feet and came over to the ikon and stood beside him. Youssoupov rose, put the pistol to Rasputin's side, and fired. Rasputin uttered a terrible cry and fell backward on the floor, where he lay motionless. There was a doctor in the little room upstairs and Youssoupov went to call him. All came down with the doctor; some were in favor of firing another shot to make sure, but the doctor, on examining the wound, declared that the bullet had entered the heart and had pierced the liver and that clearly the man was dead. Then they went upstairs to plan disposal of the body.

This took some time, and then Youssoupov, in whose mind the idea had been working that satanic power might have kept the man alive in spite of his wound, went down alone into the dining-room to make sure. The body was lying in the same place. He felt the pulse: it was not beating. He opened the monk's robe to feel the heart. At that moment Rasputin, with a fierce cry, sprang up and seized him by the throat, throttling him. But superhuman power came upon Youssoupov, and he flung the wounded Rasputin down on the floor: he lay without motion.

With the horror of this incident upon him Youssoupov ran upstairs.

Rasputin Follows Assailants

The grand duke, the doctor and another officer had gone away for a motor car to remove the body and only Poroskewitz, a member of the Duma, was left. He had a pistol with three cartridges. To him Youssoupov poured out his story. They came out on the landing and, looking down, saw the bullet-head of the monk moving up the staircase. He was on all-fours like a bear. They shrunk back into the room and saw Rasputin stagger to his feet on the landing and go through into the hall. They followed: Rasputin fumbled with the door leading to the courtyard, dragged it open and went into the darkness. Poroskewitz and Youssoupov ran to the door and saw him, outlined against the snow, as he was crossing the courtyard. Poroskewitz fired his three shots, but the monk ran several paces before he fell, close to the gateway which led from the courtyard into the street.

Youssoupov had a rubber truncheon such as the police use and, finding him still alive, clubbed him to death. It was then seen that one of the three revolver bullets had hit him in the back of the skull and still he had lived.

Poroskewitz returned to the house, and while Youssoupov was standing irresolute by the body there came a knocking on the gate. The police had been aroused by the revolver shots and had sent an agent to make inquiries. It was a critical moment because the body was lying only a few feet from the gate. Youssoupov opened the gate and admitted the man, placing himself in front of the body. The policeman wanted to know if anything was wrong. Youssoupov took a high tone with him, said that the grand duke, who had been dining there, was slightly merry and had fired his revolver at a dog in the courtyard and had killed it. At the mention of the grand duke the man seemed to be satisfied.

The report he took to the police station, however, did not satisfy his superiors. He was sent back to make further inquiries and this time he went to the front door, and was admitted without Youssoupov's knowledge while he was engaged in dragging the body across the courtyard. When the prince re-entered the house he found that Poroskewitz in his nervousness had blurted out that they had killed Rasputin.

It was a desperate moment but Youssoupov quickly intervened, saying, "Look, he has gone clean off his head. When the dog was shot he said, 'What a pity it was not Rasputin,' and now it has become an obsession with him and he thinks that what he wanted has really come to pass." After a good deal of talking he succeeded in getting the policeman to go.

There was no time to lose. Several things had to be done. A dog had to be found and shot and laid exactly in the position of Rasputin's body in order that the blood marks on the snow might be taken for the blood of the dog. Scarcely had this been done when the grand duke's car arrived. They carried the body into the car, took it to the bridge and dropped it into the frozen Neva, where it was found some three days afterward. The next morning there was an interrogation at the police station, but the same story was

adhered to and the police could make little headway. It is said that the Czarina was pressing for extreme measures against the assassins, but that the Czar, who was about to return to the front, discouraged this. Persons who were about him at the time said that he had never seemed more cheerful than when he heard of Rasputin's death. The assassins were banished to the Caucasus and to Persia.

JIM PERRY'S STORY

I SUPPOSE that some day or other one of the assistant provost marshals who served in France will be moved to publish some of his experiences. Most of his work was dull and uneventful, but occasionally there flared up one of those sordid little tragedies which human nature, under the stress of war, is apt to give out. One summer day in 1916, the A. P. M. at Boulogne received from an Australian escort a grimy envelope on which nothing was written but, "The A. P. M., Boulogne. Herewith Jim Perry." (Perry was not the name.) He asked why he should receive Jim Perry and what Jim Perry had done. About this the escort knew nothing at all. All he had to do was to deliver Jim Perry and bring back a receipt for his body.

Perry, when produced, turned out to be a well-educated young man born in South Africa, with the marks about him of having undergone a rather strenuous experience.

Jim Perry's story deserves to live. He was drafted into the officers' training corps, but finding the corps uncongenial, he deserted and walked off to a certain Australian battalion which was then training in England for the front. There was a free and easy way about the Australians that pleased a fellow-Colonial. They welcomed their new recruit and did not think it necessary to report his arrival to the officers. The privates collected some kind of a kit for him from among themselves and as a roll-call never seems to have been taken in this particular battalion, Perry was able to serve with them over two months in England and afterward to accompany them to France. He was five weeks with them in Abbéville and then they were moved up to the front line. Here he was with them for five weeks more and he might have continued to be an Australian soldier until the Armistice but for a mishap.

One day the battalion came out of action with a good many casualties and the young officer organized a spy hunt. The first step was to do what they had never done before — to call the roll, and during this unwonted ceremony it was discovered that they had with them one man more than they ought to have had. Here, obviously, was the spy. Jim Perry was put under arrest and the subalterns held a consultation. The remedy was also obvious. Jim Perry should be shot at sight.

They were about to carry out the decision of the meeting when one of them said he remembered reading somewhere that you never shot a man without reporting first to the colonel, so this formality was complied with, and the colonel, who saw nothing in the verdict which he disapproved, remembered to have read somewhere that you never shot a man without first reporting to the brigadier. This was a great disappointment to the subalterns, who were all for action stern and swift.

Now the brigadier happened to know something about military law, and he pointed out that as no court-martial had been convened and no evidence had been called, whatever else was done no shooting could take place. This annoyed the battalion excessively. The decision came just at a time when they were leaving their rest camp and they had no intention of taking with them into action an unmasked spy. Perry could not be shot, but he could be left behind, so they took him into a barn, handcuffed his hands and feet round the post which supported the roof, locked the door and went away.

There Perry remained in this extremely uncomfortable position for two days, and then the South African angel that watched over him ordained that another Australian battalion should march into the village and require the barn, should break down the door and find Jim Perry. He seemed to want food and water very much so they fed and watered him and made a pet of him, and when their turn came to return to the trenches they wanted to take him with them, but here the colonel intervened. To him there seemed to be something irregular about taking a man whom you have found chained to a post into action with your battalion even as a mascot. He reported the occurrence and asked for instructions, and these were that Perry should be sent to the base. It was under these circumstances that an escort of the Good Samaritans had brought him to Boulogne with the grimy envelope.

Even an A. P. M. has a heart and this one decided to send Perry to England to begin again at the beginning — in other words, to enlist in any regiment that came handy and draw a veil over his past, and as Perry had no money he pulled out of his own pocket a £1 note. Perry looked at it dubiously, and said, "Money? That's no use to me, sir. I have plenty of money of my own. What I want is my check-book." And this turned out to be true. Perry's father was a wealthy man and the son had a banking account.

BOGUS ROYALTIES

DURING the war bogus royalties and princesses sprang up like toadstools. Any young woman with a turn for private theatricals and a vivid imagination could burst forth as a high-born refugee and get someone to believe her and, incidentally, to finance her until she found a husband from among the officers in one or other of the camps. I remember a "Russian princess" who, while staying with a very influential lady in the Midlands, had become engaged to a certain temporary officer of large expectations. She was described to me as beautiful, with a peculiarly Russian type of loveliness, emotional, as all Russians are, with blue eyes that became easily suffused with tears, and with a charming flow of broken English.

I think it was the broken English that was her undoing, for she had the ill-fortune to come into contact with an Englishwoman who prided herself on her Russian and would insist upon showing it off to every Russian she met. Curious to relate, the princess had entirely forgotten her Russian and for some reason her parents had neglected to have her taught French, which is in the ordinary curriculum of well-born Russians.

It was the height of the spy mania and, not unnaturally, the Russian-speaking Englishwoman jumped to the conclusion that she had to deal with a German spy.

So she came to me. I found that the princess' hostess was most anxious to go bail for her and could not bear that her protegée should undergo the humiliation of being called to Scotland Yard, but I was adamant. Come the lady must. All I could promise was that she should not be dealt with harshly even if she proved to be a spy.

There walked into my room a beautifully dressed young woman with a full outfit of furs, because, I suppose, a Russian princess would not be Russian without

them. Her broken English was certainly not the broken English of a Russian nor of a French woman nor of a German, nor, indeed, of any nation that I had yet encountered. It was the broken English of the English stage, and when I came to look at the lady I was quite sure that whatever knowledge she had acquired of life had been acquired in the lower ranks of the profession.

I said, "English does not come very easily to you. Shall we talk French?"

"I do not speak French, sir," the "princess" replied.

"But you are a Russian?" I very gently insisted.

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you do not speak Russian?"

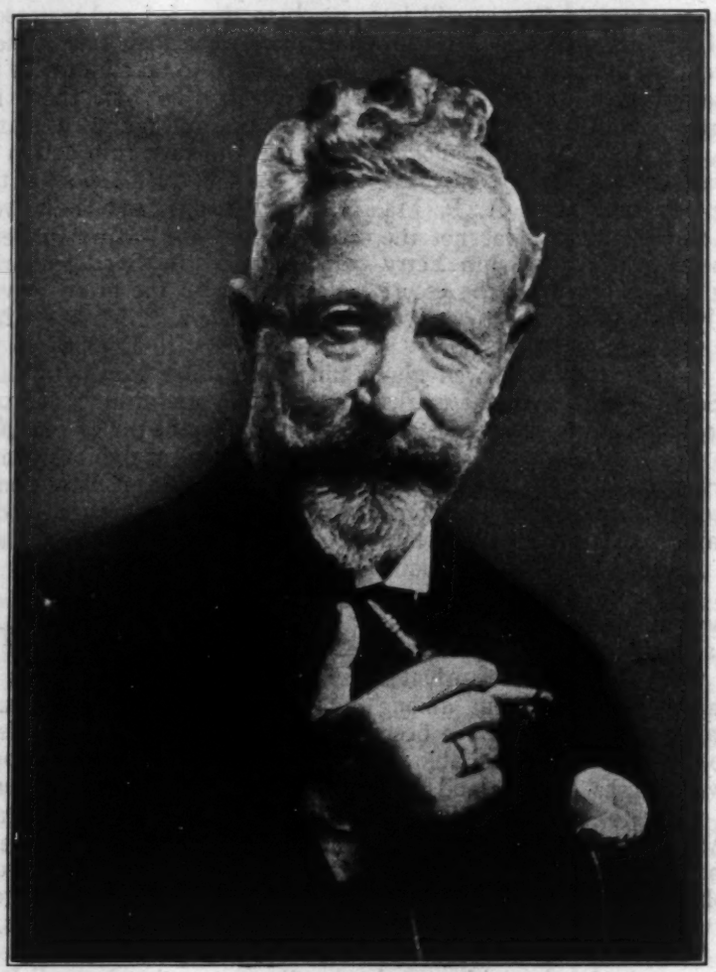
"No, sir. Russia I leave many years ago."

"Now," I said, "I want you to give me the address of your English mother. You see, in this room one has to drop all play-acting and tell the truth."

Her eyes filled with tears but at last, quite frankly, she gave me an address in London and retired to await the arrival of her mother.

There was no play-acting about this good lady when she arrived. She was a buxom woman of fifty who earned her living as a housekeeper. I asked whether she had ever heard that her daughter was posing as a Russian. "No," she said, "but I remember that one Christmas she got a part as a Russian princess in a pantomime and had to talk broken English."

In fact, the war had broken out just in time to give this young lady an opportunity of continuing her part off the stage. She made a clean breast of it all to her patroness and also to the man she was about to marry, and I heard that he, good fellow that he was, married her all the same.



The former Kaiser as he is today

WHICH IS THE REAL KAISER?

A GERMAN subject once irreverently described the Kaiser Wilhelm II as being half journalist, half actor-manager. Another German, even more irreverently, said he was a fool. Immediately after the Armistice we described him as a criminal who ought to be tried for his life. And thirty years ago the "Spectator," when classifying the great men of the day, put him in a class by himself as the only genius of the first rank. Which out of all these is the real man?

A good deal of daylight has been let in during the last few months. It is now known that while the Kaiser most certainly did encourage the Austrians to send the ultimatum to Serbia, and did approve of sending an ultimatum to Russia, he had not thought it possible for England to intervene in the War and he was not in favor of infringing upon the neutrality of Belgium. In fact, the Kaiser had not nearly so much actual power as he was supposed to have.

It is now known that it was the general staff that decided upon invading Belgium, that for two whole days the Kaiser refused his approval and that at last, when the advance had already begun, von Moltke insisted upon an interview at two in the morning and in the Kaiser's bedroom told him plainly that the destiny of the German Empire was at stake and that if he, the Kaiser, stood in the way, the general staff must take the responsibility. In other words, that he might either sign or abdicate.

From that moment, I believe, the Kaiser was allowed to play only a very secondary rôle. He was not consulted by the general staff except when, for political reasons, they thought it prudent to be able to quote him. They kept him near them and pretended to obtain his sanction to important steps upon which they were already resolved, and they found him useful as a sort of gramophone record that could make speeches in the hearing of reporters to stiffen the waning German morale. His life at Charleroi under these humiliating circumstances must have been hard to bear.

They tell a story of a painter who was commissioned to paint a portrait of the Kaiser in all his best clothes, mounted on his favorite horse, surrounded by hounds and crowned with a sort of Viking silver-plated casque mounted with gold. The Kaiser asked him to paint in the corner of the picture two little angels carrying the Imperial Crown, after the manner of a famous classic Spanish painter.

"But, Your Majesty, I have never seen the Imperial Crown. I do not know what it looks like. May I see it?"

On this the Kaiser became nettled, and said, "You ought to know. The Imperial Crown is in Vienna. It ought to have come to Berlin in 1866."

To a man with this kind of a mind the dream of World Empire must have come very easily. He had a sort of superficial interest in everything on which the German sun shone. He would talk not unintelligently to bankers about international finance, to motor-car manufacturers about the relative merits of new fuels, to painters about art, to writers about literature. All his opinions were strong and many of them were shallow or wrong-headed.

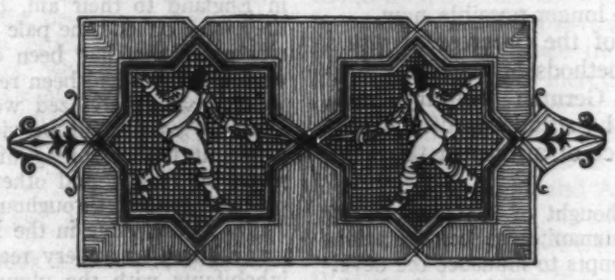
Undoubtedly he had a cult for England, a longing to be treated as an equal in the craft by English yachtsmen. English country life, with its accompaniments of hunting and shooting was his ideal, the English tailor was superior to every tailor in the Fatherland. To him, therefore, it was a tragedy when he broke with England. And then how he hated us! He decorated Lissauer for writing the "Hymn of Hate," and on this subject I remember a German telling me that the "Hymn of Hate" was all a matter of policy. It was because the Germans were found not to be hating the British sufficiently that the Government decided to mobolize its hate in order to strengthen the "will to war." But the Kaiser's hate was perfectly genuine because it was strongly mixed with fear. Some prescience must have told him that the fortunes of the Hohenzollerns hung in the balance and that their scale might kick the beam.

Wilhelm on Hygiene

Probably no man, however well balanced, could pass through the fire of adulation, such as was the Kaiser's daily fare, and come out unscathed. When one year he was at Cowes he paid a visit with his staff to a country house in the neighborhood without notice. His hostess invited him to sit down. He sat astride of a chair and proceeded to address her "as if she was a public meeting," with his staff grouped in a semicircle behind him. He said, apropos of the public health, that whenever he drove through Germany he would stop at a school, have all the scholars paraded before him and make them blow their noses, because he was convinced that the public health largely depended upon the blowing of noses — and much more in the same strain, and at every remark uttered with intense seriousness, however foolish, the staff would gravely nod approval.

To such a mind as the Kaiser's the idea that Germany was being hemmed in came quite naturally. It was nothing to him that Germans were to be found working side by side with Englishmen in every part of the world, that her shipping and her international banking was gradually turning the world into a German possession in a way that actual possession by the hoisting of the German flag could never have achieved. What he wanted was the outward semblance of Empire and for this there were no waste places left. Gradually all the most unlovely features of the Teuton character began to blossom. Poisonous toadstools sprang up everywhere. Germany, that had been a sane, sober, thrifty and domestic country, became loud, vulgar, self-assertive, intolerant and altogether hateful to the world, and even to its own citizens, and the Kaiser made himself the embodiment of this spirit.

As Traill said of James II, "Kings who fail in business undoubtedly owe it to their historical reputation to perish on the scaffold or the battlefield." History demanded that the Kaiser should have gone forth at the head of his troops and been killed in battle. Then some heroic niche would have been found for him. He would have been a tragic embodiment of Frederick the Great and his past would have been forgotten. But he committed the one crime that can never be forgiven by Germans: he abandoned his people in their extremity and fled the country. But in sober fact this is what actually happened. During the last few days before the Armistice von Ludendorff had practically broken down and the direction of affairs had passed into the hands of von Grünow. There came a day when it was necessary to tell plain truths to the Kaiser. Von Grünow entered the room alone and told him that the war was irrevocably lost. The news did not appear to touch him very deeply. Probably he had realized it already. Then von Grünow said, "I have other bad news. A rebellion has broken out in Berlin." The Kaiser started to his feet and said, "Then I will lead the troops to Berlin in person. Please give the necessary orders," and on this von Grünow said, "Sir, it is my duty to tell you that your life would not be safe with your own soldiers." The Kaiser turned to the color of ashes and fell back into his chair. Suddenly he had become a very old man without any power of decision or movement. The shock had been too much for him. After a hasty consultation it was decided that, with the growing spirit of rebellion that prevailed even among the troops connected with the general staff, the Kaiser must be got into a place of safety at all hazards. A motor car was brought to the door and von Grünow himself helped him out of his chair and conducted him to the vehicle. The Kaiser was like a little child in his hands. The car then drove off and took him safely to Count Bentick's house in Holland. It is a curious fact that the car was held up over three hours by a Dutch sentry. Just before this date the Dutch had decided to clothe their soldiers in the German field gray and the sentry on the frontier was taken at first by the occupants of the car to be a German soldier in revolt. Probably no more unwelcome visitor ever applied for admission to Holland, but the asylum was granted and it was maintained. To do the Kaiser justice, he has never given the Dutch authorities any cause for complaint.



The Memory of Ancient Wrongs

By S. S. McClure

A Study of Past Cruelties, the Advance Toward Justice, and the Growth of the Sentiment of Pity

WHEN I was in Constantinople in 1916, I saw a great deal of the official who under Talaat Bey had immediate charge of the destruction of the Armenians.

When I learned from Americans, including consuls, officials of several nations, and representatives of the Standard Oil, and of other American interests, the truth as to the horrible cruelties and wholesale massacres suffered by the Armenians, I remonstrated with this Turkish official. He replied that the Turks had suffered a great deal from the Armenians. Then his eyes blazed, and he said, "You know nothing about it. Twenty-three centuries ago — "

"Yes," I said, "I heard all that in Ireland. All peoples have suffered. There can be no end to hatreds if the wrongs of the past are remembered by everybody."

Among many peoples the memory of ancient wrongs is the strongest influence in their lives. In the Balkans the century-old hatreds of the Bulgarians for the Greeks, and of the Greeks for the Bulgarians, would induce either of them to join the Turks in massacring the other.

In the United States, to-day, we have indications on every hand of increasing racial and religious animosities, based largely on memories of past injustices.

There are many questions of fundamental importance that cannot be understood unless we study the effects of the memory of ancient wrongs.

If we look over the world, to-day, we find that the European has extended his rule or hegemony over most of the world, and if we study history we learn that this imperialistic expansion was accompanied by great cruelties and colossal thefts.

On this account the word *imperialism* has acquired a sinister significance which influences public opinion in regard to the relationship of the United States to the Philippines, Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Mexico and Central America, and of England to Egypt and India. Practices in the subjugation of peoples that were not only tolerated but regarded as a matter of course in past centuries are no longer possible now.

A most vivid illustration of the progress of world opinion is the change in the methods of warfare.

In the World War, the German military staff, recognizing the difference in the standards of the past and the present, in the conduct of armies in the field, in their rules of war said:

> But since the tendency of thought of the last century was dominated essentially by humanitarian considerations there have not been wanting attempts to influence the development of the usages of war in a way which was in fundamental contradiction with the nature of war and its object. By steeping himself in military history an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions.

To appraise justly, and to understand the reason for the German violations of regulations established by Abraham Lincoln in the famous order 100, issued in 1863, and of the Hague regulations which were to a considerable extent derived from Lincoln's rules of war, one must study military history and compare the warfare of past centuries with, let us say, warfare of the last fifty years.

The German military authorities countenanced usages that would have caused no unfavorable comment a hundred years ago, but that were universally condemned by the public opinion of to-day. The mistake of Germany was in not recognizing the changed opinion of the world.

Germany and her allies, even the Turks, were guilty of no crimes that were not the commonplaces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If the German military authorities turned their eyes to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they would find a Europe steeped in supreme unreason and cruelty, and universal war of racial, religious and national hatreds. For over a century Europe was one broad battlefield drenched in human blood, with millions of people, young and old, the infant and the aged, destroyed, in multiplied cases with the most ferocious cruelties.

The New Idea of Grotius

The treatment of non-combatants in war was perhaps the most cruel feature of this time. Grotius published his epochal book in 1625, the first and most influential book on international law, and the first great appeal for justice in international relations.

The late Andrew D. White describes the influence of the ideas of Grotius upon Cardinal Richelieu thus in his study of Grotius:

> Three years after the appearance of Grotius' book, Cardinal Richelieu, who then governed France in the name of Louis XIII, took La Rochelle. It was the stronghold of French Protestantism; it had resisted as few fortified places had ever resisted; the Protestants gathered there had been guilty of high treason in its worst degrees; they had called in England to their aid, they had rebelled so madly that they were outside the pale of mercy, the greater part of the city population had been destroyed, and among those who were left there had been recourse to cannibalism.
>
> The whole civilized world expected to see a frightful example made; and in view of the ferocious instructions which at the beginning of the wars thus ended had been given by Pius V and other pontiffs, in view of the savage practice general throughout Europe, and above all that of Philip II and Alva in the Netherlands and of Tilly in Germany, there was every reason to expect a massacre of the inhabitants with the plunder and destruction of the city. All Europe held its breath in anticipation of cruelties befitting the long and bitter rebellion of the Huguenots against their sovereign in Church and State.
>
> But to the amazement of the world and to the intense disgust of the fanatics who thirsted for vengeance, Richelieu now did none of the terrible things expected of him.

The fanatics of his own church bestowed on him such names as "Cardinal of Satan," "Pope of the Atheists."

But the advance of the humanitarian considerations that dominated the last century, has been slow and halting and with many backward steps. Of the sack of Magdeburg, 1631, Schiller says:

Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language — poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood nor helpless old age, neither youth, sex, rank nor beauty could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenceless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mothers' breast.

In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses; the living crawling from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents, and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than 6,000 bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear the streets; and a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned not less than 30,000.

The Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) represents war freed from humanitarian considerations. With very few exceptions as White again says:

The commanders on both sides prompted or permitted satanic cruelties. Ministers of religion were mutilated in every conceivable way before murder; the churches were drenched in the blood of non-combatants and refugees; women were treated with every form of indignity and cruelty; children hacked to pieces before their parents' eyes; the limbs of non-combatants nailed to the doors of churches; families tied together and burned as fagots; torture used to force revelations regarding buried treasure; whole city populations put to the sword; people of great districts exterminated; those not exterminated by the sword swept off in vast numbers by pestilence and famine.

No cruelties that the Turks visited on the Armenians, during the World War, surpassed the cruelties inflicted by the French Government on the French inhabitants of the Vendee and Brittany.

The most revolting cruelties in the World War outside of Turkey were perpetrated by the Austrians in Servia. But the Austrians were no more cruel to the Servians than the French had been to their own people in 1789. Gustave LeBon, in his psychology of Revolution (page 71) writes:

The massacres began as soon as the beast was unchained — that is, from 1789, long before the Convention. They were carried out with all possible refinements of cruelty. During the killing of September the prisoners were slowly chopped to bits by sabre-cuts in order to prolong their agonies and amuse the spectators, who experienced the greatest delight before the spectacle of the convulsions of the victims and their shrieks of agony. The Mayor of Troyes, his eyes destroyed by blows and scissors, was murdered after hours of suffering.

Wrongs That Are Less Ancient

It is necessary only to go back about one hundred years, and to select three episodes, one the deeds of French soldiers, two the deeds of British soldiers, as told by Charles Sumner in his great address "The True Grandeur of Nations."

At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, grey hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called a "glorious exploit." This was a conquest by the French in 1811.

The year following Cuidad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued in the license of victory a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated; the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged; fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city; and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men fell from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored, and yet the storming of Cuidad Rodrigo is pronounced "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army."

This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let this story be told in the words of a partial historian: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the street of Badajoz. On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of."

The Germans made their mistake in overlooking the great advance in the sentiments of mercy and pity that characterized the last hundred years. Their theory is most clearly described by Captain Walter Bloom, adjutant to Von Bissing Governor-General of Belgium in those words published February 10. 1915, in the Cologne *Gazette:*

This principle finds its justification in the theory of terror. The innocent must suffer simultaneously with the guilty, and, if the latter cannot be discovered, instead and in the place of the latter, this punishment is not inflicted because a crime has been committed, but in order that no further crimes shall be committed. Every destruction of a village by fire, every execution of hostages, every case of the suppression of part of the population of a commune whose inhabitants have taken up arms against our troops, is far less an act of vengeance than a warning sign to the territory not as yet occupied.

And this cannot be doubted. The burning of Battice, Herve, Louvain and Dinant was a series of warnings.

And in the words of Pastor Baumgarten, delivered in 1914:

We are compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty, a ruthlessness, an employment of every imaginable device unknown in any previous war.

The whole world rose against Germany, aroused by deeds and policies that were universally accepted during past centuries, proving conclusively that there has been a great advance in world public opinion in the ideas of justice and mercy and pity.

When nations cherish the memory of ancient cruelties, and become obsessed by hatreds, racial, religious and national, we have as a result such cruelties as we find in the Balkans and Asiatic Turkey.

THREE CENTURIES OF CRUELTIES

Wrongs from the Time of Philip II of Spain to That of Abraham Lincoln

In 1568 Philip II of Spain re-enacted an edict which forbade all lay persons in the Netherlands to talk about the Bible, or to read it, or to have in their possession any writings of Luther, Calvin or other

heretics. The penalty for disobedience was as follows: Men to be executed by the sword, and women to be buried alive if they withdrew from their error. If, however, they persisted in their error they were to be burned at the stake. In any event their property was all confiscated. Those who failed to betray the suspected, or who gave food or shelter, or favored in any way any person suspected of being a heretic, suffered the same penalties. Those who helped betray the suspected received half the property of the victims. Under this edict all the inhabitants of the Netherlands were condemned to death as heretics.

Four years later occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and eight years later occurred the great massacre of Antwerp that filled the world with horror. Says LeBon, the great French psychologist and historian:

Far from being criticized, St. Bartholomew's Day provoked an indescribable enthusiasm throughout the whole of Catholic Europe. Philip II was delirious with joy when he heard the news and the King of France received more congratulations than if he had won a battle.

But it was Pope Gregory XIII above all who manifested the keenest satisfaction. He had a medal struck to commemorate the happy event, ordered joy-fires to be lit and cannon fired, celebrated several masses, and sent for the painter Vasari to depict on the walls of the Vatican the principal scenes of carnage. Further, he sent to the King of France an ambassador instructed to felicitate that monarch upon his fine action.

Cruelties of the Protestants in France are graphically described by LeBon. He says:

In the Midi, where the Protestants were strongest, they persecuted the Catholics, sought to convert them by violence, cut their throats if they did not succeed, and sacked their cathedrals.

Cruelties in Germany

A Lutheran preacher wrote in 1583:

In our days, whilst all true art is on the wane, men's minds are intent upon the art of torturing. New and extraordinary instruments of martyrdom are invented, and the poor martyrs are mocked and laughed at in a way revolting to a Christian heart. . . .

In mockery of justice, torture is even inflicted for petty thieving. If there are many persons to be tortured they begin with the feebler ones. For crimes of a certain sort they consider themselves entitled even to put children on the rack. Some of the judges themselves help in the proceedings, devise new forms of torture, seem as if they could not stare enough at the butchery, have to be admonished by the executioner that it is time to stop, drive people to death with torture.

The second and harder degree consists in stretching the patient on the rack until all his limbs are torn and dislocated. This is the most usual kind of torture and is what is meant when one speaks simply of "torture." The third and highest stage is that the executioner, after stretching the victim on the rack, inflicts still worse martyrdom and scorches his skin with burning splints or with fire and brimstone, or pokes spikes of firwood under his nails, and then sets fire to them. Or else the victim is laid on a metal bull or donkey, heated inside with fire until it is red-hot. These and other kinds of torture are left to the discretion of the executioners.

Carpzov says that very many judges unfortunately fail in this respect. "For uneducated, drunken judges, who are not worthy of the name, tear and mangle the unhappy victims with torments beyond the power of human patience to endure. Like wild animals, which thirst for more and more blood when once they have tasted it, these men with gloating, devouring eyes will often order the torture to be doubled." "In some places the accused is stretched on the rack twenty, thirty, forty or fifty times, until the sun shines through his body," says Keller. "Many of the judges are not themselves present during the process of the execution of their orders."

In the middle of the eighties (sixteenth century) so desperate a witch hunt was organized that in two districts in Germany, so says report, only two women were left alive.

On July 15, 1591, there followed another triple witch-burning and September 9th five were burnt together. One of the four who were burnt on January 15, 1591, had been on the rack twenty-two times, fourteen times without having had a single confession extorted from her. Among the women brought to trial was the wife of a paymaster, a woman of the best character, a good wife and mother, against whom there was no reproach but the mere statement of some women that they had seen her at the witches' dance. She had nothing to confess, for she had done nothing. At the second trial her thumbs were crushed and her shin-bone quite flattened down. Under the most excruciating agony she protested her innocence. At the third examination there was fresh torture and fresh denial. The fourth time she was drawn up and down on the rope; her strength gave way and she "confessed" she had subscribed herself to the devil and received from him a salve with which she had killed numbers of people. But to her husband she secretly sent a note which ran as follows: "I was obliged to say it, they tortured me so dreadfully, but I am as innocent as God in Heaven. If I knew the least little trifle about such things I should wish that God would shut me out of Heaven. Oh, thou my beloved treasure, how my heart is breaking! Oh, woe for my poor orphans! Oh, treasure of your innocent Magdalen, they are taking me from you by violence. My God, how can I bear it?" The judges, not content with her "confession," next insisted on being told with what persons she had been at the witch-gathering. When she conscientiously declared she was ready to bear any pain, but she could not have it on her conscience that she had denounced innocent persons and brought them to like misery, the rack was applied again. In consequence of repeated tortures, more and more excruciating, she at last "confessed" to two other witches and with them ended her life at the stake.

A frightful case occurred at Munich in 1600. From a married couple and two sons torture had wrung the confession that they had "bewitched and killed 400 children, made 58 persons crooked and lame and perpetrated many other atrocities." In punishment the father was stuck on a red-hot spear, the mother burnt on a red-hot iron chair, the sons were pinched six times with red-hot tongs, their arms were crushed under the wheel, and they were burnt to death. The youngest son, who was found to be innocent, was compelled to witness the execution of his parents and brothers, "in order that he might be warned to keep out of such doings."

Nine Million Tortured for Witchcraft

The last cases of execution for witchcraft in England were in 1716 when Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hung at Huntington for "selling their souls to the devil." The last execution for sorcery in Wurzberg was in 1749; in Switzerland in 1782; in Posen in 1793.

The laws against witchcraft were repealed in England in 1736; in Austria not till 1766.

The entire number of persons put to death for witchcraft in Christendom, according to Dr. Sprenger, is not less than nine millions.

Mr. Lea, who made a most comprehensive investigation of the administration of law during those centuries, says:

The atrocity of this whole system of so-called criminal justice is forcibly described by the honest indignation of Augustin Nicolas, who, in his judicial capacity under Louis XIV, had ample opportunities of observing its practical workings and results. The strapado, so common in Italy, and which yet is forbidden under the Roman law . . . the vigils of Spain, which oblige a man to support himself by sheer muscular effort for seven hours, to avoid sitting on a pointed iron which pierces him with insufferable pain; the vigils of Florence, or of Marsiglio; our iron stools heated

to redness, on which we place poor half-witted women accused of witchcraft, exhausted by frightful imprisonment, rotting from their dark and filthy dungeons, loaded with chains, fleshless and half-dead; and we pretend that the human frame can resist these devilish practices and that the confessions which our wretched victims make of everything that may be charged against them are true.

Even so, in the reconstruction of European jurisprudence, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the ardor of inquisitorial proceedings against witchcraft, and the panic on the subject which long pervaded Christendom, had a powerful influence in familiarizing the minds of men with the use of torture as a necessary instrument of justice, and in authorizing its employment to an extent which now is almost inconceivable.

Cruelties in the Eighteenth Century

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem far distant. Let us consider the eighteenth century.

It is a remarkable fact that women were often more cruelly punished than men for the same offence.

In 1721 in London Barbara Spencer was convicted of coining. This was high treason. She was sentenced to be burnt to death. Pike, in his *History of Crime in England,* thus describes her execution:

> She was bound to the stake at Tyburn; and never was the injury done by public executions to public morals more hideously shown than on July 5, 1721. Her last wish was that she might say a prayer in peace. But the mob which had come out to take its ease and its pleasure had no mind to sacrifice its rights for the comfort of a criminal. A woman at the stake was a good butt for filthy missiles and ribald jests; the yelling rabble would not permit the poor wretch to collect her thoughts or to hear her own words, and instead of sympathy they gave her stones. When the fire was kindled, even the consuming flames must have seemed less cruel than the women standing around.

In 1777 a girl of 14 lay in Newgate under sentence to be burnt alive for false coinage, because some whitewashed farthings, that were to pass for sixpences, were found on her person; and a reprieve only came just as the cart was ready to take her to the stake. Not till 1790 was the law abolished by which women were liable to public burning for high or petit treason.

The facts I am giving in this article are the commonplaces of history.

AMERICA IN THE CRUEL AGES

There is a general impression that the Puritan founders of New England were among the most intolerant and cruel peoples in history. This impression is false. It is true that the founders of New England were cruel and intolerant, but on the whole they were the least cruel and the least intolerant of any peoples of their time. Even so, they were guilty of terrible cruelties.

In 1656, in Massachusetts, laws were passed against the Quakers. Any one bringing a Quaker into the Colony was fined 100 pounds, for entertaining a Quaker an hour the fine was forty shillings. According to Elliott, Quaker men who came against these prohibitions were, upon first conviction, to lose one ear, upon the second, the other ear; and women were to be whipped. Upon the third conviction, their tongues were to be bored with a hot iron. But these things seemed useless, for the Quakers, knowing their fate, swarmed into Massachusetts; and the Magistrates were fast getting more business than they could attend to. It was then determined to try greater severity, and in October, 1658, a law was passed in Massachusetts (resisted by the Deputies, urged by the Magistrates), punishing Quakers who had been banished, with DEATH.

Mary Clark, who came over from London to "warn the persecutors," was whipped on her naked back "twenty stripes of a whip with three cords, as thick as a man's little finger, having each some knots at the end."

Christopher Holder and John Copeland were also severely whipped and imprisoned. Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, were imprisoned and fined for having entertained Holder and Copeland, and they and their son were afterward whipped and fined, for attending "Quaker meetings...."

William Robinson (merchant of London), was whipped in Boston streets, and then banished, with Marmaduke Stevenson, Mary Dyer, and Nicholas Davis.

The first three returned, and Governor Endicott pronounced sentence of death against them. They were marched to prison; and on the 27th of October, in the afternoon, a guard of two hundred men, attended with a drummer, conducted them to the gallows. Mary Dyer walked between her friends, Stevenson and Robinson, clasping their hands. Robinson was first hanged, protesting that he died for conscience' sake; then Stevenson was hanged; and then Mary Dyer, having the rope about her neck, and her face covered with a handkerchief, lent by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, was reprieved. Her mind was made up for death, and her reprieve brought her no joy. She was taken away by her son.

The Quakers charge that Minister Wilson was that day insulting and cruel to these poor people.

Mary Dyer was a "comely and valiant woman," and in the next Spring she returned. What now was to be done?

The law said she must be hung, and Endicott again pronounced sentence, and she was led out to die a felon's death. Some scoffed and jeered her, but the most pitied. She died bravely, fearing nothing.

In 1692 the witchcraft delusion broke out in Salem, Massachusetts. Before the people came to their senses, nineteen were hung, one pressed to death, eight were condemned, a hundred and fifty were in prison, and two hundred more were accused by the "afflicted."

Negroes Burned at the Stake in New York

On the twenty-first of April, 1741, the Supreme Court of New York State was convened. Judges Frederick Phillips and Daniel Horsemanden called the grand jury. The members were as follows: Robert Watts, merchant, foreman; Jeremiah Latouche, Joseph Read, Anthony Rutgers, John M'Evers, John Cruger, Jun., John Merrit, Adoniah Schuyler, Isaac DePeyster, Abraham Ketteltas, David Provoost, Rene Hett, Henry Beeckman, jun., David van Horne, George Spencer, Thomas Duncan, and Winant Van Zandt — all set down as merchants, a respectable, intelligent, and influential grand jury! The purpose of this grand jury was to find out the cause of the destruction by fire of many houses. On evidence that all historians pronounce worthless, a large number of negroes were arrested. Quack and Cuffee were tried and convicted of felony. . . A Mr. Rosevelt, the master of Quack, swore that his slave was home when the fire took place in the fort; and Mr. Phillipse, Cuffee's master, testified as much for his servant. But this testimony was not what the magistrates wanted. The two negroes were chained the next Sunday to the stake and burned. This was by the sentence of the Judges and jury. Other burning

followed. One hundred and fifty-four negroes had been imprisoned, of whom fourteen were burned at the stake, eighteen hanged, two gibbeted, seventy-one transported, and the rest pardoned or discharged for want of proof.

This study of cruelty in America would be incomplete without a glance at slavery.

When Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years old, the following incident occurred as published in 1830 in the Washington *Spectator:*

Let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession which contained the President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, and his cabinet was marching in triumph to the Capitol, another kind of procession was marching another way; and that consisted of colored human-beings, handcuffed in pairs, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on horseback. A similar scene was repeated on Saturday last; a drove, consisting of males and females, chained in couples, starting from Roly's tavern on foot for Alexandria, where with others they are to embark on board a slave ship in waiting to convey them to the South.

For over a hundred years such advertisements as the following are to be found in the newspapers of many states:

$200 REWARD — Ran away from the subscriber about three years ago, a certain negro man named Ben, and one commonly known by the name of Rigdon, who ran away on the 8th of this month. I will give the reward of one hundred dollars for each of the above negroes, to be delivered to me, or confined in the jail of Lenoir or Jones County, or for THE KILLING OF THEM, SO THAT I CAN SEE THEM.

W. D. Cobb.

Newbern (N. C.) *Spectator,* 1836.

Run away, my negro man Richard. A reward of $25 will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD or alive. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being KILLED.

Durant H. Rhodes.

Wilmington *Advertiser,* July 13, 1838.

Twenty dollars reward — Ran away from the subscriber, a negro woman and two children. The woman is tall and black and a few days before she went off I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M, and she kept a cloth over her head and face and a fly bonnet on her head, so as to cover the burn.

Micajah Ricks.

North Carolina *Standard,* July 18, 1838.

Peter Campbell, in the Charleston *Courier,* Feb. 26, 1836, after describing two runaways, adds:

Two hundred dollars will be given for Billy and one hundred dollars for Pompey, if lodged in jail; or fifty dollars for Billy's HEAD.

It is true that many people opposed such cruelties, and in certain cases attempted to end them. The fate of some of these people is told briefly in southern papers. Here are some examples:

AWFUL, BUT JUST PUNISHMENT — We learn, by the arrival of the steamboat Kentucky last evening from Richmond, that Robinson, the Englishman mentioned in the *Beacon* of Saturday as being in the vicinity of Lynchburg, was taken about fifteen miles from that town and HANGED on the spot, for inciting the slaves to insurrection. — Norfolk (Va.) *Beacon,* 10th August, 1835.

We can assure the Bostonians, one and all, who have embarked in the nefarious scheme of abolishing slavery at the South, that lashes will hereafter be spared the backs of their emissaries. Let them send out their men to Louisiana; they will never return to tell their sufferings, but they shall expiate the crime of interfering with our domestic institutions, by being BURNED AT THE STAKE. — New Orleans *True American.*

The Milledgeville (Ga.) *Federal Union,* of Feb. 1, 1836 contained an offer of $10,000 for kidnapping A. A. Phelps, a clergyman residing in the city of New York.

Our Prisons Eighty Years Ago

To complete this survey of cruelties in the United States, I will quote a description of some prisons as they existed in our country far into the nineteenth century. McMaster in the first volume of his *History of the United States,* describes certain cruel conditions that existed less than eighty years ago.

For more than fifty years after the peace there was in Connecticut an underground prison which surpassed in horrors the Black Hole of Calcutta. This den, known as the Newgate Prison, was in an old worked-out copper mine in the hills near Granby. The only entrance to it was by means of a ladder down a shaft which led to the caverns underground. There, in little pens of wood, from thirty to one hundred culprits were immured, their feet made fast to iron bars and their necks chained to beams in the roof. The darkness was intense; the caves reeked with filth; vermin abounded; water trickled from the roof and oozed from the sides of the caverns; huge masses of earth were perpetually falling off. In the dampness and the filth the clothing of the prisoners grew mouldy and rotted away, and their limbs became stiff with rheumatism. . . . At Northampton the cells were scarce four feet high and filled with the noxious gases of the privy-vaults through which they were supposed to be ventilated. Light came in from two chinks in the wall. At the Worcester prison were a number of like cells, four feet high by eleven long, without a window or a chimney, or even a hole in the wall. Not a ray of light ever penetrated them. In other jails in Massachusetts the cells were so small that the prisoners were lodged in hammocks swung one over the other. In Philadelphia the keeps were eighteen feet by twenty feet, and so crowded that at night each prisoner had a space six feet by two to lie down in.

Into such pits and dungeons all classes of offenders of both sexes were indiscriminately thrust. It is therefore not at all surprising that they became seminaries of every conceivable form of vice, and centers of the most disgusting diseases. . . . Here and there among the throng were culprits whose ears had just been cropped, or whose arms, fresh from the branding-iron, emitted the stench of scorched flesh. The entire system of punishment was such as cannot be contemplated without mingled feelings of pity and disgust. Offences to which a more merciful generation has attached no higher penalty than imprisonment and fine stood upon the statute books as capital crimes. Modes of punishment long since driven from the prisons with execrations as worthy of an African kraal were looked upon by society with a profound indifference. The tread-mill was always going. The pillory and the stocks were never empty. The shears, the branding iron and the lash were never idle for a day. . . .

The misery of the unfortunate creatures cooped up in the cells, even of the most humanely kept prisons, surpasses in horror anything ever recorded in fiction. No attendance was provided for the sick. No clothes were distributed to the naked. Such a thing as a bed was rarely seen, and this soon became so foul with insects that the owner dispensed with it gladly. Many of the inmates of the prisons passed years without so much as washing themselves. Their clothing rotted from their backs and exposed their bodies tormented with all manner of skin diseases and a yellow flesh cracking open with filth. . . .

To a generation which has beheld great reforms in the statutes of criminal law and in the discipline of prisons and jails . . . the brutal scenes on which our ancestors looked with indifference seem scarcely a reality.

CRUELTIES OF GREAT LEADERS

Calvin and Luther Advocate Cruelty

The irrationality of judging nations and peoples and religious bodies of the present day by cruelties they

perpetrated in the past can be shown by considering acts of Luther, Calvin, John Wesley, Pope Honorius III, Pope Innocent VIII, an Archbishop of Cologne, Cotton Mather and others.

During three centuries of cruelty the most terrible were in dealing with witchcraft, and the cruelties of the Inquisition.

Luther, when told in 1538 ... "that a little girl at Altenburg was forced by a witch to weep tears of blood," said:

Such a woman ought to be promptly punished with death. The lawyers want too much evidence and they despise these open and flagrant proofs. I have had to-day before me a matrimonial case; the woman had tried to poison the man, and he vomited up lizards. When she was questioned on the rack she answered nothing; for such sorceresses are dumb, they despise punishment; the devil will not let them speak. Such deeds, however, are evidence enough that for the sake of frightening others they ought to be made an example. To witches and sorceresses, who steal eggs out of the hen's nests, and milk and butter, no mercy should be shown; I would burn them myself.

John Matthew Meyfart tells of what he saw, late in the 16th century:

I was present on different occasions at trials by torture, and saw the sad spectacle with my own eyes. I have seen the executioners and the torturers treat the noble human body, in which even the angels also delight, in so abominable a manner that the very devil might have shed tears at seeing how greatly men surpassed in the fiendish art the demons of hell.

Calvin, however, was not moved to any sort of pity by such proceedings; with icy coldness, in a businesslike voice, he gave his German friend, the preacher Myconius, an account of the wholesale executions. In his own person he gave information to the magistrates against so-called sorcerers, as heretics, "in order that the race might be extinguished." When Servetus was standing at the stake, the preacher Farel said to the assembled multitude: "You see what power Satan has at his command when a man once gives himself up to him. This man is known to many as a man of learning, and perhaps he thought he was acting rightly; now, however, he is possessed by the devil."

After the Reformation in England the persecution of witches became more general and more terrible in England and Scotland where Presbyterian ministers attended the burning of witches. At Leith in 1664, nine women were burned together. Hundreds of pulpits proclaimed such doctrine as this: "If the All-wise God punishes his creatures with tortures infinite in cruelty and duration, why should not his ministers, as far as they can, imitate him?"

The First Law Against Heretics

The first law against heretics was dictated in 1220 by Pope Honorius III, confirmed by Innocent IV in 1243, by Alexander IV in 1253, by Urban IV in 1262, and by Clement IV in 1265.

"These laws," (says the Pope,) "published by our dearest son, Freidrich, emperor of the Romans, we praise and approve, so as to be valid for all time. And if anyone attempt to infringe them . . . he will incur the wrath of Almighty God. . . . As for the persons of heretics, they are all to be burnt alive without appeal or possibility of pardon . . . all their goods are to be confiscated, and never restored to their posterity. Their children and grandchildren shall be held incapable of holding any public office, with this one exception, viz., if a son informs against the secret heresy of a father. Persons only suspected of heresy shall be put to death unless they can clear themselves within a year and a day. Repentant heretics to be imprisoned for life."

In 1484 Pope Innocent VIII issued his celebrated bull, Summis Desiderantes, which charged all inquisitors and others to search out, and put to death, those who practised diabolical arts, such as witchcraft, magic, sorcery and enchantment. This papal bull expressed the conscientious belief of the time and resulted in the greatest destruction of human beings of any document in history. There was no limit to the torture; even the old safeguards of the pagan world were brushed aside.

In New England, when a minister of the Gospel, charged with witchcraft, made a prayer that no one thought a witch could say — lest the people should hinder the hanging, Cotton Mather addressed the people to prevent the release of Minister Burroughs, concluding with these words:

"By these things we see what the devils could have power to do, should the great God give them power."

John Wesley favored the persecution of witches, saying:

". . . to give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible."

As late as 1757 the Archbishop Elector of Cologne issued a tariff for the executioners' services. Here are some typical examples:

		Thalers
1.	For tearing asunder with four horses	5
2.	For quartering	4
5.	For beheading and burning	5
7.	For strangling and burning	4
8.	For cord and for laying the fire and for kindling it	2
9.	For burning alive	4
11.	For breaking a man alive on the wheel	4
12.	For setting up the wheel with the body twisted in it	2
19.	For cutting off a hand or sundry fingers, and for beheading altogether	3
20.	For burning with a hot iron	1
22.	For beheading and placing the head upon a stake	3
24.	For beheading, twisting the body in the wheel and placing the head upon a stake altogether	5
28.	For tearing a criminal before his execution with red-hot pincers — each tearing of the flesh	1
31.	For nailing a tongue or hand to the gallows	1
42.	For the first grade of torture	1
44.	For the second grade of torture, including setting the limbs afterward, with salve for same	2

"Hell is empty
And all the devils are here." — Shakespeare.

THE EFFECT OF PROPAGANDA

Creating and Perpetuating Hatreds

It is obvious that any nation or race or religious denomination, by dwelling on the cruelties suffered in past centuries, and at the same time being blind to the cruelties perpetuated by their own people during those centuries, must become inflamed and obsessed by their past sufferings. And in many parts of the world to-day the memory of ancient wrongs is the most evil force in perpetuating strife and cruelty.

The devastating effect of even a brief propaganda of hatred can be most easily studied in the Germany of the last forty years. Until the World War (1914-1918) England and Germany had never spilled each other's blood.

The propaganda against England began, according to Bismarck, in 1885. In his memoirs he tells us:

"When the state of William I's health in 1885 gave occasion for serious anxiety, the Crown Prince summoned me

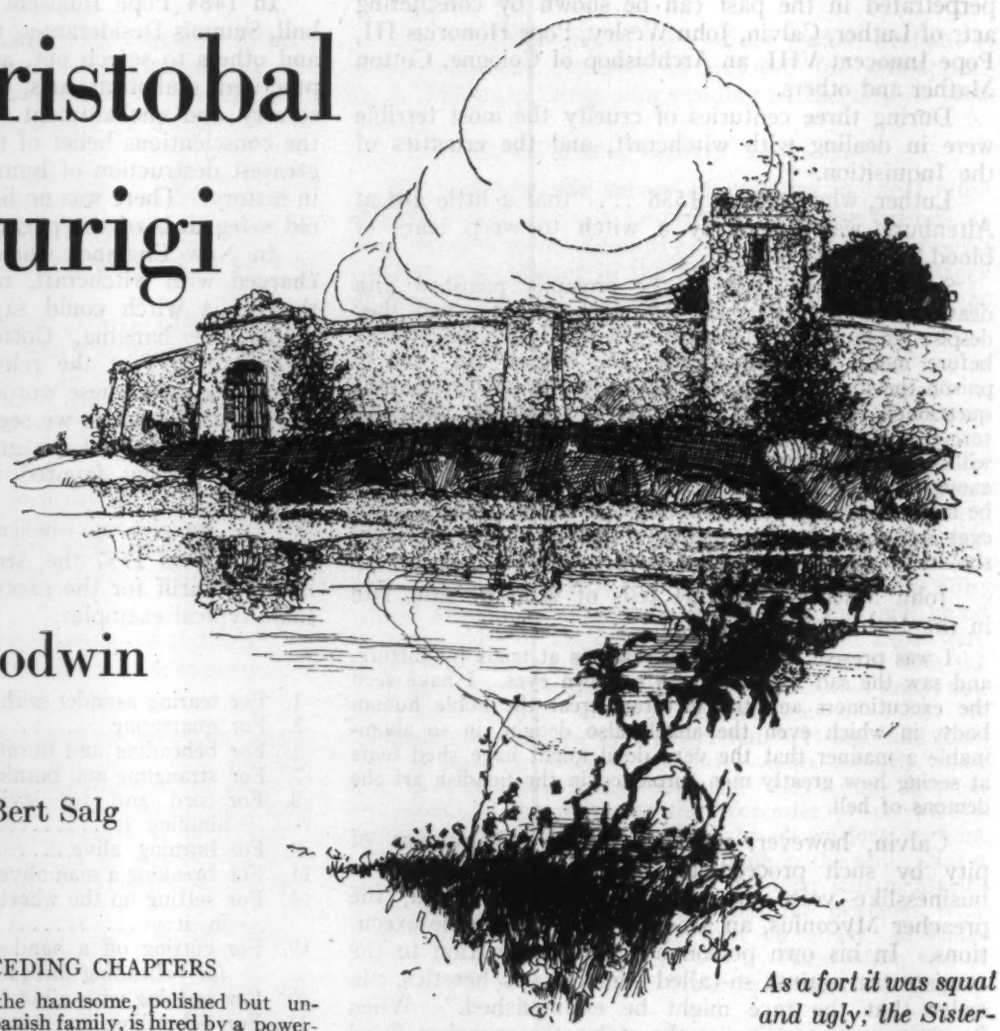
(*Continued on page* 117)

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

By

Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Bert Salg



As a fort it was squat and ugly; the Sisterhood of Santa Emelia beautified it with whitewash

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ESCOTILLO DE ZAURIGI, the handsome, polished but unscrupulous son of a fine old Spanish family, is hired by a powerful noble of Seville to abduct the daughter of a personal enemy, Don Diego de la Llana, who, in temporary disgrace at Court, is living on his estate near Guipuscadilla. Escotillo agrees and for safety takes the name of his cousin, Cristobal, a high-spirited, adventurous but punctiliously honorable youth, who for some gay adventure has been confined in the prison of Santa Ildefonso.

Escotillo, finding Laura de la Llana, a very young girl, utterly guileless and with no knowledge whatever of life, has little difficulty in winning her love and inducing her to run away and meet him at a wayside inn, the Moor's Head.

Meantime Cristobal has managed to escape from prison. Making a dash across country for the border, he has a sanguinary encounter with brigands, killing or disabling all but the leader, a fiendishly wicked cripple, Roque de Tormes, who offers him the post of his second in command. Cristobal indignantly refuses. Arriving at the Moor's Head he meets Laura and soon learns that his cousin, using his name, is engaged in some sort of dishonorable adventure. The girl's obvious innocence appeals to him, however, and he forces Escotillo to marry her. But the ceremony is scarcely over when they are attacked by brigands and captured. Escotillo is now as anxious to discard Cristobal's name as he had hitherto been to claim it, it being obvious that the brigands have instructions from some one higher up to carry off the girl and a "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi." Being unable to decide which is the real Cristobal, they carry off both, and Laura, disgusted and disillusioned by the cowardice and crookedness of the supposed Cristobal, turns to the real one for protection. The three prisoners are taken to the brigands' camp on the coast, where presently the chief brigand comes to see them. To Cristobal's dismay he proves to be Roque de Tormes.

Learning from an old doctor, Sangrado, who has been kidnapped from the convent of Santa Emelia for the purpose of curing, under threat of death, the crippled brigand leader, that it is planned to sell them all in the Algerian slave market, Cristobal plans to escape. He begins by making friends with Fray Gomez, Roque de Tormes' brother and lieutenant, and persuading the doctor to fall in with Gomez's plans to poison Roque. The doctor compounds the poison draught, Gomez offers it to Roque, but as he is about to drink it, Cristobal steps forward and dramatically stops him. The tables are turned. Gomez is forced to drink the poison, and dies. Cristobal, by assuming a superb villainy, wins his way into Roque's confidence and the shoes of Gomez. He evolves a brilliant proposal.

CHAPTER 25

THE PLOT OF A GENIUS

CRISTOBAL had had a few seconds to recover himself. He had got his breathing steadied again, had forced into something like order the details of the trickery he had now to deal in, had arranged his opening moves. He noted Roque's flushed face and thick breathing. So far all had gone well. Let him make no blunder now and all he hoped for was possible.

"Captain," he said, endeavoring to suppress, with artistic lack of success, his inward exultation, "riches!"

"Let's hear it," said Roque.

"I want that old fool of a doctor here," said Cristobal.

"Fetch him," said Roque. "Call for him."

"Ho, there!" shouted Cristobal, rising.

A man's head appeared in the shadows.

"Sangrado — the doctor, have him here," said Cristobal.

There was a distant shouting and before long the doctor was hustled in, a queer figure, wide-eyed in terror, barefooted and in his shirt and breeches — he had tried to get some bodily ease when he lay down to sleep — and his thin white hair in disorder from under the ragged cloak he had wrapped about his head and shoulders. He was pushed over to the group by the fire and left there in a not unnatural panic.

"What has this old fool to do with fortune?" asked Roque.

"Give me a minute with him," replied Cristobal. "And, listen. Money is to be made in the Algerian

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slave market, you say, for a handsome Spanish girl?"

"Well?" assented Roque.

"The more delicately reared, the better blood and breeding, the better the price?"

"Well?"

Cristobal gave a properly callous chuckle.

"Then now, mark." He turned on the doctor brutally. "You, stand there and answer my question. You come from the convent of Santa Emelia?"

"Yes, *señor,*" quavered the old man.

"How far away?"

"Less than a league, *señor,* I should guess."

"There are how many nuns there?"

"It varies. Fifty is the number of the Sisterhood, but sometimes there are but forty-eight, or I have known forty-seven."

"He means when he's finished a spell of doctoring," said Roque, and he, Cristobal and Ricote roared at the jest.

"Are any of the nuns young?" demanded Cristobal. The doctor stared.

"Come, wake up," said Cristobal impatiently, "are any of them young and pretty?"

Sangrado shook his head. "They are women of great piety, *señor,* but none of them boast much in the way of good looks. But the austerity —"

Cristobal stopped him with a grimace.

"Never mind the Sisters, after all. Now, further, there are a number of noble Spanish ladies there also?"

"Pupils of the holy sisters," said Sangrado.

"Young?"

"Yes."

"Lovely?"

Sangrado hesitated.

"Lovely?" demanded Cristobal again, his voice full of threat.

"*Señor,*" said the doctor miserably, trembling visibly, but with a certain courageous obstinacy beginning to manifest itself in his voice, "why are you questioning me? I fear you have some evil purpose, and I tell you —"

"Answer!" said Cristobal briefly, a look of such malignity crossing his face that Sangrado began to shake piteously. Yet in the old man's breast a rising courage stirred, and still shaking he nevertheless faced his questioner stubbornly.

"Holy Virgin! No, I will not. I am old, but I will have nothing to do with the villainy I feel is here."

HE had scarcely finished when he was down on his old knees. Cristobal had caught at his throat and thrusting him backwards held a knife on his neck. Sangrado made a feeble effort at resistance, gave a glance of agony at the face glaring at his — It was beyond the power of the feeble captive to sustain the contest longer.

"Will you answer?" said Cristobal. The knife went up menacingly.

"Yes!"

The word quavered into life. Cristobal pushed the doctor roughly to the ground. He whimpered a little, made an effort to obey the harsh injunction to stop his noise, and fetching his breath yielded at length what was demanded of him.

"*Señor* — for the love of God — a minute — I dare not die. Yes, I will answer."

With a snarl Cristobal slipped the knife back into his belt, and Ricote, who had watched the whole business of question and answer with great attention, turned to Roque.

"You've got the right man, Roque," he said.

Roque gave a self-gratulatory nod.

"Aye. I know men," he said complacently. "I make no mistakes."

Cristobal seized Sangrado by the shirt and hauled him to his feet, ripping the garment as he did so, and shaking the poor wretch impatiently.

"Now, up with you, you condemned old bag of bones," he said, "and stop your whimpering — or I'll find you something to whimper for." Sangrado made an effort and stood silent, his wrinkled face working pitifully. "Now, answer. You've a lot of pretty damsels in the convent, young, and of the first families of Spain?"

"That is true," came the answer. "God forgive me. They remain there to be educated until they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen."

Cristobal looked at Roque.

"You see?" he turned on the doctor. "Out, dog!" he jerked at him, and kicked him away. The old man hurried out.

Roque laughed. "You begin well, Gomez," he said, "but curse me if I see daylight yet."

Cristobal sat down again by the fire and addressed himself to Ricote. "Your ship sails to-night?"

"On the top of the tide, two hours after midnight."

The Mother Superior took immediate steps about the abduction

Cristobal scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Could you delay?"

"No." The Moor shook his head. "I know this coast, and I want all the water I can get under my keel in coming in or out of the cove."

"Then you must give me twenty-four hours."

"What!" exclaimed Ricote. "Not I. I run enough risk as it is. Roque, this is all very fine, but I must be about my business. Let's have what you've got for me, and I'm away."

"Then you voyage to Algiers with a single girl?"

"Yes," said Ricote. Roque seemed to make an effort to shake off the effects of the drink he had swallowed. He kept a bright and attentive eye on Cristobal from this moment.

CRISTOBAL turned to him impressively.

"Roque," said he, "see you here. Here's a ship — there's a market," — he pointed at random into the darkness — "and not a league away, not a league, mark you, is a warehouse full of the stuff we can get a big price for."

Roque gathered his crutches under his armpits and stood up.

"Thousand devils! And I never thought of it."

"Never mind the thousand devils," said Cristobal, "twenty angels are what we are after."

"But how — *how* are we to put our hands on them?" interposed Ricote.

"Curse me for a dunce," said Roque, snapping his fingers in mingled delight and impatience. "My lad, my lad." He clapped Cristobal on the shoulder and flung his arms about him. Cristobal gave him a reciprocal hug. "Oh-ho!" went on Roque, "many a bit of wicked work have I done in my time, but never a bit as choice as this. What's your plan?"

Ricote's head was thrust forward as eagerly as Roque's. Cristobal put an arm round each man's shoulder and drew their heads with affectionate familiarity down to his own as he leant to them.

"I escape from here," he said.

"Ah-ha?" questioned Roque.

"I escape," repeated Cristobal coolly and earnestly, "and my fellow prisoners with me. We give you the slip — I, and Es — Cristobal, and the lady, and the doctor — "

"Go on," breathed Roque, as Cristobal paused to see if all had been made clear.

"The escape is detected. You pursue us. We make for the convent. Let there be plenty of shouting and shooting. We reach the convent, we hammer on the door, they open in the nick of time — "

"In the nick of time," repeated Roque, fascinated.

" — we rush in — "

"In," repeated Roque and Ricote together.

" — the door is slammed in the faces of your brave men — " Ricote looked a query.

"I see, I see," said Roque, "and during the night — "

"At midnight," Cristobal proceeded serenely, "I unbar the door. The gang is in hiding close by. You walk in — "

"Oh-ho!" said Roque.

"I knew it," exclaimed Ricote.

" — you sort over the — merchandise — maybe there's a nun or two worth her passage — bundle them aboard, and hey! A fair wind and a good market, and farewell to the perils of life."

"Wait, wait," said Roque. From his fixed stare one might judge he was mentally reviewing the whole plan from first to last. "Yes — escape — we follow in chase — so. Slam the door — we lie hidden till midnight — you open — Ha, it can be done."

Ricote roared with delight. Cristobal held up an impressive finger, and the instant silence and attention the two men accorded him spoke eloquently of the influence he now wielded over them.

"One more thing — two more things." He touched first and second finger on his left hand. "First, good-bye to Spain, I take it?"

Roque looked at Ricote. "There's a nest in Morocco somewhere for us, Ricote?"

"Bright lads like you," said Ricote confidently, "can win their welcome anywhere."

"And — come close — ." They crowded closer to him as he dropped his voice in caution. "Good-bye to the brotherhood."

"Ha!" exclaimed Roque, and looked questioningly at him.

"Why not?" said Cristobal, "are you and I to share with a set of lousy clod-brains? Whose scheme is this? Ours."

"Aye," said Roque.

"Well then, to hell with them. You and I, and Ricote here — "

"Oh, he's the lad," said Roque, rolling in his seat with delight. "The three of us and no more. Twenty Spanish maids, dainty, aristocratic — "

RICOTE sprang up and threw his arms round Cristobal's shoulders. The young man gave him an affectionate embrace in return. All three conspirators took hands in turn. Fellowship indeed was here.

"You've got a good man here," said Ricote, giving Cristobal a parting caress on the head as he took his seat again.

"I knew it," said Roque proudly. "I felt it when first we laid hands on him. I love him. All angels witness how I do love this man."

"But now," said Cristobal, "you have the plan. You see now, Ricote, why I ask for another twenty-four hours. I take it that you can manage it?"

"Oh, never a doubt," said the Moor. "My bark can stand off and on till tomorrow night. The tide will serve from midnight on for a couple of hours at least."

"Then, all I want, Roque, is a free hand. You understand I must see and talk with the other three during tomorrow. You'll see me explaining — I shall have to find lies for them. It appears to me that I am doing, or am about to do, a good deal of lying." He smiled confidentially at them, and got an answering smile in return from each.

Said Roque, "Let us go over this thing carefully again."

Cristobal made his last move.

"Roque," he said, "go over it again, twist the inside out of it with Ricote here, but do it between your two selves. I say this deliberately," he went on earnestly. "Let me make my heart bare to you." He put his hand on Roque's. "I want your trust. I want it in full, without a touch of reserve. It is for that and no less, your complete confidence, that I am playing."

He paused impressively. Roque gave him an attention as impressive.

"Do you then and Ricote turn my scheme over, but not while I am here. I want a sleep. I shall leave you. If you find a flaw in what I have suggested, some point on which there arises a doubt, hammer it out between you in my absence. Let there be nothing in your conference that might leave you with the thought that I had talked you over. For one thing — " he

stopped. It was well to always play safe.

"For one thing?" said Roque.

Cristobal gave a laugh with a touch of embarrassment.

"For one thing, Captain — well, for one thing, you've taken all the liquor that's good for you to-night."

Roque looked blank. Ricote burst into a laugh. "I like this man," he said. "Roque, to be plain, you're drunk."

"Am I?" said Roque. "Well, curse my soul, what of it?" He laughed, too.

Cristobal rose.

"I never said so," he said, laughing in his turn. "But you see my point, Roque. I want sleep — but this remains. If Ricote and you find a hole in my plan — " he paused and plainly picked his words — "question my brains but not my heart," he concluded.

FOR six tense seconds there was no sound save the breathing of the three men as they stared at each other.

He drained the last of the wine in his glass and left them.

"If there lives a man," he whispered to himself with great simplicity, "who can do this sort of thing better than I, he is a very clever fellow indeed."

Ricote and Roque looked after him as he disappeared with something like admiration.

They turned together again with the air of men well pleased.

Standing before them, her hands clasped loosely in front of her, surveying them silently, was Juanita.

She sauntered up to the two and stood looking down at them with sphinx-like face and without speaking. Her attitude and silence brought a sense of discomfort. Roque growled a question. She gave no answer, and he sat staring at her darkly.

At length she began to laugh, not loudly, but with a derision that stung both men.

"Ha ha," she threw her head back and let a long breath exhale as if to relieve a breast overcharged with suppressed feeling. Ricote and Roque looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Roque," said Juanita, challengingly.

"Well?"

"You are fooled."

Roque sat unmoving, every line of his body rigid. Quick as lightning a flare of suspicion and hate leapt in him. Cristobal was in his mind at once, the plausible, the glib, the ready, the convincing.

"Fooled?" he said, thickly.

"Fooled," repeated Juanita. "That cheat, that liar, that traitor, that cozener — "

"Who — who?" demanded Roque. He wanted the word.

"Escotillo de Zaurigi, your new Gomez — "

"A traitor?"

"Yes. Traitor, and traitor always. Oh you fool," she said with withering and reckless scorn, "to be so cheated." She lost in a moment her stark self-control and began to walk about, her head thrown back, her arms held rigidly at her sides. "I knew him a liar when first I looked at him. Escotillo de Zaurigi — God knows how I have prayed to meet him, and now, now — now — I have him." She swung her arms up above her head.

"Stop raving, woman," said Roque, exasperated.

"Roque," she said, "you he deceived and Ricote he deceived, but he could not deceive me. I have followed him foot by foot since first our gang took him. In the dark I have crept and crawled. I have heard him, I have watched his face, I have read his thoughts. I lay within hands-reach of him this night when he talked the two of you into his net. He is fooling you."

SHE broke off.

"Go on," commanded Roque.

"Let us have it," said Ricote, savagely.

"He will do all he promises. He will escape with the others, his cousin, the woman, and the doctor. Near the convent we take up the chase. They beat on the convent door. The nuns open — they rush in. They slam the door in our faces — "

"And at midnight," said Roque.

"At midnight," said the girl, her voice vibrating with its infinite scorn, "he looks over the wall and says, 'A fine night, *Señor* Roque. What can I do for you?' "

"Blood of the arch-fiend!" Roque was white with passion.

Ricote thought well to gibe.

"Oh ho, Roque! what a lad! He knew — he knew as soon as he set eyes on him!"

"Oh Roque," said Juanita in her turn, almost in pity, "could you not see?"

Roque's face was that of a demon.

"What made you doubt him?" he asked.

She began to pant thickly through trembling lips. "I'm a woman . . . Escotillo de Zaurigi, the man who wronged and wrecked my sister — drove her mad — left her — to take her own life! The man I have prayed to meet — and now here in our hands! Not for one second I tell you, have I taken my eyes from the two men you brought here. They puzzled you with their game of denials. 'This is Don Cristobal de Zaurigi.' 'No, no, this is he.' Pah! It was not Cristobal I wanted. Escotillo — Escotillo de Zaurigi was my man!"

"Listen," said Sister Euphrasia. "'If the spots on the first day be of a dull red color'—"

Roque stared blankly at Juanita. Ricote must jest again.

"Oh ho, Roque. This tale will wear well for many a year."

Roque turned a look at him that froze him.

"Laugh at me," said the brigand, "and you shall laugh with my knife across your throat." Ricote controlled his mirth.

"Is all finished," he said, "with our plan? It was a good one. Curse me, I could smell money in my hands."

"I'll burn him," said Roque. His face was working horribly. "I'll make him cry to be dead. . . . Wait a minute, let's think . . . *Dios!* It was a plan if ever there was one. But why should it drop now? Come, Ricote, Juanita, you too, let us set our wits to work. This trick at the convent, how can we carry it through?"

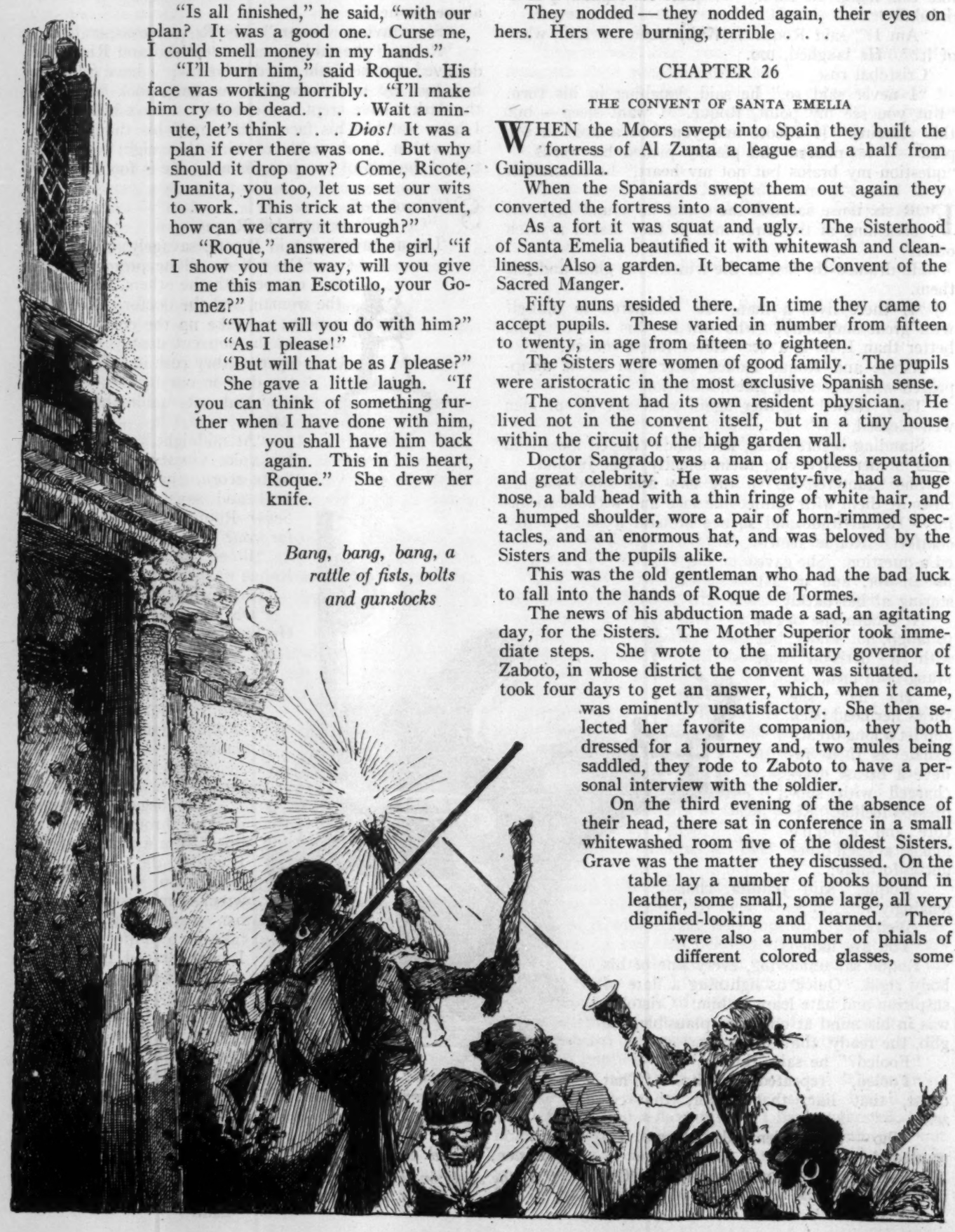
"Roque," answered the girl, "if I show you the way, will you give me this man Escotillo, your Gomez?"

"What will you do with him?"

"As I please!"

"But will that be as *I* please?"

She gave a little laugh. "If you can think of something further when I have done with him, you shall have him back again. This in his heart, Roque." She drew her knife.



Bang, bang, bang, a rattle of fists, bolts and gunstocks

"You shall have him," said Roque, exchanging glances with Ricote.

"Then you shall have your convent."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night. Listen to me, both of you."

Again three heads stooped together.

Two men stood silent, drinking in the stream of words a woman let fall.

They nodded — they nodded again, their eyes on hers. Hers were burning, terrible . . .

CHAPTER 26

THE CONVENT OF SANTA EMELIA

WHEN the Moors swept into Spain they built the fortress of Al Zunta a league and a half from Guipuscadilla.

When the Spaniards swept them out again they converted the fortress into a convent.

As a fort it was squat and ugly. The Sisterhood of Santa Emelia beautified it with whitewash and cleanliness. Also a garden. It became the Convent of the Sacred Manger.

Fifty nuns resided there. In time they came to accept pupils. These varied in number from fifteen to twenty, in age from fifteen to eighteen.

The Sisters were women of good family. The pupils were aristocratic in the most exclusive Spanish sense.

The convent had its own resident physician. He lived not in the convent itself, but in a tiny house within the circuit of the high garden wall.

Doctor Sangrado was a man of spotless reputation and great celebrity. He was seventy-five, had a huge nose, a bald head with a thin fringe of white hair, and a humped shoulder, wore a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and an enormous hat, and was beloved by the Sisters and the pupils alike.

This was the old gentleman who had the bad luck to fall into the hands of Roque de Tormes.

The news of his abduction made a sad, an agitating day, for the Sisters. The Mother Superior took immediate steps. She wrote to the military governor of Zaboto, in whose district the convent was situated. It took four days to get an answer, which, when it came, was eminently unsatisfactory. She then selected her favorite companion, they both dressed for a journey and, two mules being saddled, they rode to Zaboto to have a personal interview with the soldier.

On the third evening of the absence of their head, there sat in conference in a small whitewashed room five of the oldest Sisters. Grave was the matter they discussed. On the table lay a number of books bound in leather, some small, some large, all very dignified-looking and learned. There were also a number of phials of different colored glasses, some

small earthenware pots, some little bags of thin undressed leather. These contained fluids and powders and crystals. The five Sisters were addressing themselves to the contents of the phials, the bags, the pots and the books. All five were grave and anxious.

Said Sister Ursula, who had partly emptied the contents of one of the small bags on to the table: "Here are some crystals of a fascinating whitish blue color."

All the other Sisters — except Sister Euphrasia, who was deep in the largest of the books — looked at the little heap of crystals intently.

Said Sister Serafina: "I was once cured of a headache which had lasted three days by a whitish blue powder."

Sister Anastasia said: "And blue is for hoping. Shall we try the blue crystals?"

Thereupon Sister Feliciana said with decision: "My mother died of a whitish blue crystal."

Sister Ursula made a gesture of despair, and Sister Serafina and Sister Anastasia sighed.

Sister Euphrasia, who had been too deeply absorbed in her big book to follow the conversation, looked up suddenly.

"Listen," she said, and they all looked at her.

"I have found something here," she went on. "'If the spots on the first day of a dull red color — '"

"They have all spots of a red color," said Sister Ursula.

"But not dull red," corrected Sister Feliciana.

"No, bright red," Sister Serafina supported Sister Feliciana in her well-taken objection.

Sister Anastasia who was of a managing disposition, put on the magic word of compromise. "Well, red, at any rate. Read on, Sister Euphrasia."

"'— Then on the third day if there appeareth a greenish surrounding — '"

"Señorita Fascimente's spots have a distinctly greenish surrounding," said Sister Ursula.

"I think," said Sister Serafina, "most of our young ladies' spots have a greenish surrounding."

"No." Sister Feliciana — who, it will already have been noted, was a stickler for accuracy — "Some of them showed me spots which were distinctly blue."

"Blue-*ish*, maybe?" suggested Sister Anastasia, of the compromising disposition.

"Blue," repeated Sister Feliciana, firmly.

"Read on," said Sister Serafina. Sister Euphrasia read on.

"'—with a center of yellow — '"

"A yellow center," ejaculated Sister Ursula, "Señorita Violante's spots have a yellow center."

"But not a greenish surrounding," Sister Feliciana struck in, like a lightning flash.

"True — but — is the green surrounding vital?" inquired Sister Anastasia.

"Or the yellow center?" Sister Ursula reiterated.

THEY looked at one another in silence. Sister Euphrasia wanted to go on from the book. She tapped her foot impatiently.

"Wait," said Sister Ursula — unnecessarily, for they were all waiting — "let us hear — supposing the spots are red — "

"A dull red," said Sister Feliciana uncompromisingly.

Sister Anastasia here threw out the suggestion that the spots might be merely red, provided that the surroundings were greenish and the center yellow.

"To my mind," Sister Ursula hastened to say, "the yellow center is everything."

"True," agreed Sisters Serafina, Anastasia, and Euphrasia. Sister Feliciana may have had an objection ready, but thought better of it and said nothing. Sister Euphrasia seized the chance and read on.

"'— this indicateth the Maleficent Fever — '"

"Heavens!" said Sister Serafina.

"'— which is indeed deadly — '"

Sister Ursula said, "*Madre de Dios!*" and Sister Anastasia said, "Save us all!"

"'— unless treated with a fluxion of Vesuvian Crystal,' " concluded Sister Euphrasia, taking her spectacles off her nose.

There was a silence of the deepest gravity as the five ladies looked at one another, then:

"Let us look through his bottles and packets again," said Sister Ursula.

"There are no labels," objected Sister Serafina.

"And again, how much should we administer?" demanded Sister Feliciana.

They all five crowded together over the black leather tome.

"These marks — I expect they mean quantities," said Sister Ursula.

"But what quantities?" demanded Sister Feliciana.

Sister Euphrasia shook her head. "There is much that is dark in the ways of physicians," she said solemnly. Just then there came a loud knocking on the barred door of the convent.

They all started up. Sister Anastasia flew off. She was the portress that week.

"The Holy Mother," said Sister Feliciana, and she was right.

INTO the gloom of the room, lit feebly with candles, came the matronly figure of the Mother Superior and Sister Cecilia, in whose company she had set out for Zaboto three days before. All the five Sisters felt relieved. Here were shoulders used to bearing weights, troubles, fears, disasters, spiritual and material.

"Dear Mother," said Sister Anastasia, "you return

Fighting! Murder! Fugitives!

at this hour? It is late."

"I had done all I could, and was anxious to get back," explained the Mother Superior, which was very gracious of her. She was not usually one who explained much.

"What has happened about our doctor?" they asked her, and one of them brought her a chair. She sat in dignity, they stood before her. They were all devoted attention.

"I have seen the governor, *Señor* Don Lorenzo Gimonde. I related to him the abduction of Doctor Sangrado. He sympathized."

"Ah!" They were pleased.

"But he can do nothing."

"Oh!" they were disappointed, almost indignant.

"He explains that to assemble a force sufficient to deal with these miscreants will take at least a week. By then the brigands will undoubtedly have departed, and all the trouble and expense will have gone for nothing."

"What are we to do then?"

"He says, pray."

"Did you tell him we have prayed?"

"And are still without our doctor?"

"Yes. But he says that in our case he would keep on praying. He said, one never knows."

"That is true," agreed Sister Ursula.

"I wish," said Sister Feliciana, "I wish the gentleman had done as much praying as I have done this last week. He would not be so anxious to keep on."

"He is a soldier," said the Holy Mother, rising, "and that explains much."

Sister Feliciana pressed her lips tightly together, but Sister Ursula, Sister Serafina, Sister Anastasia and Sister Euphrasia with faint murmurs agreed that much was undoubtedly explained by the fact of the governor's being a soldier.

But further attention to even this fascinating and intriguing business of Doctor Sangrado's abduction was swept aside when the Holy Mother caught sight of the books and the bottles on the table.

"But what are these — books, phials — ?"

Said Sister Euphrasia, "These are Doctor Sangrado's books and his drugs. Dear Mother, we ventured into his room to see what help we could come at."

"Help?"

"Since you left us we have been in sore trouble."

"Trouble!" said the Holy Mother. "No sooner do I turn my back —"

"But listen," implored Sister Euphrasia. "An illness has broken out among our young charges."

"Spots," said Sister Feliciana.

"Spots — what spots?"

The Holy Mother sat down again. The five Sisters stood in front of her.

"Many and varied," said Sister Euphrasia putting her spectacles on again. "You shall hear."

FOR twenty-four hours after the Holy Mother had departed to interview the governor of Zaboto all had gone well in the convent of the Sacred Manger. Then there had come the Spots.

Señorita da Figuero had been the first to develop them.

"*Señorita* da Figuero is always the first to develop anything," was the Holy Mother's sharp remark.

Sister Euphrasia who was doing the explaining went steadily on. *Señorita* da Figuero in this case it appeared had developed spots about her person in localities where spots of that character had never previously been recorded on any human being. She had been excused from all study —

"Ah!" was all the Holy Mother said.

And had been provided with specially pleasant and nourishing food.

"Ah!"

Her appetite fortunately had not diminished — in fact it had been excellent.

"Ah!"

Her spirits, however, had failed. She lacked companionship, and curiously enough her bosom friend, *Señorita* de la Fuerto, had also developed spots, spots worse even than *Señorita* da Figuero's.

"Ah!"

The epidemic had spread. By that morning seven of the young ladies had spots. By that evening, all the fifteen. "The spots in each succeeding case being larger —"

"And more deadly looking," supplemented Sister Serafina.

"Ah!" The Holy Mother rose. "I will look at them. Come with me."

Sister Euphrasia followed her humbly out of the room. The others stood and talked in low tones. A strange apprehension had descended upon them.

The Holy Mother reappeared within two minutes. Her eye was cold and bright. Her lips were tight.

"All is over," she remarked. Sisters Ursula, Feliciana, Serafina and Anastasia felt their hearts give a great leap.

Sister Ursula said, "Mercy!"

Sister Feliciana said, "*Madre de Dios!*"

Sister Serafina said, "Holy Virgin!"

Sister Anastasia said, "Alas and woe!"

Sister Euphrasia, who had attended the Holy Mother on her round of inspection, said, in a very crabbed way, "Quiet, all of you."

"Sister Feliciana," said the Holy Mother, "next time you are called upon to prescribe for fifteen young ladies usually of robust health who all suddenly develop spots of unheard of size and vivid coloring, with no rise of temperature, no loss of appetite, and brilliantly high spirits, do as I did — test the spots with a sponge."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sister Ursula.

"What happened?" asked Sister Feliciana.

"The spots vanished," answered the Holy Mother grimly.

"The spots — ?" said Sister Serafina.

"Were spots of paint."

"And I," said Sister Ursula, "got up at three this morning to pray for two hours that they might be vouchsafed a swift recovery."

"Your prayer has been granted," said the Holy Mother, drily. "They are making use, one after another, of the convent bath."

SISTER Serafina raised hands and eyes to the ceiling. "What deceit! How the devil pursues us, even within these hallowed walls!"

"Well, he is exorcised for the present," said the Holy Mother, "and as I have prescribed a course of low diet for the sufferers throughout next week let us hope he will be some time before he ventures here again to plague us. And now," she continued, "this happy discovery gives all of us a chance to go to bed early. I confess I shall welcome mine."

She had no sooner got these words out than all the Sisters gave a terrible jump. Faintly but sharply there

came into the stillness of the convent the sound of erratic explosions, the reports of guns being fired off in spasms.

"Guns!" cried the Holy Mother, and "Guns!" exclaimed the Sisters in chorus.

"The door!" said the Holy Mother. Sister Euphrasia, who had dropped to her knees, got up and ran nimbly out of the room.

There was a distressing scene. All the Sisters, and even the Holy Mother, were terribly distracted. They held each other tightly and gave vent to exclamations which betrayed their dismay. "Brigands!" — "Murder!" — "Some poor traveler!" — "See to the door!" (But Sister Euphrasia was there already.)

Bang, bang, bang!!! again. Nearer this time. All the Sisters shrieked.

"Fighting!" — "Murder!" — "Fugitives!"

The door flew open. Sister Euphrasia burst into the room.

"Dear Mother — they are coming this way!"

"Who?"

"I don't know. I looked out of the door — in the moonlight people can be seen running towards the convent — and behind them come other people with guns, firing — shouting — ah *Dios!*"

"And you probably left the door open," said the Holy Mother.

Dragged by hair or arm, resisting and imploring vainly

"Oh!" said Sister Euphrasia, "so I did!"

She turned round on her little short legs and vanished down the corridor.

She had left behind her terror indeed.

"It is the brigands!" said Sister Ursula, whose face was white.

"They will break in on us," said Sister Feliciana.

"They will abduct our ladies," said Sister Serafina.

"They may even abduct us," said Sister Anastasia.

"In that case," said the Holy Mother firmly, "God's will be done!"

Down the corridor voices were heard, men's voices, Sister Euphrasia's voice, raised and excited, footsteps sounded nearer, the door could be heard clashing to — iron clashed on iron, a thunder of heavy blows resounded, the door of the room opened and in came a group of people.

Sister Euphrasia was first and after her came Don Cristobal de Zaurigi, Doctor Sangrado, Laura, Escotillo and Juanita. All the sisters and the Holy Mother exclaimed, all the newcomers began to explain — everybody began to rush towards everybody else — the scene was a most animated one.

PERHAPS the fact that Cristobal was the first to stand still led to their paying attention to what he had to say.

"Ladies," he began, and stopped. The chattering died down.

"Ladies," he said again, and looked round. He caught sight of the majestic figure of the Holy Mother whose eminence here was plain to read. He addressed himself to her. "Holy Mother, I ask a thousand pardons. This is an unconscionable intrusion, at this hour — at any hour. We throw ourselves on your charity."

"Where have you come from, and who are you?" asked the Holy Mother.

"We are fugitives," said Cristobal, "happily escaped here from the clutches of a band of brigands."

"Doctor!" suddenly interjected one of the Sisters, and a fresh hubbub of voices broke out as the old gentleman showed himself.

"Dear ladies, it is I. This gentleman's ingenuity — " he indicated Cristobal. Everybody looked at Cristobal, who bowed with a hand raised modestly in deprecation. He was beginning to enjoy himself immensely.

"Is the door fast?" asked the Mother Superior, who was a practical woman.

"Yes," responded Cristobal promptly. "I saw to that myself. It is bolted top, middle and bottom." As if to demonstrate the value of his precautions there came at this instant a rattle of fists, bolts and gunstocks on the door down the corridor. Everybody looked instinctively in the direction of the noise. "All is well," said Cristobal. He listened a second or two, then grinned. "Thump and thunder, you fools!" he said.

"Pray the Virgin we are safe," said the Holy Mother, who was greatly agitated. "*Señor,* I have in my charge a number of ladies, young ladies, of great station. Are we secure, think you?"

"Doctor Sangrado is right," inquired Cristobal, "in saying that the door we entered by is the only one in the convent?"

"Yes."

"It will stand a siege? And your walls are sound I take it?"

"Indeed, *señor,* as sound as the true faith."

"Then rest in security."

The noise of the battering on the door had now ceased. A few more shots were fired, but as Cristobal expected these were but a demonstration, and before long a little desultory shouting, fading minute by minute, told that the brigand gang were withdrawing.

Then Laura was recognized by the Holy Mother, who embraced her and comforted her. "There was another girl, too — "

"In the kitchen doubtless," said Sister Anastasia. Juanita had certainly left the room.

Alas that it should have occurred to no one to make quite sure where Juanita had gone!

That Juanita should be of the little group of fugitives was an arrangement made at the last minute with a very unwilling Cristobal.

Her company had been forced upon him with a suddenness that left him no opportunity of avoiding it.

On the day following his apparently successful colloquy with Roque and Ricote, Cristobal had held several conversations with Laura, Escotillo, and Doctor Sangrado. He had explained his plan. Hope sprang to life as they listened. With Roque and Ricote everything seemed to be going well. He saw them both at odd times, discussing trifling details with great apparent sincerity, and no inkling of the truth, that the uttermost secret of his plan was in their possession, was allowed to reach him.

In a word, admirably as Cristobal de Zaurigi acted his part, the crippled brigand and the gross Moor were no whit behind him in their display of the same artifice. Of Juanita he saw nothing. She saw his every move that day. As he went about the great shattered fortress, quick of ear and eye as he was, he never knew that the girl went with him, gliding from cover to cover, retreating, advancing, like a panther on the trail. When he spoke with the other prisoners he took, as he thought, ample precautions against eavesdroppers. It is doubtful if Juanita missed a syllable.

It was at night, when, after a last satisfactory word with Roque, Cristobal led the three others out from the ruins along a difficult path from which the usual sentry had been purposely withdrawn, that Juanita presented her problem.

They had passed from the ruin. Under a dim and cloudy moon the little group were walking rapidly across the barren and contorted plain. By arrangement with Roque a start of half a mile or so was to be allowed them. Sangrado knew the road to take.

A FIGURE started up in the gloom. All stopped, Cristobal made three strides and caught it firmly. He had his knife out.

"*Señor* — " said a woman's voice. Dark as it was he could make out the face of Juanita.

"Make no sound!" he said sharply.

"*Señor,*" said Juanita, "I know all."

"My girl," said Cristobal in a fury, "if you raise a cry — "

"Let me speak," she said.

"Quickly," he answered, very reasonably both nervous and exasperated. The girl's presence in such a place at such a time he told himself could only mean difficulty.

"Take me with you," said Juanita. "*Señor,* I am desperate, I heard you to-day — "

"You listened?"

"Aye," she said, with consummate confidence. "A score of times I have planned to escape from that horde of devils, but I could never get clear. Do not leave me behind now."

"*Dios!*" said Cristobal. "That I most certainly shall not do. My girl, there is a good deal to be explained I fancy, but the one sure thing is that if you have overheard my talk with my friends I cannot let you go. March ahead."

She caught his hand and pressed it to her lips in thanks. Laura put a friendly hand on her shoulder.

"Come, forward," said Cristobal, and the little group pressed on.

It was thus that when the door of the convent closed in safety round the fugitives, Juanita was in the fold. The whole way there her actions, her speech, were those of a woman genuinely grateful for the favor granted her.

All was happiness and a hospitable bustle. From the kitchen came a simple meal. No one seemed disposed to eat, however, save Sangrado. The old gentleman's lantern jaws worked busily. He explained and apologized as he ate. During his terrible eight days with the brigands he had had little appetite for a meal, and his hunger now was that of a wolf — an aged and gentlemanly wolf it is true, but still with considerable vigor of jaw. He was waited on assiduously by Sisters Ursula, Feliciana, and Serafina, to whom he revealed some of the more harrowing details of his detention. They wept for him. Desdemona listening to Othello was not more moved.

Cristobal, however, was led before long to deliver his narrative, which it must be confessed put the doctor's in the shade, and brought his audience over to where the Holy Mother sat listening to a tale which at once enchained and horrified her.

"Tell us of your escape, *señor,*" she had said.

"I am," explained Cristobal deprecatingly, "a man of few words — "

"Nevertheless —" said the Holy Mother.

"Well then, a little determined lying — "

"Alas!"

"I repent. I shall make my peace," Cristobal assured her. "I ventured to make use of this abode of innocence."

"In what way?"

"I proposed to the brigand chief that we should break in here — "

"Holy Virgin, protect us!"

"— sort out the prettiest of the noble pupils I understand you harbor here — "

"*Señor!*" Hands, trembling, went up in horror.

"Those we selected we were to ship off to Algiers —"

"*Nombre de Dios!* But this was not serious?"

"It was, desperately serious."

"And at Algiers —?"

"We were to sell them for what they would fetch."

"Monstrous!" said the Holy Mother.

Sisters Feliciana and Serafina flung themselves on their knees before Cristobal.

"But you would not do it — you will not — no, *señor,* we implore."

(*Continued on Page* 110)

Where Barnum Went Wrong

FOR twenty years or so we've all been hearing Barnum's classic remark—"The public likes to be fooled."

The public has always enjoyed this biting comment, because it came from America's best loved showman.

But probably many of us had our fingers crossed even as we nodded approval.

* * *

The past two years in the tire business has been a pretty good test of Barnum's famous saying.

If the public liked to be fooled, here was its heart's content. "Big Discounts" to the right. "Special Sales" to the left. "Bargains" on every corner.

Certainly no man who kept his eyes and ears open missed seeing the attempt to fool the public by drawing its attention *away* from the essentials of *real value.*

Why did car-owners refuse to lower their quality standards—why did more people than ever go to quality tires?

Especially U. S. Royal Cords, which they used more and more to *measure the market* when they wanted a *test of value.*

* * *

In one way of speaking, Royal Cord leadership grew out of the confusing conditions put upon the tire-buyer.

The car-owner, being a practical person, as a rule, did the *practical* thing.

He bought U. S. Royal Cord quality—and stuck to it.

The legitimate dealer lined up with the U. S. Royal Cord policy—and stuck to it.

The makers of Royal Cord Tires said "Go to a legitimate dealer"—and stuck to it.

* * *

Perhaps Barnum intended his remark about the public to be taken with a grain of salt. Note that he always gave his customers a whale of a money's worth.

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

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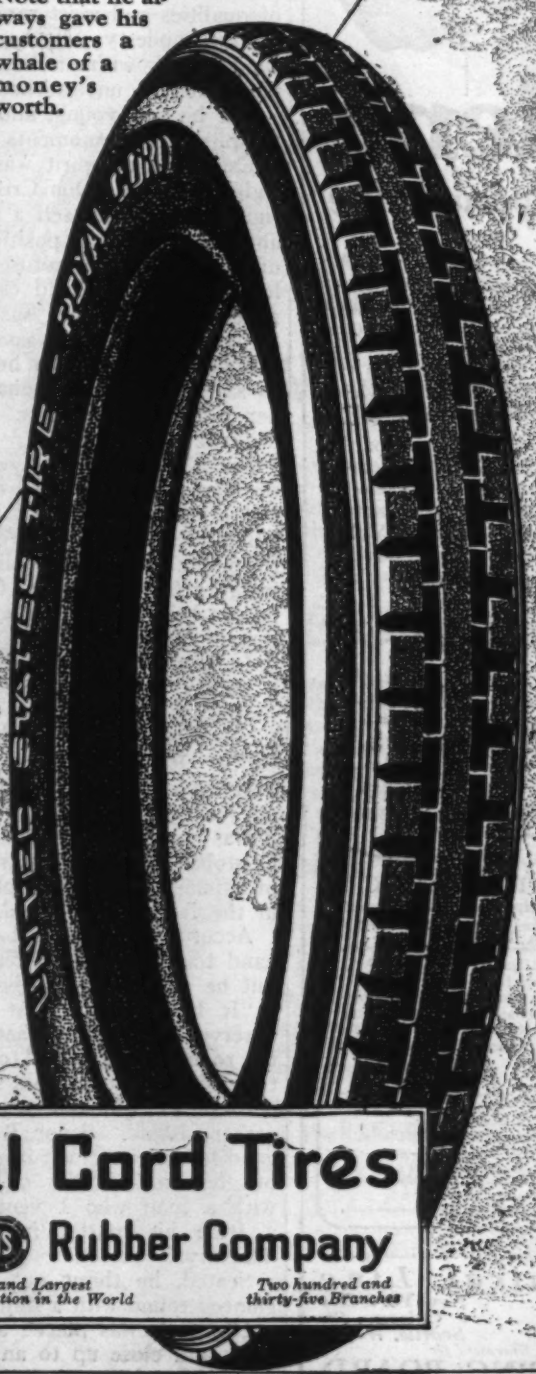

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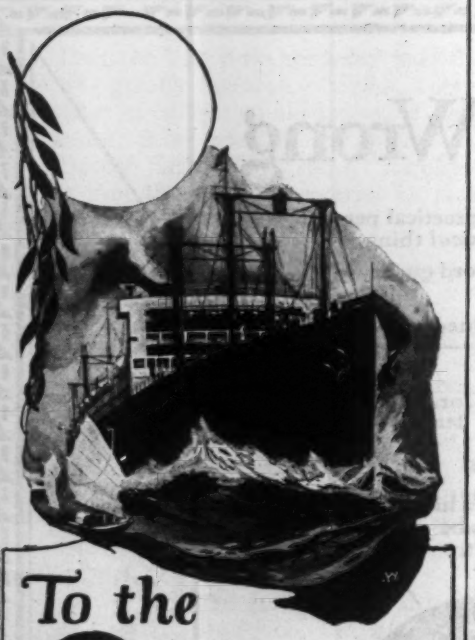

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Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page* 108)

CRISTOBAL lifted them most politely.

"On my honour as a gentleman I will not. You understand that our party was to escape from the brigand gang, hammer at your door and gain admission for the night. An hour later I was to slip quietly out to the door, open it, and admit the infernal crew —"

"Holy Angels!" said the Holy Mother, faintly, "that such thoughts should spring in the minds of men!"

"But now," Cristobal reassured her, "I tell you the plan is abandoned. I shall not open the door to the brigand gang."

It could be wished that Don Cristobal de Zaurigi had finished here. So far he had shown that most excellent of qualities and most rare in successful leaders, modesty. He had told his tale simply and without boast, presenting plain facts in unvarnished simplicity.

But he was young, and youth is apt to spill over in moments of exaltation.

Exaltation of spirit was undoubtedly legitimate here. Don Cristobal de Zaurigi had shown himself a man of brains and courage. In a position little short of hopeless he had refused to be hopeless. Shamefully held captive, he had refused to be either shamed or held. His own skin he had saved in brilliant fashion, and with him he had dragged to safety practically unharmed a number of fellow miserables. The feat was brilliant indeed.

But alas, he had not yet learned that the performer of a deed of conspicuous and acknowledged merit has but to sit still and silent and let others proceed to public analysis of his achievement in order to reap a glory far richer than he can bring to harvest by any expatiation of his own.

In a way perhaps his loquacity was a tribute to his extreme and childlike simplicity of soul. Don Cristobal was a queer mixture of cunning and immaturity. Running an eye back over his own exploit he judged it to be, without vanity, a fine one. Well, then, if it was fine why not say so, and if Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was such a devil of a fellow, why not emphasize the fact in the face of the world.

Accordingly Cristobal proceeded to hand to himself the wreath of bay he felt he could claim to have earned.

"It has been a great pleasure," he observed, well aware that every eye in the room was on him, "to carry this little business through to a successful conclusion. I will not say it was altogether simple. Señor Roque, the brigand leader, is a man of superior parts, but he crossed wits on this occasion with a man who I venture to say is a trifle his master in a position of difficulty."

Seated, he threw out his chest and glanced round with a smile.

His chair was placed away from the table and close up to an irregular wall which here fell away towards the door of the room at an abrupt angle. The room was but dimly lit. He had heard a faint movement of feet in the corridor outside, but this he had accepted as the proper traffic of the convent. Even the quiet opening of the door did not call for his attention. Don Cristobal was in fact enjoying to the full one of those moments, rare indeed in life, when a man basks in the unchallenged acceptance of his claim to success. All eyes were centered on him — all except perhaps Escotillo's. That perhaps was the choicest morsel.

"You are sure," asked the Holy Mother, "that they cannot get in?"

"I am sure," said Cristobal impressively. "I bolted the door myself."

"And he has no other method?"

"Have no fear," Cristobal returned her, at his grandest and most convincing. "If Master Roque sets foot in this convent while I sit here you may call me —"

He stopped abruptly. At the same instant the Holy Mother slipped back in her chair with a little agonized gasp. He felt something cold pressed against his skin behind the right ear. He turned abruptly.

He was looking down the barrel of a long and heavy pistol.

Holding it, with his wicked eye peering along it into Cristobal's, was Roque de Tormes.

CHAPTER 27

ROQUE'S COUP

IN a world where happiness is admittedly a fleeting thing, and misadventure one of the commonplaces of life, it is possible that a face as dejected, as remote from joy as that Don Cristobal de Zaurigi exhibited for the next five minutes may have been noted by whatever cynic spirit takes interest in such ironies.

He had, as has already been observed, a fund of common sense, which, while more than a little spasmodic in its method, was nevertheless generally to be depended on in real emergency. To this the world is very possibly indebted for his continued existence.

His spirits at the moment of his interruption by Roque de Tormes had been at their highest. United with the enraptured audience accorded him by the Abbess and the sainted Sisters, he had sensed an attention, silent but intense, on the part of Laura de Llana which had not a little to do with the lofty winging of his soul.

He had suffered a depressing experience. Not all his mocking had concealed from himself the reality of the danger in which he had been placed, and the moment which saw the stout door of the convent slam behind him had been one of uplift indeed.

Never did man tumble more swiftly from his perch. The little circle of iron with its black hollow center which almost literally met his gaze, as he turned at the touch of the cold metal on his neck, acted with a magic rapidity on the appreciative survey of his own distinguished self in which Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was indulging.

His utterance was silenced on the instant. His voice was cut short off at the syllable. His smile faded, his mouth remained open but soundless. His body remained rigid, his skin turned chilly over its whole surface, he felt a constriction round his eyebrows, and his thick hair, being too long to stand upright, nevertheless made a creeping motion over the whole of his scalp. His general feeling was that of a man who had made too long a stay in a cold bath and had then dressed in damp clothes without drying himself.

He sat, a paralyzed man, while ready hands relieved him of dagger and sword, tied his feet, his hands, roped his limbs to his neck, and trussed him generally to such fashion that nothing short of blowing his brains out could have rendered him less able to take the offensive.

Brought low, flattened, debased, crushed, he sat like a dead man, and while they worked their will with him, round him as in a madman's dream whirled sounds and images as if a stream from the inferno had been piped into the room.

A rush of footsteps, a flight across his vision of grotesque figures, bearded and grinning faces, a vague realization of women rushing from the room, a glimpse of Escotillo springing to his feet, and falling under the blow of a gun-stock as he did so, a sight of Laura, pale as death, struggling like a wild-cat in the grasp of a man, who had caught her as she stepped panic-stricken to the door, the face of Roque himself, grinning as usual as he poised on his crutches and watched the pinioning of Cristobal, and with all these the fiendish row — the screams of the women, the banging of distant doors, the shouting of the ruffian gang, the firing of guns into the ceiling in merest braggadocio.

He became aware that Roque was speaking, had in fact been addressing him for the last minute.

Roque too was in some respects very human. It was, he felt, his moment for exulting. The wild panic round him was a tribute to his cleverness, his success at any rate, and the sight of Cristobal's downdrawn face as Roque's myrmidons roped him into helplessness set his chin wagging in its turn as freely as Cristobal's had done a little earlier.

"Roque was fooled, was he? Roque was tricked — Roque met with a wit too quick for him, eh? Tighter, my lads, get the rope well into him."

THEY did as they were told. Cristobal gave a wince as he felt the skin torn from his wrists.

"Let us hear you further, *Gomez* — pray continue your speech."

Roque took his hat off and made a bow.

"Something I heard as I stood outside the door, but there was much more of the same sort to follow, and I would wish to catch every syllable. Silent — tongue-tied? Come, my orator, make an effort. Here's one man for an audience I promise you. Speechless still?"

He leaned over and with his bare and open hand thrice struck Cristobal on the face.

Cristobal, with the feelings of a de-

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If Walla Walla says so, it must be so

No law of limitations blocks justice in this case

All the way from Walla Walla comes a communication that we believe holds some interest for the general smoking public. At least, it gave us a thrill which we want to pass on if possible.

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County Attorney's Office
Walla Walla, Washington

Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

If a gentleman owes a debt he pays it, or, lacking the ability to do so, he at least admits that he owes it.

For many years I have been indebted to you, and up to the present time have made no acknowledgment; counting from the time that the obligation was first incurred it has long since been outlawed, but then it has been a continuing obligation, and the statute of limitations does not run against a gentleman's debt.

I was past fifty when I first knew the assuaging balm of the great God Nicotine and for a year or two I floundered around among all sorts of brands of tobacco before I found the right one and settled down. Now when my friends ask for a pipeful I hand over my pouch and they say "Edgeworth?" and I grin and say "uh-huh."

As I write, a pipeful of Edgeworth is going up in smoke, and for that reason I feel a little more kindly towards my fellow man.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) A. J. Gillis.

As you see, it isn't so much that another smoker has found that Edgeworth just suits his taste as it is that this veteran prosecuting attorney 'way out in Walla Walla should postpone duties to his State, his family, and his private affairs to sit down and write us a note of appreciation.

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mon raging within him, bore the first with an effort at calm, the second made him wince and swing his head away in an effort to avoid it, at the third he stood up, gave a terrific wrench at the ropes that bound his arms, felt himself helpless in the toils, and with a snarl sprang at Roque in a maddened endeavour to get his teeth into the brigand's throat.

It was hopeless. His feet were bound to the chair, and all his wild plunge forward achieved was a hampered tottering rush, a mere clumsy overbalancing, a ludicrous threat, so fettered that it became laughable.

Roque dealt with him in typical fashion. With a thrust of his crutches on the stone floor he levered himself out of the way, and as Cristobal toppled past him, coolly lifted his left crutch and gave him a welt on the head that sent the young man to the stones with a groan.

Cristobal's head lifted momentarily from the floor, he gave a look of hate at the brigand and then fainted.

He came to, how long afterwards he could but guess.

The room was almost empty. Roque had gone. Laura had vanished. Escotillo, roped like himself, sat on a chair against the wall. Cristobal took a few seconds before he could recognize even that much. His head felt battered in, and a horrid pain possessed his whole brain. A roaring noise ran through his head and a loud whistling in his ears. He was sick and helpless. He shut his eyes. Another pain he knew was somewhere about him. It was not until it repeated itself insistently that he discovered that it was caused by a foot pressed into his ribs with little ceremony.

He opened his eyes again. Over him stooped the figure of Juanita.

Frowning, her dark eyes looking into his with a baleful stare, the woman brigand spurred him again with a contemptuous foot. "Escotillo," she said.

Cristobal, still dizzy, and painfully sick, stared at her as he lay on his side.

"Up!" she said, commandingly.

He was still too confused to comprehend her. She seized the rope which ran from his thighs to his neck and with a haul swung him over into a sitting posture. The chair legs had broken off, some of the ropes were loose in consequence, and he was able to spread out his legs as he sat. Knees and wrists were still tightly bound, however, and quite apart from this Don Cristobal was prepared to be reasonable. The blow that had felled him had left him life and little more — except his undying instinct of jesting.

Cristobal was of the race of true humorists — he could laugh at himself. Weak and dizzy as he was, something of the irony of his position was evident to him.

He was able to recall the moment of Roque's unexpected entry. He remembered the speech he himself had been making, and at the thoughts of its grim interruption the ghost of a chuckle curled the ends of his weary lips a little upwards. Juanita saw the weakly wraith of a smile and in each of the dark caverns of her eyes there glinted a little spot of warning light.

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"Escotillo," she said again, spitting the word into Cristobal's face. He looked at her open-mouthed and uncomprehending. Pain and the sense of defeat would not yet let him think clearly. She seized him by the hair and bent his head back. He saw hate implacable looming at him.

"How long is it since you cried, eh — tell me that?" she demanded.

POOR Cristobal made a sorry attempt to be both polite and gay.

"*Señorita,*" he assured her, "my old nurse, who might have settled the point beyond contradiction, has been with the saints this many a year."

She thrust him furiously backwards. He recovered his balance by means of his elbows. He blessed her silently for releasing her grip on his hair.

With her question and his answer he was able to make some little approach to normal mental control. The whirl of happenings which seemed to have tossed him about like a cork in a rapid let him slip into somewhat smoother tides. The power of connected thought returned to him. The immediate past sorted itself out. The immediate future was something he could at least glance at in the spirit of inquiry. He opened up a parley with Juanita.

"Was the opening of the door your doing?"

She gloated, giving a hard little laugh through lips opened enough to show her strong white teeth — teeth that seemed to Cristobal to be biting on something.

"Yes. I — I opened the door. I fooled you." She stooped over him again. He thought for a second that she was about to take him by the hair again, and groaned inwardly. Instead, she placed her hands on her hips, looking down at him triumphantly.

"Now, Escotillo, you begin to understand? The truth dawns on you?"

It did not. Honestly Don Cristobal felt that he could assure her of that.

"Not with what you might call blinding clearness, *señorita,*" he replied.

She gave an inarticulate breath of contempt.

"Well, then, I am Juanita Torrinas," she said.

Cristobal looked up at her, frankly puzzled. She caught his look of bewilderment, and reading it her own way, "Liar!" she blazed at him, her face working with passion.

Cristobal could but shrug his shoulders helplessly.

"Good evening, *Señorita* Torrinas," he said, pleasantly. "I trust your mamma is in good health?"

She made an evident effort at control, and looking down at him nodded significantly twice.

"Now you understand," she said.

"Do I?" said Cristobal. Frankly, he did not.

"Do you not? You remember Sanchica — ha — Sanchica?"

She was stooping again to peer in his face.

Cristobal shook his head, and gave her back an answer as little provoking as he could muster on the instant. His scalp still smarted where her grip had almost wrenched a handful of his hair from the roots.

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"Not as well at any rate as I shall always remember you, *señorita*. As for Sanchica — ha!" a thought struck him. The brain inside his aching noddle was beginning to do its work a trifle more easily. "Being Escotillo de Zaurigi I should be acquainted with Sanchica — is that it?" He peered up at her.

"Should you not — who better?"

"Hm!" He said that to himself, his brain busy. Things were clearer than they were.

"*Señorita*," he said reflectively, "on thinking things over I am not so positive after all that my name may not be Cristobal. Yes — Cristobal — certainly — there is a familiarity about it that seems to recall visions of my early youth. Decidedly, I think I must be Cristobal, and in that case — Escotillo —" he swerved his head round to where his cousin sat roped to his chair against the wall within easy earshot.

With a face as black as a thunder cloud Escotillo snapped out, "I am not Escotillo!"

Cristobal, for all his aching head and skin-wrenched scalp, burst into a laugh. In promptness and energy, this denial was twin to the refusal of the appellation of "Cristobal" his cousin had hitherto persisted in.

"Oh ho! Is that how the wind blows!"

His eyebrows lifted. He was laughing, but in his eyes was a something that made Escotillo de Zaurigi look down rather than meet it.

"Well, well," sighed Cristobal, "this subject of names is a good deal disturbing. Let us leave it for a while. My cousin and I may have an opportunity of discussing the matter between ourselves, and perhaps we may arrive at a correct solution of the puzzle."

Not once did Escotillo meet his eye. Juanita for her part never once took her gaze from his face. She stood surveying him in open loathing, spat on the ground, and went out.

AS she did so, through the doorway, heralded by cries of pleading and mortal terror there came bundling into the room a rabble of people.

Man after man of the gang came stumbling in, in each case dragging or carrying with him a girl. Cristobal's blood went cold as he surveyed them. More than one had fainted, many were resisting vigorously, but vainly.

Gripped round waist or neck, dragged by hair or arm, clinging to each other, to the chairs, to the framing of the door, some striking their captors, others imploring, equally vainly, a dozen women, some mere girls, evidently the pupils at the convent, others some of the Sisters themselves, were jerked into the room.

A torch or two had been lit, and in the flickering light the writhing mass, half real, half shadow, made a picture of pandemonium. One girl had flung herself to the floor, and her shrieks of fear delivered at the top of her voice set Cristobal's teeth on edge. Among the filthy ruffians exulting in their work shouts and boasts, vile jests flew as freely as the protests of the captured.

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page* 114)

Outside the room from the inner depths of the nunnery, the sound of running feet, more cries, bursts of laughter echoing among the corridors told of the quest still continuing.

Rapid on his crutches Roque came in, his whole face alight with triumph. A volley of voices greeted him, and the crew of criminals made something like order to display to their leader the prizes they had captured. Ricote had entered also, and he and Roque looked at each other with all the joy of merchants concluding a profitable bargain. They spoke, but amid the din and hubbub, their own ears barely caught their mutual congratulations.

Roque suddenly caught sight of Cristobal, sitting pinioned. He pointed a crutch end at him, and Ricote and he roared delightedly. Stumping across the room the cripple halted in front of Cristobal.

"Well, my lad," he shouted, "was this all part of the grand scheme?"

Cristobal pulled himself together. In his inmost heart he was feeling sick, unutterably sick. All sights, all sounds about him, his own pains in head and body, impelled him to a deadly depression. At that moment something like complete despair had him for its own. Yet even now, at the challenge of his enemy the instinct of combat roused itself, however wearily, within him.

"The cards run your way, my noble captain," he said with a rather anæmic attempt at gaiety. "And what do you play next?"

"These," said Roque, indicating the group of miserables with a swing of a crutch, "and you, aboard ship, and for Algiers. Ha, Ricote, our gay spirit looks a bit sobered now." He grinned in Cristobal's face. "Where's the quick wit this time—hey? Where's the plan?"

"Plan?" enquired Cristobal, coolly.

Moment by moment he was responding to the challenge of the hour. Each second he felt within himself a rising strength, of brain and body.

To himself, "I shall be Cristobal again," he said, and in that instant *was* Cristobal.

The singing in his ears, the roaring in his head, both stopped. Giddy he still was, and weak, but these were of body. It seemed as if something he knew and remembered, his own essential self, had stepped up to him and taken him encouragingly by the elbow.

"I am here," it whispered, and with that his spirit soared on wings magnificent. Roque de Tormes to jeer at him! Why, he could give the scoundrel gibe for gibe.

Roque was sneering at him now.

"The scheme, the bright idea—"

"For—what?" demanded Cristobal coolly.

Roque jeered.

"For getting you out of the mess this time."

"Oh, *that*," said Cristobal with his old coolness. "A matter of a few minutes' quiet thinking."

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In answering advertisements, please mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

"QUIET?" said Roque. "Oh, you shall have quiet." He turned to the group of captives and captors moving about the room. "Silence, all! Stand still, all of you, and let this gallant gentleman think quietly."

At his word they ceased talking. They crowded forward to look at Cristobal. The women and girls caught the sense of crisis. Most of them ceased to cry and those who could not check sob or entreaty managed at least to lessen the noise of their complaining. These too began to look enquiringly toward the center of interest.

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi it must be claimed, rose very adequately to the occasion. With all eyes upon him he felt the need of expressing in voice and action the justness of his position as the focus of attention.

He managed to scramble to his feet. The breaking of the chair-legs gave him some freedom of movement. He walked, perhaps a trifle hobbled, to another chair and occupied it with much dignity. Roque on his crutches, with head stooping, peered sardonically at him under sloping eyebrows. Ricote, heavy-bearded, mouth red-lipped and open in a silent jeer, leant on Roque's shoulder. A dozen men, a dozen women and girls, all staring at Cristobal — the figure seated on the chair in an attitude of conscious dignity — Cristobal gave them his best in impressiveness.

He took his time. He looked at the ceiling. His left forefinger pressed on his lower lip made his mouth purse reflectively. His right hand, despite the rope about his arms, contrived to support his left elbow. A look of profound consideration suffused his countenance, every feature of which proclaimed a great brain wrapped in immense thought.

(*To be Concluded in* McCLURE'S *for November.*)

The Memory of Ancient Wrongs

(*Continued from page* 99)

to Potsdam and asked whether, in case of a change of throne, I would remain in office. I declared I was ready to do so on two conditions: — no Parliamentary Government and no foreign influence in politics. The Crown Prince, with a corresponding gesture, answered, 'Not a thought of that.'"

Bismarck feared the possibility of a régime of liberalism with an increase of power to the Reichstag under Frederick, the Crown Prince, and he also feared the influence of the wife of Frederick, the daughter of Queen Victoria. He therefore used certain newspapers to attack England. In January, 1900, the Cologne *Gazette* said:

"Those who can carry their memories back to a decade or so ago will remember the widespread indignation which the Cologne *Gazette* aroused by its continued and persistent attacks upon England. A sentimental enthusiasm for the sea-girt land of freedom and a hatred of reactionary Russia were then prevalent feelings among educated classes of Germany. At that time when the life of that venerable hero, the first Em-

THE INNER SECRET

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Special Edition

Regular Edition Handsome Leatherette Binding Sells for

$1.00

10¢

Paper Cover

A most remarkable book, "The Inner Secret," or "That Something Within," was written and published early this year.

Now offered for a limited time for 10c.

Doubtless you have heard of it. It has been talked of everywhere—in business organizations, in clubs, secret societies, and churches.

Many copies have been sold at $1.00 each.

A wealthy business man, who prefers to have his name unknown, saw the book, read it and became interested.

He approached the author with this statement: "You have told the ***secret of success*** as it has never been told before.

"You have put into plain, simple language the secret by which anyone can win the things he wants—***health, wealth, fame*** and ***personal power.*** You have explained The Master Formula for ***Success and Personal Power*** that every great man throughout history has possessed and used but which has heretofore been beyond the grasp of the average man.

"I can think of no greater good I can do with my money than to place a copy of this book into the hands of every ambitious man and woman in the country."

Arrangements were made to publish in large quantities, and a price of ten cents was put on the book—not enough to even cover the cost of printing and distributing.

Here is a book that every thinking man and woman should soon be reading and discussing.

Be Among the First to Get a Copy

It will give you a new, inspiring viewpoint on life. It will make your studies more productive, your work easier and more interesting, your advance more rapid.

It will show you plainly why one man gets the things which make life worth while—***motor cars, fine homes, fame, personality,*** and ***rugged health,*** while others must grub along year after year with scarcely the bare necessities of existence.

It will show you why ***education, training, industry, perseverance*** and all the other factors which have been lauded as the requirements of success often fail—fail unless coupled with this ***Inner Power—this Inner Secret.***

It will show you that this power to get ahead actually lies within ***you. You*** now have it but perhaps don't understand it.

The Inner Secret is not theoretical but ***intensely practical,*** for it gives you an actual working formula for ***Success*** and ***Personal Power*** —a Secret which every successful man uses ***—most of them unconsciously.*** Once you have it your climb to ***health, wealth*** and ***fame*** will be more certain.

Don't delay another hour. Send for the book ***now.*** It will be the most important step in ***your*** life.

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The price of this SPECIAL EDITION of "*The Inner Secret,*" bound in convenient pocket edition size and form, paper cover, postpaid, is only **10c** It may be worth $1,000.00 to you It is sold subject to your approval; your money will be refunded cheerfully if you are not perfectly satisfied with it.

Personal Power Company
620 Holden Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed find 10c coin or postage for which please send me post paid, "The Inner Secret."

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THE Waldorf-Astoria is known from Kansas City to Kamchatka as *the genius of hotels*. It has entertained visitors of note for thirty years.

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John P. Tolson, *Proprietor*

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EVERYONE admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! By my remarkable new easy method, *anyone* can learn the newest dances at home in a few hours. Much less expensive than from a personal teacher. No music or partner needed. So simple even a child can learn quickly. 60,000 *have learned dancing by mail*. Your own success is guaranteed.

To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, I will send you FREE, in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot, Secret of Leading and How to Gain Confidence. For mailing of free lessons, send 10c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act *now* and be a good dancer *soon!*

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peror, was drawing to a close, there were only a few German politicians who called attention to the obvious consideration that this state of feeling might easily, in certain circumstances, have quite disastrous consequences under a weaker conduct of Imperial affairs exposed to English influence."

To prevent this, a group of German newspapers was incited to arouse hatred of everything English. As the Cologne *Gazette* said:

"At that time it was a national duty to create an anti-English feeling strong enough to sway the balance against the dangers of a hazy policy guided by popular feeling. It was then that those anti-English catchwords were coined and put into circulation, with which the air of Germany now re-echoes, although they have long ceased to be applicable. These catchwords lost their significance in consequence of the unexpected occurrences in our midst, the death of Frederick and the accession of Wilhelm II."

To further the opposition to England the Cologne *Gazette* moreover urged Russia to consider the opportunity arising from the Boer War in these words:

"It is Russia's business to consider whether and in what manner she will take advantage of England's embarrassments. The after-effects of the now obsolete campaign against England can in this respect make no difference. . . . From the point of view of a national, German, business-like policy, all the factors have disappeared which at one time made an anti-English campaign necessary."

And further:

"The after-effects of that anti-English campaign are now only welcome insofar as they smooth the way for realizing that we have bitter need of a strong German fleet. We have often gnashed our teeth because, whether alone or with allies, we were powerless on the ocean. While constantly adding to our armaments, we have grown out of poverty into comfort and wealth, and have become an industrial Power which is feared and envied. Now that the opposition of interests on the Continent has abated it is our business to make up for all that we neglected and were forced to neglect in the sphere of the navy."

Joy at English Defeats

The effect of this anti-English propaganda was very evident during the Boer War.

In 1914 Count Reventlow published a book entitled, "Deutschland's Auswärtige Politik, 1888-1913," and on page 171 he says:

"The feeling in Germany was strengthened and embittered by the violent attacks which public opinion continued to direct against British policy in South Africa, and the manner in which the war was conducted. . . In this outburst there joined together at once and overflowed all the accumulations of the last ten years in the feeling that the nation had been over-reached, had been insulted, in recollections of real or supposed political failure. To all these there had been added the feeling of impotence. The voluminous literature of these years shows, one might say, on every page the thought and the hope that one day the reckoning with England would come."

Professor Delbruck, who succeeded Treitschke as Editor of the Prussiche *Yahrbuch*, said in January, 1900:

"To-day all German parties are united in rejoicing at English defeats. Public meetings censure the Government for not intervening in favor of the Boers, and urge the Emperor not to carry out his intention of going to England."

After explaining that the Germans have given up hating the French and hinting that they are afraid to hate Russia, the writer avows that:

"Germany to-day might very well be friends with the world at large."

Anti-English meetings were held all over Germany. One at Göttingen in September, 1899, expressed sympathy for the Boers and used these words:

"Not because the Boers were entirely in the right, but because we Germans must take sides against England."

In December, 1899, General Buller was defeated by the Boers before Colenso. He lost nearly two whole batteries of field guns, and Lord Roberts' only son was killed while trying to save them. On the arrival of the telegraphic report of this disaster, the German Hong-Kong Club gave a banquet to the German community. Resounding cheers issued from the banqueting hall, and the club house was illuminated with colored lights.

Dr. Delbruck . . . told his countrymen that:

"The insults with which the English army and the English national character were at that time (during the Boer war) bespattered, not in the German press only, but in the Reichstag, were so excessively gross that one could scarcely take it amiss if the English bore a grudge against us on their account."

A keen observer thus summarizes the situation in 1900:

"Germans are in general of a peaceful disposition, and in that matter there is no difference between the inhabitants of Berlin and those of the provinces. . . . But if the question were put in Berlin in the form, "Which nation would you best like to thrash?" ninety-eight per cent. of the residents in the capital would reply, 'The English.'"

Von Bülow, for eight years Prime Minister of Germany, in his book, "Imperial Germany" (p. 36-38) published in 1913, tells why Germany did not act at the time of the Boer War:

"During those years we were occupied in founding our sea power by building the German navy, and even in the

(*Continued on page* 123)

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear over night—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I ound that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved to never use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice Note say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers. You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. I want you to know that your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only $1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from $2.50 to $3.50.

ONLY $1.95

If You Act At Once

Don't delay—*I'm* glad I didn't! Mail this coupon or a postcard today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents.

Domino House, Dept. 11510, 269 So. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 11510, 269 South 9th St., Phila., Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

Profit or Yield

By Paul Tomlinson

THERE are two reasons which impel people to invest money. One is in order to provide a safeguard for themselves and their families by means of sound securities yielding an assured income; the other is because they wish to realize a profit through the sale of their investments at a higher price. The person who buys for protection and yield is a true investor in the commonly accepted sense of the word. But the man who buys solely for profit is a speculator.

The lure of getting something for nothing is ever present in the minds of most human beings. We read of someone who won a large amount of money on a horse race, in a lottery, or of a man who beat the stock market and made himself rich. We say to ourselves that if others can do it, why can't we? Our chances are as good as theirs. It is true that they are, but how good is that? What of all the people who lost? We seldom hear of them. No one loves a loser and losses are not as interesting to read about as winnings. But the real question is, what percentage of people really have made themselves rich as the result of speculation, compared with the number of those who have lost all they own?

The common sense view of speculation is that the chances are all against the speculator, especially the man with a small amount of money, who operates at long distance and is inexperienced. Most fortunes are founded on industry, brains and thrift. The number of people who have become rich through luck is so small as to be almost negligible.

When a man speculates — or gambles, the terms being practically interchangeable — ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is speculating in something about which he knows little or nothing. It is a curious circumstance that leads people to believe they can beat the other fellow's game, when in their own business they would not think of taking chances. And the other man's game is the hardest game in the world to beat. There are probably few farmers who speculate in corn or wheat, but plenty of farmers lose their profits on corn and wheat in worthless mining stocks and oil leases. What the other fellow is doing so often looks more attractive than what we are doing ourselves; it does not seem as if he had to work as hard for his money as we do and we decide we'll try his game ourselves. And like the cow which sees the grass in the next field as sweeter than in the meadow where she is pastured, we get caught on the barbed wire in between.

A farmer would think a man with no knowledge of farming either presumptious or crazy who expected to make a success of a farm. A druggist would consider it extremely amusing if a grocer down the street suddenly opened a drug store. Few stock brokers would think themselves capable of practicing medicine, but lots of doctors seem to think stock speculation is easy. So it goes. Knowledge of one business or profession carries with it no guaranty of success in another line. A successful manufacturer may be an absolute failure as a politician, and it is entirely possible that many people who make a good living out of politics would starve to death if they had to depend upon any other means of livelihood. The best method of getting on in life and acquiring a competence is for each man to stick to the work he is qualified to do and knows how to do.

The number of people who are qualified to speculate is not large. A man with a small income, and a family dependent upon him for support, certainly is not in a position to speculate with what he has. A woman dependent upon a small income for her living is flying in the face of Providence if she thinks she can increase her income through speculation. Speculation is not for the man of small means. The less a man has the less he can afford to lose. If a man is in such a position that he can lose that portion of his principal with which he is speculating, all right. If he wants to run the risk of losing, and can afford to do so, that is his business. But there are comparatively few in that class. Losses mean real hardship to most people, and what is worse, a loss usually affects more persons than the loser himself.

It is an old saying and a true one

that nothing in life is certain except death and taxes. It is often said that no investment is absolutely safe, and this, too, is no doubt true. But if the best investments should prove to be failures, it should worry no one because everything else would have gone to smash at the same time. So even if no investment is absolutely safe, there are many which will to all intents and purposes meet this requirement. And from the best investment down to the worst there are securities of every kind and description, suited to every need and suitable for every condition.

In purchasing securities the investor might start out by asking himself the question, "How much risk can I afford to take?" In other words, is he in a position to assume any risk, is he justified in considering possible profits, and if so, to what extent, or must he confine his attention entirely to yield? We all want as much as we can get from an investment, but it is well to consider all sides of the matter and be sure that the thing we do is the right thing and the wise thing.

Securities may be divided into three general classes—speculations, business men's investments, and high grade securities. Which kind can you afford to buy?

Into the first class, outright speculations, may be put most mining and oil stocks, bonds of corporations in bankruptcy or receivership, and the stocks of most new enterprises. People who buy securities of this class are buying for profit, and their eyes should be wide open to the fact that the possibilities of loss are equally as good as those of gain. As one banker said not long ago, "A person might better bet on a horse race, for there he at least gets a run for his money."

Business men's investments, so-called, comprise those securities which cannot rightly be termed speculations, but which do contain certain elements of risk and will bear watching. These securities may be bought for both profit and yield, but are not for the inexperienced, or those who are not in a position to face the possibility of loss. Most common stocks are in this class, the large percentage of preferred stocks, and those bonds which are not particularly well secured either by property or earnings. Most of the securities in this class pay their interest and dividends and return high yields, in itself an indication of certain speculative qualities. But they are not "gilt-edged," and usually there is some element of doubt about the maintenance of interest and dividend payments. Thus it is that they are called "business men's investments," for a business man is supposed to be in a position to assume a certain amount of risk, and also to keep in touch with the affairs of the company whose securities he owns. If he keeps in close touch he can act promptly in case of need.

The third class is made up of the high-grade securities, the very best preferred stocks, a smattering of common stocks and the best bonds. The person who cannot afford to lose should never look beyond this class for his investments. Securities in this class are bought for yield, the safety of their principal is considered to be assured, and if the advice, "put them away and forget them" applies to any investment it applies to these. These are the securities for those who cannot afford to lose money, and in all probability they are the securities which in the long run return the largest profit.

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Tenth Edition

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Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
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Whether you are an experienced investor or merely a beginner, you cannot fail to derive a great deal of profit from reading these articles.

They will appear in the Financial Department of McClure's every month.

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Questions and Answers to Financial Inquiries

Q. Please give me your opinion of the following bonds which I own: International Mercantile Marine 6's due 1941. Great Northern Railway 5½'s due 1952. Aluminum Company of America 7's due 1933. Union Pacific 4's due 1996. American Telephone and Telegraph Company 4's due 1929.

A. In our opinion all of these bonds are good investments.

Q. What do you think of New York Telephone Company preferred stock as an investment?

A. We consider this stock a high-grade investment. In 1921 the company's earnings were sufficient to pay the 6½% dividend on $25,000,000 of preferred stock eight times over.

Q. I should appreciate your advice concerning the 8% cumulative preferred stock of the Public Service Company of New Jersey.

A. We regard this stock a business man's investment, suitable for a person in a position to keep in touch with the company's earnings.

Q. What is your opinion of Liberty Bonds at present prices? Do you consider them good investments?

A. Liberty Bonds do not return as high a yield at present prices as they did formerly, but so far as their being good investments is concerned there is no reason to change our opinion of them, namely that they are the safest investments in the world.

Q. I am thinking about purchasing a thousand dollar 4% first refunding mortgage bond of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the issue due January 1, 1955. Can you tell me something about them?

A. Bonds of this issue are secured by a direct mortgage, subject to $13,485,500 underlying bonds, on 3,099 miles of line, comprising the entire mileage owned in the States of California, Arizona, and New Mexico. The underlying mortgages are closed and may not be extended. Sufficient bonds are reserved under the First Refunding Mortgage to retire the underlying issues. Payment of principal and interest unconditionally guaranteed by The Southern Pacific Company by endorsement, which company operates about 11,225 miles of railroad. Its earnings have always exceeded interest requirings by a large margin and the company has had an unbroken dividend record since 1900. The Southern Pacific Company as of December 31, 1921, had outstanding junior to its guarantee $344,300,000 capital stock. Dividends have been paid on the outstanding stock at the rate of 6% per annum since 1907. These bonds are legal investments for savings banks in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and many other States. They are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and at present quotations yield about 4.70%.

Q. What is the present price and yield of the Anaconda Copper Company 7% bonds due 1929? Do you consider these bonds a safe investment?

A. The present price of these bonds is about $1,040 for a $1,000 bond and the yield is approximately 6.30%. We consider them a very fair investment.

Q. Please give me a list of a half dozen or so Canadian bonds which are considered good investments. I should like to know the interest rate, date of maturity and approximate yield.

A. Government of the Dominion of Canada, 5%, due May 1, 1952, yield about 5.10%; Province of Ontario, 5%, due April 1, 1952, yielding about 5.10% City of Toronto, 6%, due July 1, 1931-49, to yield about 5.40%; Province of Manitoba, 6%, due May 15, 1931, yield about 5.50%; Province of Alberta, 5½%, due January 1, 1947, to yield about 5.40%.

Q. Please give me the dividend rate on American Tobacco Common stock, and Common "B."

A. Dividends on both these stocks are $12 a share a year at the present time.

Q. I have $6,000 to invest. I am a woman dependent upon her income and would appreciate suggestions for the investment of this amount.

A. It seems to us that for your purposes the following securities are suitable: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Preferred, American Can Preferred, New York Telephone Company Preferred, ten shares of each; and a $1,000 bond of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4%, 1943, Bush Terminal 5%, 1960, State of Queensland 7%, 1941.

All inquiries addressed to this department will receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as personal and confidential and is answered in full by mail. Interesting questions relating to subjects of general interest will each month be published in these columns. Address, Financial Editor McClure's *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.*

The Memory of Ancient Wrongs

(*Continued from page* 118)

event of defeat in the South African War, it was possible for England to stifle our sea power in the embryo. Our neutral attitude during the Boer War had its origin in weighty considerations of the national interests of the German Empire. Our navy was not strong enough for us forcibly to achieve a sufficient sea power in the teeth of the English interests."

In less than thirty years a marvelous, varied propaganda, a propaganda at its source (as we have seen) entirely and frankly unscrupulous of the truth, had led Germany to a frenzied animosity accurately expressed in Lissauer's notorious "Hymn of Hate":

"You we will hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone—
England!"

Here is an example of pre-determined, definite propaganda working wholly within the life of living men of affairs. If so much could be done in the green tree of the present, what could not be done in the dry of the centuries?

IRISH MEMORIES

How Shall We Write History?

The most vivid and present illustration of the effect of the memory of ancient wrongs is found in Ireland.

We are interested in the racial and national hatreds of Europe so far as they concern the well-being of America. President Lowell of Harvard, in an address made on June 22, 1922, said:

"Of late there have come to us from every part of Europe mutual antipathies among men bred in the Old World. We must, if we can, see that such feelings are not fostered here."

The key of the Irish situation is found in a few words in a speech made in Albert Hall, London, November 15, 1919, to a great Irish meeting, and reported in the English newspapers like any other piece of news:

"I want you women nursing your children to feed them . . . with a hatred of the governing classes of England."

Is that good advice, or is it the advice of John Redmond, for nearly thirty years the Irish leader for Home Rule, who, referring to the wrongs of one or two hundred years ago, said:

"But do let us be sensible and truthful people. Do let us remember that we to-day of our generation are a free people."

In my article on "Some Delusions About Ireland," in the June McClure's, I showed briefly how the prevalent delusions of the Irish people, and the mania of persecution from which they

Are You Growing Old — Is The World Passing You By?

There is no standing still, each day we either advance or slip backward. The world is daily changing—when the sun goes down, today has become another yesterday. You move with the world's progress or you find yourself high and dry, out of touch with living events. You are growing old and the world is passing you by.

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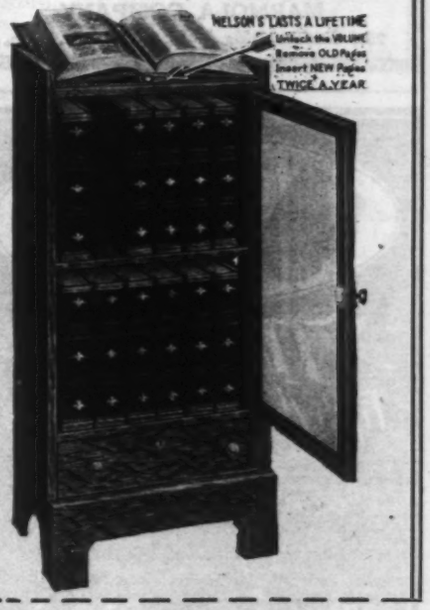

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suffer, have been so easily transferred to America. I referred to the dispatch sent by the Associated Press from Paris, under date of June 30, 1919, on the authority of ex-Governor Dunne of Illinois and Frank P. Walsh, absurdly stating that the British were bombing Irish villages from aeroplanes and murdering women and children. In three separate dispatches from the London correspondent of the New York *World* during the last three years the statement is made that Henry Ford met serious opposition in establishing his factory at Cork, and early in August, 1919, in the course of an interview I had with Mr. Arthur Griffith, he said:

"Even recently we had the case of Henry Ford in Cork. Mr. Ford started his factory there and had he not been the man he was, he would have been squashed out in six months. Having so much money he was able to fight and beat them."

Now, at any time, if any one had taken the trouble to ask Mr. Ford, he would have learned that the British Government, as represented by Lloyd George, was especially eager for Mr. Ford to establish a factory in Ireland, and that Lloyd George had urged him to establish it near Cork. But the legend that Henry Ford was opposed by England is part of the huge body of delusions that have made the Irish question a very serious American question.

I will give one more illustration to show how the American people have been led to accept the mass of unrealities that constitute the Irish Question.

The Truth of an Incident

On Sunday, September 7, 1919, in Fermoy, while a party of eighteen soldiers were about to enter the Methodist church, three large motor cars full of armed men drove up. The men instantly alighted and surrounded the military. The corporal was shot dead just as he was entering the church, and the next two soldiers to step into the doorway were dangerously wounded. The military, taken completely by surprise, were overpowered and their rifles were taken from them. Their assailants then re-entered their motor cars and drove rapidly away in the direction of Tallow County, Waterford. In accordance with the military regulations, the soldiers carried their unloaded rifles with no ammunition. They were practically unarmed. This crime caused general horror, and the Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, sent a letter condemning Sunday's outrage to the Rev. J. O'Donoghue, Adm., Fermoy. It contains the following:

"I have waited until the coroner's inquest had finished its investigations, and the popular excitement had cooled, to write to you and your parishioners about the crime perpetrated in broad daylight and in the public street of Fermoy last Sunday morning. I was horrified — and, so, too, as you inform me, were the people of Fermoy — in reading the newspaper account of that awful tragedy. I read of no circumstances in

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the case to mitigate the savage atrocity of the crime. The little band of soldiers had given no cause of provocation. They were proceeding in an orderly and inoffensive manner to their religious Sunday service, when the desperadoes stepped from their motor cars and, as sworn at the inquest, with little, if any warning or parley, fired on the unoffending men standing close by, killing one man and wounding three or four others, who providentially escaped with their lives. Doubtless the immediate purpose of the criminal raid was to possess themselves of the rifles carried by the soldiers, but there is little room to doubt that they came prepared to carry out their object even though it included the taking of innocent life. It was a fearful tragedy, a savage crime which cries for vengeance from God and ordered society.

"At the public masses on Sunday next, speaking for the bishop, the clergy, and the people of Fermoy, you will strongly condemn the awful crime in the name of Christian morality and social order. . . . I say deliberately that there is no better-ordered town in the kingdom than Fermoy. For a hundred years it has been a large military station, and throughout all that time amicable relations have existed between civilians and military, and nothing has occurred recently to alter these kindly relations. At the inquest on Monday last, Corporal Hutson, who was in charge of the little party of soldiers on the way to church, declared, in reply to the coroner, that he was in Fermoy since April, and during that time he had been treated with the greatest kindness. The district-inspector testified that he was in Fermoy for a considerable time, and the relations betwen the military and civilians had always been very good."

As to the facts there was no difference of opinion. I was in Dublin when this outrage occurred and read many Irish newspapers, Unionist, Nationalist and Sinn Fein.

How It Reached America

I will now give the story of this attack as cabled to the New York *American*, by Daniel O'Connell, Universal Service Staff Correspondent at Cork:

"A sensational hold-up of a military force took place this morning at Fermoy, in the north-west of County Cork, when Sinn Feiners attacked a party of British soldiers numbering thirty, fully armed.

"One soldier was killed and several wounded, three severely. The Sinn Feiners captured all the soldiers' arms. The soldiers had marched out of the barracks to 'keep order' at the regular Sunday church parade. Suddenly, out of a side street, dashed three automobiles occupied by armed civilians, who ordered the soldiers to halt and deliver their arms.

"Instead of obeying, the commander of the squad ordered his soldiers to fire. A battle followed. The parties were

(*Continued on page* 127)

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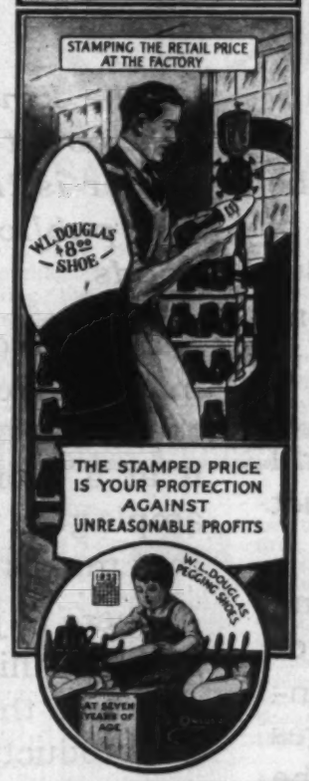
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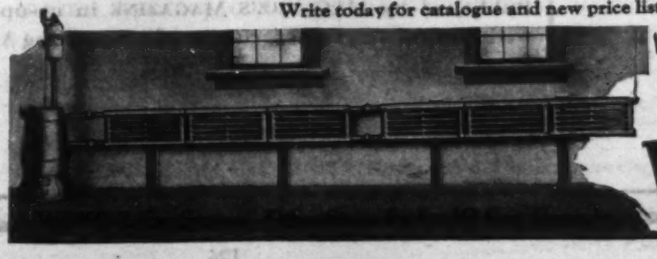

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But all this good will cannot materially help the dealer sell your goods unless the public is disposed to buy them.

The kind of good will that counts most with the dealer is the good will of the public towards your goods.

If the consumer is demanding your product, and the dealer is able to supply it at a profit, he will have ample good will for the house that makes this possible.

There is just one way to build up this consumer good will, and that is by making the product right and telling the consumer about its merits through Advertising.

With the consumer demanding your product, and the dealer disposed to give it every preference, its steady sale is certain. Good will becomes a big reality in business when that good will extends to the *consumer*. More and better advertising will create the kind of good will that every manufacturer needs most.

[Published by McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in co-operation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

The Memory of Ancient Wrongs

(*Continued from page* 125)

equal in strength, but the Sinn Feiners proved the better shots."

Take it by and large, this extraordinary collection of lies is representative of the greater part of the dispatches from Ireland.

It would be unfair to the American newspapers to single them out as being the most gullible in dealing with news from Ireland. Such papers as the Manchester *Guardian*, and the London *Daily News*, and weeklies like the London *Nation*, are frequently misinformed. Australia has suffered the same way. A dispatch from Melbourne, dated November 25, 1919, contains the following:

"In answer to strong representations made to him by a special deputation, Mr. Watt, the Commonwealth Treasurer, has given permission for Federal action to be taken to stop the circulation of disloyal propaganda within the Commonwealth.

"The deputation quoted articles published by local Irish papers. Mr. Watt declared that he favoured Home Rule, but that the preaching of the disruption of the Empire ought to be forbidden."

Let us consider the views of leading Irishmen and the inevitable implications.

On January 6, 1921, at a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, Harry Boland, Secretary to Mr. de Valera, said:

"If England does not stop its campaign of murder we will preach a race vendetta among the millions of Irish throughout the world and take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and strike down everything British. If I had my way, I would tell the Irish in America to rise up and tear down everything British."

Speaking about a week later in Boston, Judge Cohalan, a justice of the Supreme Court of New York State, said:

"We must point out that, just as inevitable as was the conflict between Germany and Great Britain, so is a conflict inevitable between the United States and Great Britain unless England disarms her navy and withdraws her troops from Ireland."

Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, in addressing the students at Ann Arbor the latter part of June, 1922, said:

"If there is to be less reticence in diplomacy, there must be, if not a greater reticence, at least a keener sense of responsibility, in the discussion of international questions.

"It should be recognized that what is more necessary than formulas is a new sense of civic responsibility in matters of international concern.

"The chief enemies of peace are those who constantly indulge in the abuse of foreign peoples and their Governments, who asperse their motives and visit them with ridicule and insult."

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Their names are WHAT and WHY and WHEN,
and HOW and WHERE and WHO." (KIPLING)

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In an address before the thirty-first annual convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, April 17, 1922, Secretary Hughes said:

"Public opinion should demand not only of our public servants but of all those who try to influence the public either on the platform or through the press, a sense of civic responsibility. Nothing is more regrettable than the apparent lack of it at this time. In the field of international affairs recklessness of statement is especially injurious to the interests of the country.

"Some of our editors and public men write and speak as though what they said of foreign peoples and their governments could not be seen or heard beyond the three-mile limit. The first duty of a people that desires peace is to cultivate good will, and the only cure for intemperate statement is the resentment of an intelligent community.

"Let it be understood that those who indulge in diatribes against foreign peoples and their governments, who hold them up to ridicule, who impute to them base motives and asperse their honor, are enemies first of their own country and as such deserve universal censure."

The Problem of Historians

In his day, John Redmond said the Irish were free. In my article on Ireland in the June McClure's, I disproved by documentary evidence all claims that they were or have since been overtaxed or forbidden the use of their mines or harbors. I have demonstrated that the Irish, like the Germans, have been the victims of an endless propaganda of hatred that has manufactured patent falsehoods as to the present. If memories as ancient as those which this propaganda has inspired in the Irish were everywhere cherished and inflamed they would cause the bloody anarchy of the Balkans at their worst through all civilization.

The brief exposition of ancient cruelties here presented, suggests certain considerations:

1. The tremendous advance in human justice made in about one hundred years.

When the eighth amendment to the Constitution of the United States was adopted, December 15, 1791, it marked a great advance in humanity. It contained the phrase, "nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

2. A study of past cruelties, the slow advance toward justice, the slow growth of the sentiment of pity, suggests that more such progress must still be needed, and while we must be thankful that we no longer live in such a cruel world as our ancestors, there are reasons for believing that a hundred years hence our descendants may regard us much as we regard our ancestors of a hundred years ago.

3. In considering men and people of earlier times we must make allowance for the public opinion of those times. One can gain cheap applause if he smartly judges men and periods of the past by the standards of to-day.

4. The destructive effect of obsessions arising from nourishing memories of ancient wrongs, makes difficult the writing of history for schools.

In France will the school histories ignore the terrible cruelties and destructions wrought by the German armies, or will they tell the truth? Will it be possible to produce good school histories in France that will not nourish hatred for Germany?

In most of the Irish schools the text-books in history inculcate hatred and contempt for England and everything English.

How shall school histories in the United States be prepared? How shall we deal with England, Germany, France, Japan, in our school histories?

At the present time there is a general discussion as to how text-books should treat the history of the United States; more especially in relation to our wars with England.

Shall we write our histories in such fashion that the cruelties and injustice suffered by the Americans at the hands of England will cause us to hate England, or shall the school histories ignore the wrongs that our forefathers suffered at the hands of England?

Evidently it is wise neither to nourish ancient grudges nor to ignore the heroic struggles of the founders of the Republic.

At this moment, in Germany, the question of history text-books is a most serious one. The masses of the people want a republic, — shall they ignore the really tremendous epic of the centuries behind the creation of the German Empire in 1871, or shall they glorify the Kings and Emperors, who were so largely instrumental in unifying the German people?

Text-books prepared by the Bolshevists would necessarily nourish hatred for most other nations.

There is probably only one nation to-day that has little difficulty in dealing with ancient wrongs, and that nation is England.

The question of the Memory of Ancient Wrongs is a very serious one for the United States, for within its borders are found almost every world hatred, the most serious being the Irish hatreds, and and next in importance the German hatreds. The doctrines of Communism and Socialism have caused deep hatreds.

The cruelties and injustices suffered by the negro have produced a tremendous volume of books and periodicals filled with hatred and contempt for the white man.

The Jewish question is developing hatreds in many directions.

Nothing could be more disastrous to our well-being as a people than the development of racial, national and religious hatreds and animosities.

He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living; ye therefore do greatly err. —*Mark*, 12:27.

But Jesus said unto him: Follow me and let the dead bury the dead. —*Matthew*, 8:22.

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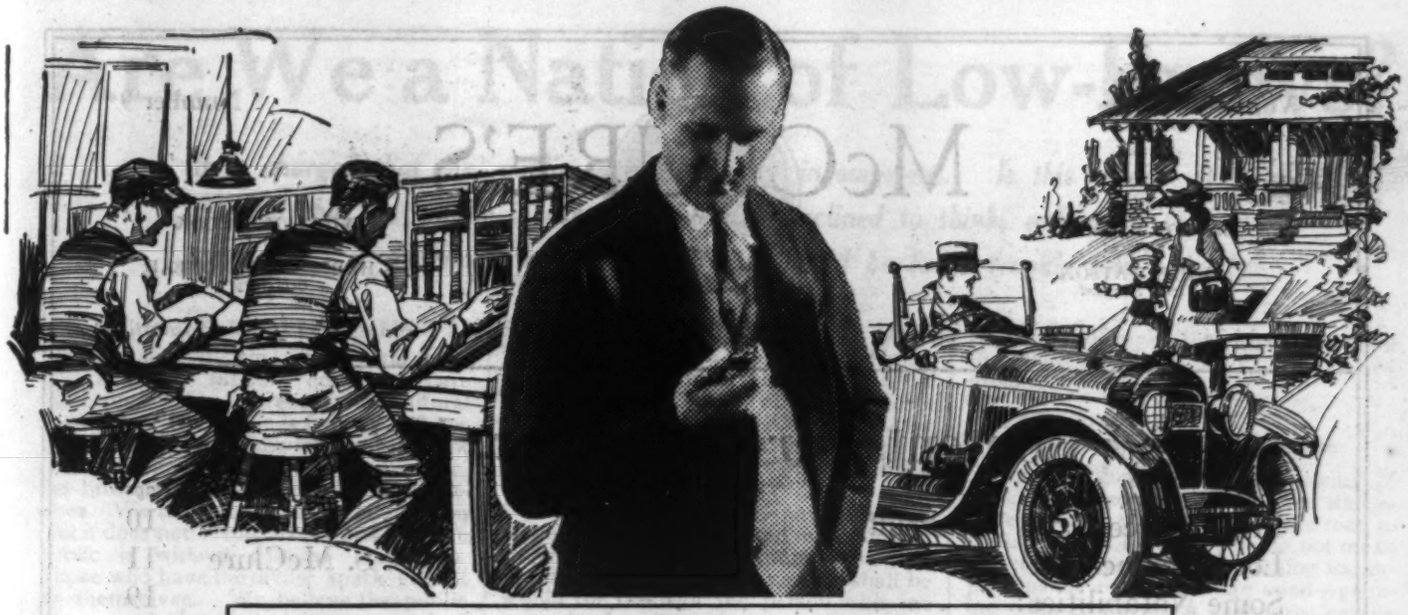

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HAVE you ever considered why our richest men come from our poorest boys? Isn't it a strange thing that it is almost invariably a young fellow who starts life without a cent in the world, without education, without influential friends—in short, without one single, solitary advantage—who accumulates millions of dollars? Isn't it a miracle that inside of a comparatively few years a man can rise from abject poverty to fabulous wealth?

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To every man there comes one BIG opportunity—the golden chance of his life. And in the moment he decides for or against that opportunity—whether he will seize it or let it pass—he decides the whole future course of his life.

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The world is full of such men—they plod along year after year—slaving away, hoping that somehow things will take a turn for the better. But their chance for success is gone—it lies buried in the graveyard of neglected opportunity.

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McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly

Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

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The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

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Evolution vs. Religion. You should read this discussion.

Reflections on Modern Science. Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

Biology and Spiritual Philosophy. An interesting and instructive work.

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Emerson's Essays. Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

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Haldeman-Julius Company,
Dept A-34, Girard, Kans.

I want the 25 books listed on this page. I want you to send me these 25 books by parcel post. On delivery I will pay the postman $1.95 plus postage, and the books are to be my property without further payments of any kind. Also, please send me one of your free 64-page catalogs.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Note: Persons living in Canada or other foreign countries must send $2.25 with order.

Where would we be anyway if it weren't for advertising?

WHAT a lot of time advertising saves us! We need something. We see it advertised. And we go straight from where we are now to where the article is sold.

Have you ever gone around from place to place seeking for something which you knew existed but which nobody else seemed to know anything about, not even the storekeepers?

You have wasted an hour, maybe several hours, possibly half a day. You have worn out your patience, and before the end of the quest probably you began to figure that the thing which you sought was not, after all, so good as you thought it was, otherwise other people besides yourself would know something about it.

The manufacturer who advertises, invests his money, therefore, not alone to tell of the merits of his goods but to save you time. The manufacturer who is willing to pay for advertising space in newspapers or magazines in order to point out to you where his merchandise is sold, so that you may get there quicker and buy it easier, is not going to skimp or cheat in manufacturing it.

After going to all the trouble and expense of telling you just where you may find it, he is going to see to it that when you do buy it, it is good enough so that you will buy it again.

And in making up your mind about merchandise which is advertised, consider this last thought — the manufacturer can well afford to make it as good as it can be made because one sale means hundreds, even thousands of others following naturally and costing him nothing extra.

[Published by McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in co-operation with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave.*

AT the dance, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.

Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette.*

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people. The lady should know how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

Do You Know——

How **a widow should sign her name?**

How **to acknowledge an invitation?**

How **to address a titled person?**

How **to dress for a formal dinner?**

How **to avoid embarrassment at all times, in all places?**

What It Will Do For You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions and parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you you what clothes to take on a week end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people whom you come in contact with.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on correct dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us $3.50 in payment.

Don't delay—mail the coupon NOW. This may be your last opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free. Clip the coupon and get it into the mail-box at once, this very minute! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 10411, Garden City, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 10411, Garden City, N. Y.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you only $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with *beautiful full leather binding* at five dollars with 5 days' examination privileges.

The Great Bell of Atri

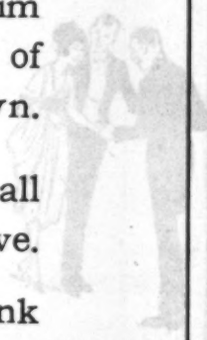
THE village of Atri had a great bell that was rung only in time of need. For years it had been unused, for Atri was prosperous and content. Its rope, covered with green vines, trailed to the ground. One day a starving horse, turned out to shift for himself, seized the fresh, green tendrils in his teeth. The bell above him began to ring, attention was called to the predicament of the poor beast, and he became a well-fed ward of the town.

Advertising is a bell that is continually ringing to call your attention to something you need and ought to have.

Manufacturers, who are making something they think you will want are using its clarion notes to attract you to their wares.

Do you read the advertising? Many people do. They are the wise shoppers—the economical buyers—the ones who are strictly up-to-date on the opportunities for saving money or spending it to greatest advantage.

Read the advertisements. They will tell you of many things you need. Read them to save steps—to save money. Read them because they place before your eyes a moving panorama of business progress. Read them to keep yourself informed.



Read the advertisements regularly.
It pays.

A Soldier's Note-Book

"YOU'LL like it," they said to G. D. Blair in his rookie days; and at the end of his experiences—and they included a good many trips into the front-line trenches after the many months of training here and in France, and then many months of hospital and in all twenty operations—he was ready to agree that he had liked it. Nothing funny ever passed him by. He tried a shower one day on the transport going over; it was cold—very cold. "I walked right in, and turned around and walked right out again," he says, "and it made me more careful on submarine watch after that."

There is a great deal about his haunting of Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross canteens—any place where it was rumored that there would be chocolate. And there is a detailed account of Christmas Day in the hospital at Neuilly—an occasion when kindness almost killed.

Every man who served with the A. E. F., and every man, woman, and child who received letters from members of the A. E. F., will want to read Mr. Blair's story. It opens in an early issue of MCCLURE'S—and Tony Sarg is illustrating it.

New Minds for Old In 12 Weeks!

THOUSANDS of people who only a short while ago were struggling along in low-salaried routine positions are today earning double and treble their former salaries and are enjoying all the luxuries that make life worth while.

They owe their sudden success to the evolution of a new science; a science through which they actually acquired **new minds**—minds which were entirely remade in **12 to 15 weeks!**

This may seem like an utter impossibility. Yet one has only to investigate the facts. Thousands of signed statements from students of this new science offer indisputable evidence of the fact that it is easily possible for anyone to acquire a new mind—that it is easily possible for anyone to secure great increases in salary. (A few of these statements are reproduced below.)

How are these apparent miracles accomplished? The explanation is quite simple. Psychologists have definitely established the fact that the average man goes through life using only about one-third of his possible brain-power. This is not as surprising as it may seem. Your brain is just like any one of your muscles. Unless you keep it "in trim"—unless you give it proper exercise—it soon becomes dull, awkward, inefficient and "flabby." Yet the average man takes no steps whatever to keep his brain well developed. As a result his success faculties become weakened, and unless he develops a new mind he is doomed to live a life of inferiority or failure.

If you are now working for low pay, if you have gotten yourself into a rut, if you are a subordinate instead of an executive—it is a certain indication that you have let your mind "go slack." Success depends upon brain power. With a mind which is only one-third as efficient as it should be you cannot even hope for success. The thing to do, therefore, is to acquire a new mind. You can do it, just as thousands of others have done it. The way is easy—it is through **Pelmanism.**

Pelmanism is the science of intensive mental development. Since its first appearance, 27 years ago, it has spread, with the sweep of a great religion, to every corner of the globe, until today its students number over 650,000 men and women in every walk of life.

The results that Pelmanism is bringing are nothing short of amazing. Instances of quick promotion through it are countless. Cases of doubled salary in less than six months and trebled salary in less than a year are not at all unusual. In exceptional cases there have been salary increases of 700, 800, and even 1,000 per cent. And all because **Pelmanism shows the way to new minds for old.**

SUCCESS

Through New Minds for Old

A few of the thousands of letters from successful students:

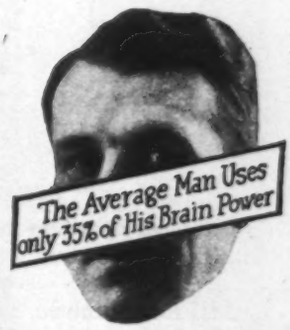
"From a salary of $975 I rose in one step to $2,000 a year, and in January this year to $4,000 a year."

"I am glad to inform you that I have just received an increase in salary amounting to $1,000 a year extra."

"Since taking the course I have more than doubled my salary, which is due entirely to your teaching."

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have actually increased my salary 300 per cent."

I had the pleasure of taking the course during 1917-18. Previous to my joining the army my salary was $20 a week. My present salary is $10,000 a year."



There is no "magic" about Pelmanism. There is no mystery about Pelmanism itself. Further, it does not promise anything but what it already has accomplished in thousands of cases.

Pelmanism is meant for everyone. That is what makes Pelmanism a truly great science—it can help all mankind without respect to age, sex, position, religion or previous education. It is easily understood; its principles are easily applied. You will find it of deep and fascinating interest. You will be gripped by its clear logic. You will begin to feel its mysterious effect almost immediately. Many have said that even after the first hour they were conscious of a startling change in their whole attitude toward life.

Pelmanism will give you the vital spark—it will give you the type of mind you have always admired and longed for. Under its powerful influence such handicaps as timidity, lack of initiative, faulty judgment, dull perception and lack of directive ability disappear as if by magic. Pelmanism will swing the wasted two-thirds of your brain into action. You will actually be given a new mind—a mind which will sweep you forward, which will lead you on from success to success—until you have attained the goal you have set for yourself.

"Scientific Mind Training"—FREE

The coupon below will bring you, without cost or obligation, a copy of a splendidly bound 48-page book on scientific mind training. This vitally interesting book describes Pelmanism in detail; reveals the unique method whereby thousands of people everywhere are acquiring new minds for old in 12 to 15 weeks. It also contains the actual experiences of former students, showing how this great new science led them to unexpected heights of intellectual, social and financial success.

Your copy is ready for you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. "Scientific Mind Training" is absolutely free. Send for it today.

The Pelman Institute of America
Suite 4511 2575 Broadway, New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,
Suite 4511, 2575 Broadway, New York City

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part a copy of the 48-page book "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....